Britannia and Eve

Christmas 1941

1/3

GEORGE SLOCOMBE

GORDON BECKLES

JANE GORDON

F. MATANIA, R.I.

Let's talk about

XMAS FOOD

There won't be turkey on many tables this year; but the Christmas atmosphere will be there and the children's eyes will sparkle at simple treats, served gaily. From what we know of you, you'll make your Christmas catering a grand success in spite of difficulties, and we're out to help you all we can. Here are a few suggestions of general interest from letters we have sent to correspondents. A Happy Christmas to you!

I'd like a recipe for Christmas pudding without eggs.

Mix together 1 cupful of flour, 1 cupful of breadcrumbs, 1 cupful of sugar, half a cupful of suet, 1 cupful of mixed dried fruit, and, if you like, 1 teaspoonful of mixed sweet spice. Then add 1 cupful of grated potato, 1 cupful of grated raw carrot and finally 1 level teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda dissolved in 2 tablespoonfuls of hot milk. Mix all together (no further moisture is necessary), turn into a well-greased pudding basin. Boil or steam for 4 hours.

SOME HINTS FOR CHILDREN'S PARTY FOOD, PLEASE?

Chocolate squares are popular. Melt 3 oz. margarine with two tablespoonfuls of syrup in a saucepan, mix in ½ lb. rolled oats and a pinch of salt. Blend well, and put in a greased, shallow baking tin, flattening the mixture smoothly. Bake for half an hour to 40 minutes in a moderate oven. Take out, and whilst still hot, grate over it a tablet of chocolate. The chocolate will melt with the heat, and can be spread evenly with a knife. Cut into squares and lift out.

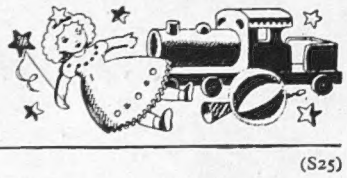
Amusing little figures, cut from short-crust or biscuit dough, go down well. Roll the dough about ¼ inch thick. "People" can be made by cutting small rounds for heads, larger for bodies, strips for arms and legs; pinch the various pieces of dough firmly together. Prick out eyes, noses, mouths, with currants. If you can draw a little or have a friend who can, make thin cardboard "patterns" of animals, lay them on the dough and cut round with a small sharp knife.

Chocolate coating for your Christmas cake. Mix together 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar with 2 tablespoonfuls of cocoa and 2 tablespoonfuls of milk. Stir, in a stout saucepan, over low heat until the mixture is thick and bubbly like toffee; then, while hot, pour it over your cake.

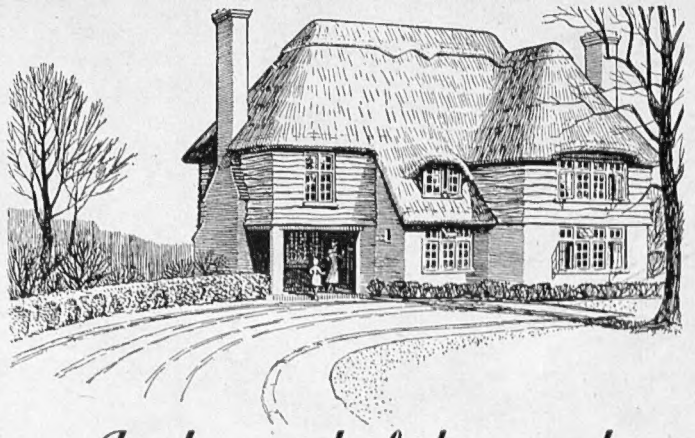
A Christmassy sparkle is easy to give to sprigs of holly or evergreen for use on puddings and cakes. Dip your greenery in a strong solution of Epsom salts. When dry it will be beautifully frosted.

I'll miss my gay bowl of fruit on the Christmas table. Not if you have a bowl of salad in its place. Vegetables have such jolly colours — the cheerful glow of carrot, the rich crimson of beetroot, the emerald of parsley. And for health's sake you should have a winter salad with, or for, one meal a day. Here is a suggestion; it looks as delightful as it tastes.

Salad slices. Cut a thick round of wheatmeal bread for each person and spread with margarine. Arrange a slice of tomato in the centre of each slice and, if liked, put a sardine on top. Surround with circles of chopped celery, grated raw carrot, finely chopped parsley or spinach and grated raw beetroot on the edge. Sprinkle with a little grated cheese.



Issued by The Ministry of Food. (S25)



At the end of the road

The road to peace may be long. Or it may be short. No one knows. But at the end of it we hope once again to revel in abundant supplies of all good things. Things like 'Rufflette' tape and runner rails, hooks and rings. Meantime we must accept the restricted output cheerfully and not blame the shopkeeper for the inconvenience it causes. His workrooms will gladly supply made-up curtains — fitted with 'Rufflette' accessories — when his "quota" comes through.

'Rufflette'

CURTAIN TAPE (with woven pockets)
ALSO HOOKS, RINGS AND RAILS

The word "Rufflette" is the registered trade mark of :—

THOMAS FRENCH & SONS LTD., MANCHESTER, 15

Branch Factory: Sharston Rd., Wythenshawe. Also 156-162, Oxford St., London, W.1; U.S.A. and Belfast

(NARROW WOVEN FABRICS AND METAL SMALLWARES)

SANTA CLAUS
- a la mode!

Here I am — in war time kit — with my sack of gifts in one hand and a Stirrup Pump in the other!

Not quite the sort of Christmas I've been used to. But still it's Christmas, and still there's the same spirit of good will — even if there has to be a little less "good cheer".

Toffee and Chocolate were my time-honoured standbys for Christmas. In fact, Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without them.

So I'm glad that *some* of those good things are still to be had — even although there is only half as much as usual.

Mackintosh's 'Quality Street'

OFFICIAL PRICES

"Quality Street" and "Double Centre" Assortments - - - 8d. per qr. lb.
½-lb. Box 1s. 4d. - - Handy Packet 6d.
"Rolo" & "Butt-o-Scotch" 2½d. per pkt
"MAX" Chewing Gum - - ½d. per pkt

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 23, No. 6 DECEMBER, 1941

Cover Design

by *C. Binger*

Articles

The True Face of Soviet Russia :
by *George Slocombe*
Decoration by *J. Nicolson* 6–7 and 52

Parliament—When the War's Over :
by *Gordon Beckles* 8 and 56

Wings Over the Ocean :
by *Edward Cranston* 13 and 64

One Hundred Years of Biblical Archæology :
by *Harold Shepstone* 16–17 and 58

Home Section

On Duty—and Off :
by *Jane Gordon* 31 and 69

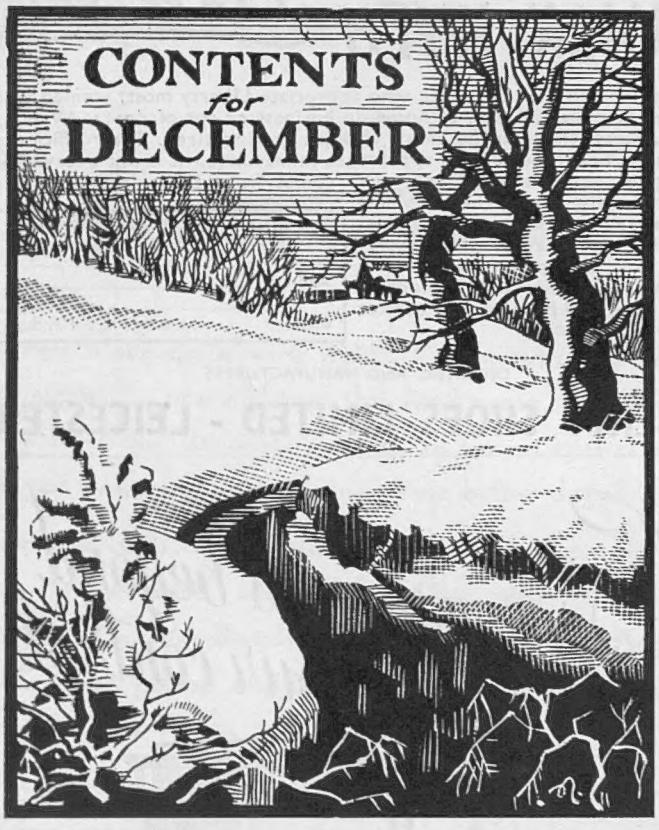
Christmas Giving Starts at Home : 32

Make These Yourself in an Evening : 33

6 Ways to Change your Curtains :
by *Winifred Lewis* 34–35

Dress :
by *Jean Burnup* 36–37

Problem Pictures : 38–39



How to Get to Sleep : 40

Correct Breathing : 40

The Right Way to Walk : 41

Having a Good Cry : 41

Christmas Party Politics :
by *Chrysis* 42

Knitting :
A New Draped Yoke : 43 and 69
This Jacket Takes No Coupons : 43 and 69

Cooking :
If You Can't Talk Turkey 44–45 and 68

They Will Never Have Toothache : 46

Purchase Tactics :
by *Mary Young* 46

Games for Christmas : 48 and 51

Old Tales Re-told :
Jim Baker—the Red-Haired Scout :
Written and Illustrated
by *F. Matania, R.I.* 21–24 and 56

U-boat's Terror :
by *Frank H. Shaw*
Illustrated by *Jack Matthew* 28–29 and 70

General

British History in Stone—No. 12 :
Queen Alexandra: 5 and 52

Books
Reviewed by *Noel Thompson* 30 and 54

Stories

Fairy Godmothers are all Very Well :
by *G. Hackforth-Jones*
Illustrated by *Edward Osmond* 9–12 and 51

Sea Change :
by *Day Russell*
Illustrated by *S. Tresilian* 14–15 and 54

Parachutes and Battle-axes
by *Harry Hearson*
Illustrated by *Steven Spurrier* 18–20 and 62

Action Off Para :
by *J. Marmur*
Illustrated by *M. Mackinlay* 25–27 and 70

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 74. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3½d.

Women are winning the War – of Freedom

England has always been a "free country" but grandmother's mother would have been surprised at the spacious activities of girls in 1941. It was not "polite" when she was young to do a man's job—and it was not possible. Women were still largely restricted by natural disabilities. Tampax—sanitary protection worn internally—has changed all that. In doing so it has liberated women of today for the strenuous struggle for freedom; the task that allows no time for "off-days".

TAMPAX

Regd. Trade Mark

worn internally

PRICES 7d. 1/2 & 1/9

NEW FAMILY PACK 40 FOR 6/-

Sold by BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES & TAYLORS, and other chemists, departmental stores, drapers, WOOLWORTH'S, MARKS & SPENCER LTD and THE N.A.A.F.I.

For further information regarding Tampax please write to The Nurse, Tampax Ltd., Belvue Rd., Northolt, Middlesex.

T.7

ATKINSONS OF OLD BOND STREET

The Carillon will ring again . . .

The history of Atkinsons Eau de Cologne goes back beyond the day in 1799 when Mr. James Atkinson first made it in London. It goes back to those age-old traditional recipes for the "Eau Admirabilis" which had been distilled from the orange blossoms of Southern Europe over many generations.

Then why "de Cologne"? Simply because in 1649 a famous maker of "Eau Admirabilis" happened to transfer his business to that city. Since when, wherever this essence of the orange blossom has been distilled, it has been called "Eau de Cologne". There has never been any secret about its basic recipe, but where Mr. James Atkinson excelled was in his choice of ingredients, his gift for blending, and his originality in developing the traditional formulae into the "Eau de Cologne" which has made the name and fame of Atkinsons. Today the House of Atkinsons is still in Old Bond Street. True, the famous Carillon above it is silent for a while — but always ready for the day of victory. Atkinsons Eau de Cologne is still made to old Mr. James' recipe — but raw materials are scarce, and much of the Atkinsons now made goes to overseas markets where, in more senses than one, it maintains the credit of Great Britain.

Meanwhile, Atkinsons is not just a luxury; it is rendering essential service in sick-rooms and first-aid posts, it is soothing blitz-shocked nerves and refreshing jaded war workers. So do not be impatient when you cannot find it — and be grateful when you do; and soon the Carillon in Old Bond Street will ring again; and Atkinsons in plenty again be at your command.

ATKINSONS

Eau de Cologne

ATKINSONS OF OLD BOND STREET

AEC 131-31

SCOTS WALK WITH Liberty

It is the women with busy feet who appreciate Liberty most, women who are on their feet all day, at home, in business or out of doors. Walking with Liberty, they can do more without getting tired. Their efficiency is greater, health better and appearance immaculate. It is not every shoe that gives you the confidence that comes from being irreproachably correct, whilst giving the happiness and energy which come from feet you never feel. Walk with Liberty —you will be happier, healthier, as well as exclusively and fashionably shod. You will have got the utmost from your coupons.

To Liberty Shoes Ltd., Leicester.—Please send free folder of Liberty Ltd.
Name.....
Address.....
B.E.3 1d. stamp, tucked-in flap.

DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS

LIBERTY SHOES LIMITED - LEICESTER

Circumstances beyond our control

We regret that in the meantime the supply of ESSE Cooking Equipment except for work of national importance is very limited and we ask the indulgence of purchasers if delay occurs in fulfilling their requirements.

* * *

ESSE Cooker Company

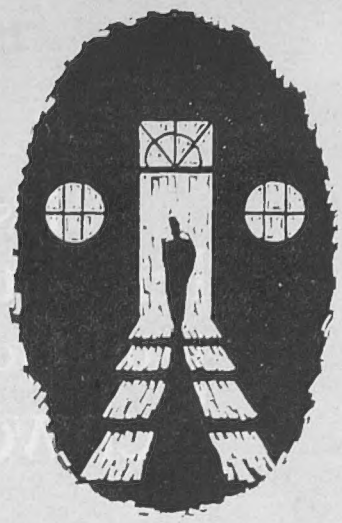
Proprietors: Smith & Wellstood Ltd. Est. 1854

Head Office & Works: **BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND**

London Showrooms

63 Conduit Street, W.1, and 11 Ludgate Circus, E.C.4

Also at LIVERPOOL · EDINBURGH · GLASGOW



When the black-out is just a memory

Streets blaze again with lights . . . ears strain no more for sirens . . . peace blesses this land again. Will you then have the deep satisfaction of knowing that you played your part in bringing these better days?

Peace will mean more to you if there is no duty you have neglected. One duty is this. Buy 3% Savings Bonds or 2½% National War Bonds with every pound of your bank balance in excess of your known wants.

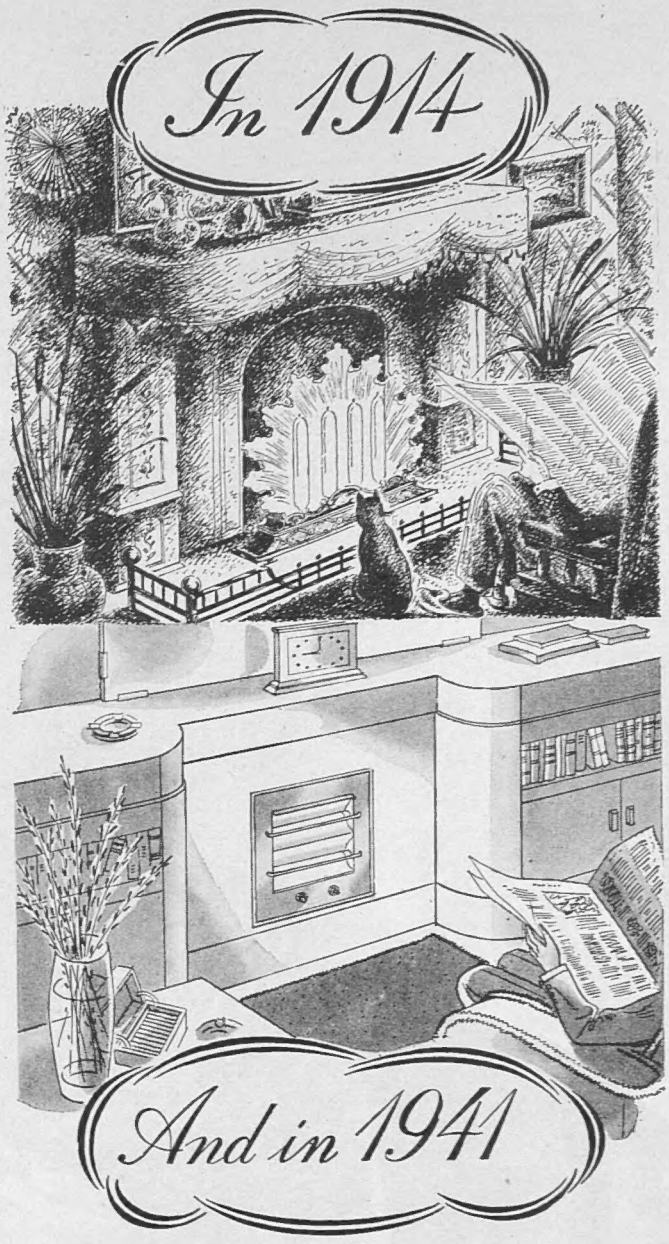
The Government needs your money for the war effort—and needs it in this way. And this need is your personal concern. Act NOW. Time presses. Consult your banker or stockbroker today about investing in 3% Savings Bonds or 2½% National War Bonds.

3% SAVINGS BONDS 1955-65

2½% NATIONAL WAR BONDS 1949-51

These are full Trustee Securities and are obtainable through any Bank or Stockbroker. Price of issue £100 per cent. No limit to holdings. For each of these securities there are also a Post Office Issue and a Trustee Savings Bank Issue with a maximum subscription of £1,000.

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London



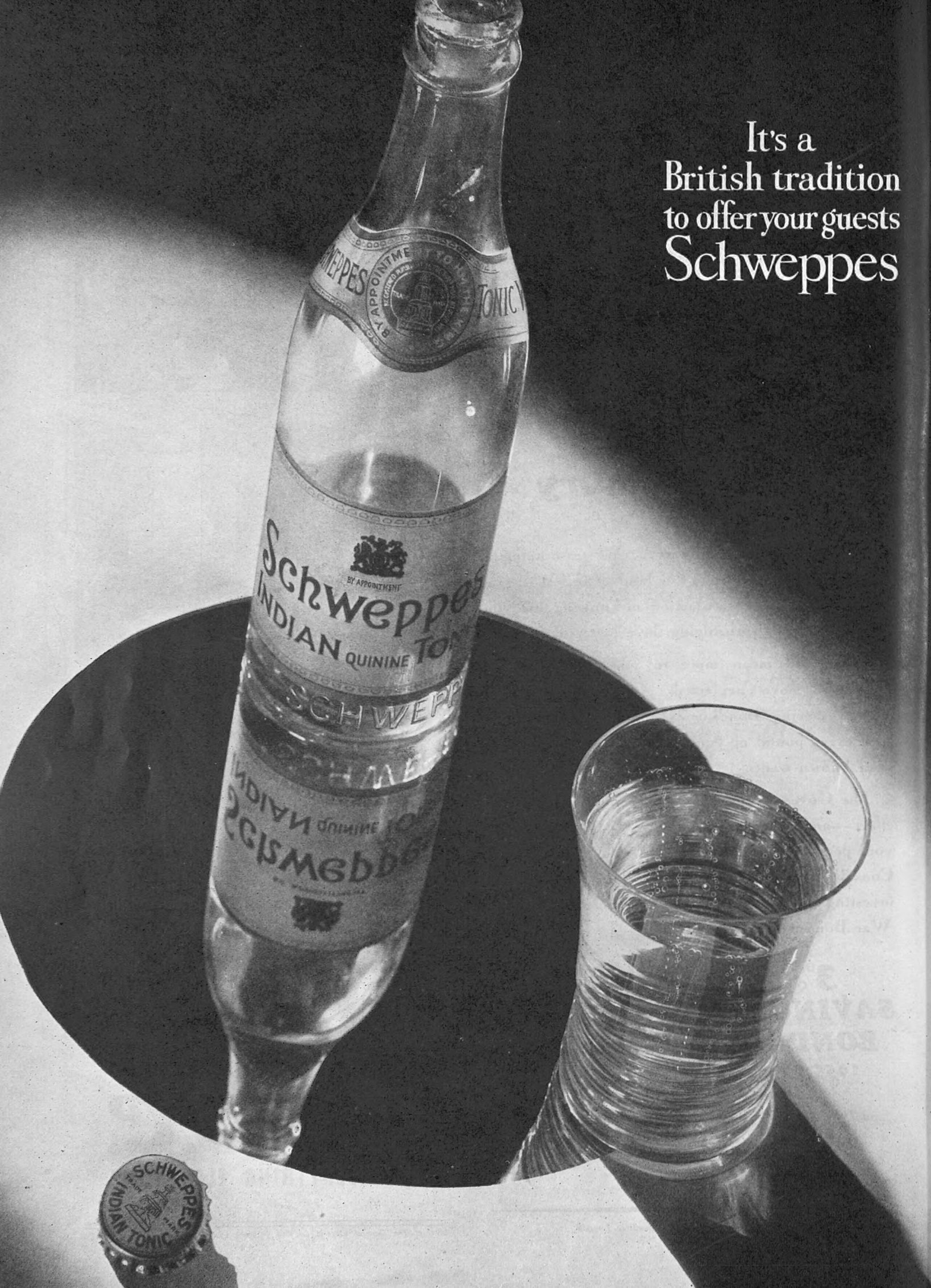
THE quaint looking G.E.C. electric heater of 1914 is linked with its modern streamlined version by over a quarter of a century of continuous progress in the electrical industry. Science never stands still—not even in wartime—and just as the G.E.C. continued to progress through the last war, so to-day, it is keeping abreast of the latest developments and improvements in everything electrical for the home.

Remember

G.E.C.

FOR EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

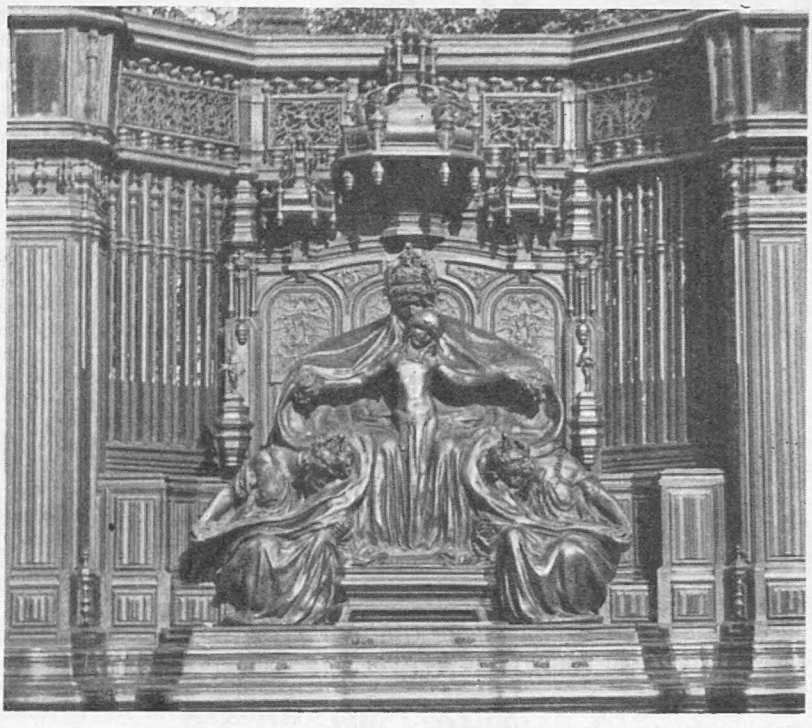
Advt. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2


It's a
British tradition
to offer your guests
Schweppes
Schweppes
INDIAN QUININE
SCHWEPPES
SCHWEPPES
INDIAN TONIC

BRITISH HISTORY IN STONE

No. 12

Queen Alexandra, 1844-1925



Queen Alexandra's Memorial in the wall of Marlborough House, where she lived as a Princess for forty years

THEY called her the sea-king's daughter from over the sea, and as the British Fleet lay in Margate Roads on the night before she landed in England each vessel had the letter "A" in lights. Then when eight o'clock came in the morning the guns boomed, and the *Victoria and Albert* moved at a stately pace towards Gravesend where waited in ill-concealed impatience the young prince.

This memorable date was March 7, 1863. Little Princess Alexandra from Denmark was only nineteen, and as she stood there on the deck she trembled. She wore a long cloak of purple velvet bordered with sable, and a white poke bonnet trimmed with rosebuds. Her dress was of mauve poplin from Ireland; these details are important, for Alexandra was to symbolise all that was smartest and best in the stuffy court of Queen Victoria.

The Prince of Wales led her ashore (he had come out from Gravesend to meet her) through a rose-strewn pathway lined by sixty of Kent's prettiest girls dressed in the Danish colours. The landing wharf was garlanded with orange blossom, the Earl of Caithness was in the engine-cab of the special train, his hand on the lever that would take the royal party slowly up to London—slowly so that all might catch a glimpse of this exciting new princess.

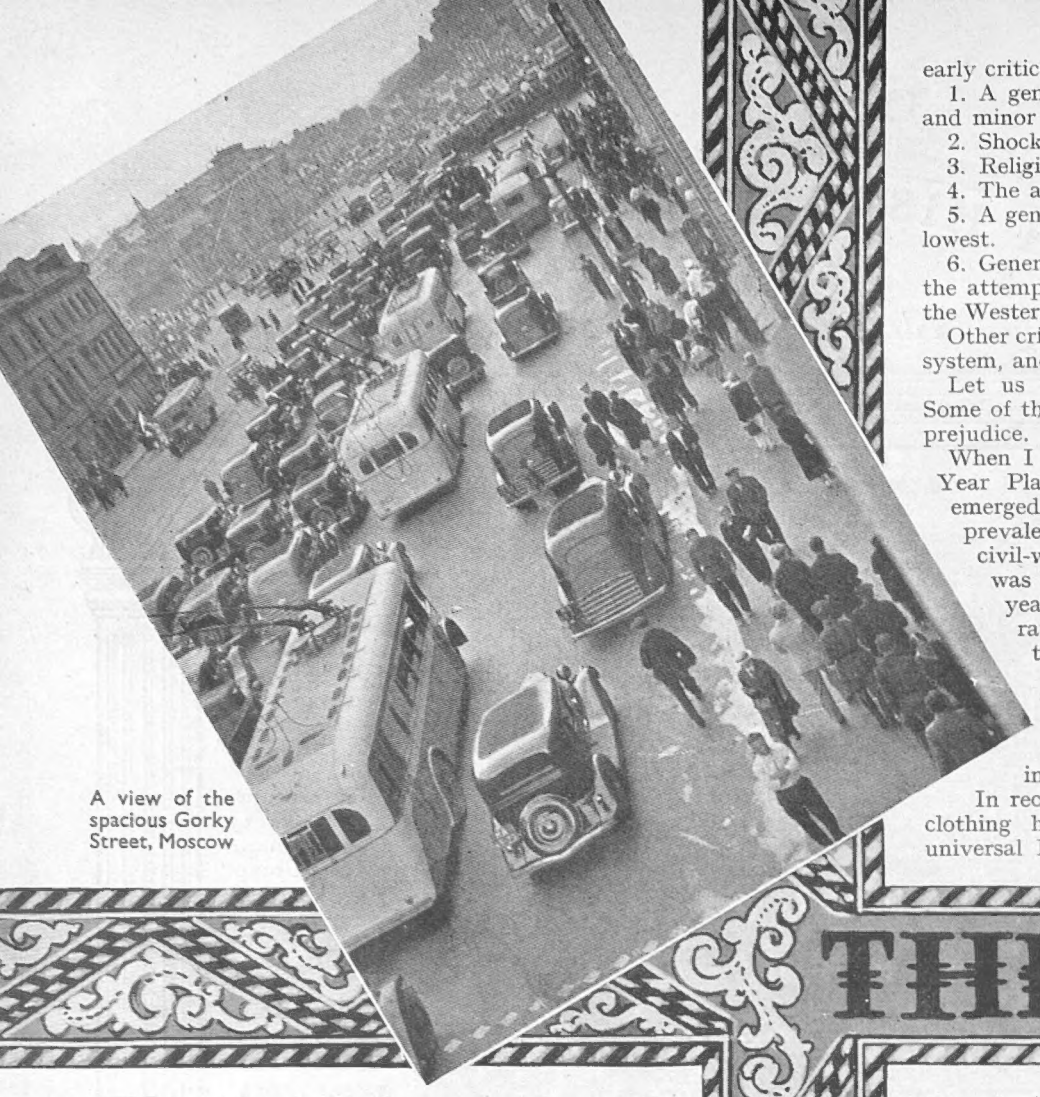
She was really pretty. No man had to flatter and gild such a lily as this; a slim and fragile beauty, with natural grace and manners.

But London! Never before, and perhaps never since, has a stranger met with such a welcome. The police had no idea of the interest aroused and the huge crowds broke through, so that for part of the journey the royal carriage had to forge its way through masses of people who at one moment nearly overturned the vehicle. One boy had to have his head freed from the carriage wheel with the young Alexandra's assistance. It was all highly exciting, and quite unlike Copenhagen. Justin McCarthy wrote: "Her beauty had been so noisily trumpeted that one's natural instinct was to expect disappointment . . . but that was impossible, . . . a bright, fair face, delicate and refined in its outlines, sweet and gracious in its expression."

When the first news of her approaching marriage to the eldest son of the Queen had become known, a certain Mr. Newdegate had risen in the House of Commons and inquired of Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister, whether or not this Princess Alexandra was a Protestant.

Lord Palmerston answered in terms which would do credit to Mr. Churchill faced with a similar inquiry. "When Her Majesty's Government considered it their duty to select a consort for H.R.H. The Prince of Wales," he began in the blandest style, "certain conditions were laid down as indispensable. She must be young. (Hear, hear). She must be handsome. (Loud cheers and cries of 'Bravo!') She must be well brought up. (Hear, hear.) Finally—she *must* be a Protestant." (Prolonged cheers and laughter.

Of course, Her Majesty's Government had not really selected, but merely approved the marriage. The first sight that the Prince of Wales had had of Alexandra was in a locket carried by a mutual friend, and for some time the Prince was under the impression it was the man's fiancée. So when the list of "possibles" came along, the daughter of Prince Christian of Denmark was the first in his mind. Edward went on a tour of European art galleries (not a very convincing alibi, one would have thought, appreciating the prince's true tastes), and it was arranged that he should cross the path of Alexandra at Heidelberg. He was then nineteen, she seventeen. Then the Prince Consort had died, and gloom reigned, from which the actual marriage (*Continued on page* 52)



A view of the spacious Gorky Street, Moscow

THE TRUE

IT has taken twenty-three years and a second world war to make us begin to understand the truth about Soviet Russia. And even now prejudices and delusions die hard. Our heads are not yet emptied of the perilous stuff with which they were crammed for a generation. Nor is it possible to dismiss as entirely fictitious the mass of inaccurate or ill-digested or ill-related facts which once passed as information about the U.S.S.R.

The truth is, that a good deal of the most fantastic things said about Russia may have been true—once. The truth is, that all generalisations are impossible about Russia, and this explains why all travellers' tales of the journey to Moscow and back contradict each other. And finally, although anything could happen—and did—in the revolutionary, militant period of Soviet history, the period of civil war and famine, of the struggle against illiteracy and the vestiges of Tsarist bureaucracy and corruption, few of the more glaring sins of omission or of commission noted by visitors then have survived the two decades of peace and industry which were suddenly ended by Hitler's onslaught last June.

The principal accusations made by the early critics of the Soviet Union, in ignorance, alleged :

1. A general scarcity of food, clothing, boots, major and minor domestic comforts.
2. Shocking overcrowding in the cities.
3. Religious persecution.
4. The absence of all individual liberty.
5. A general levelling down of all social classes to the lowest.
6. General inefficiency particularly in industry and the attempt to introduce the mechanical civilisation of the Western countries.

Other critics even more wildly denounced the marriage system, and the lack of trade unions.

Let us deal with these allegations as they come. Some of them are—or were—founded on ignorance and prejudice. Some are—or were—founded on fact.

When I visited Russia in 1926 the first of the Five Year Plans had not yet begun. Russia had just emerged from a succession of famines—even more prevalent in the Tsarist days than during the early civil-war ridden years of the Soviet regime. Food was beginning to be plentiful for the first time in years. Boots and clothing were severely rationed. Rationing, in fact, has been more the custom than the exception in Russia since the last war. It has been applied strictly on the basis of service. A useful mouth eats more than an idle mouth, but a ballet dancer, an artist, a writer, are all considered in the U.S.S.R. as useful mouths.

In recent years the situation as regards boots and clothing had vastly improved. If in summer the universal Russian habit of wearing a linen shirt-tunic instead of the Western cloth jacket deceived visitors into thinking the nation underclothed, that was just one more Western illusion based upon the strangeness and variety of Russian customs.

As to other personal comforts, safety razors, cosmetics and silk stockings and other trifling ornaments of Western civilisation have for years past been available to the citizens of the U.S.S.R. You could buy them in the streets of Moscow with the cigarettes and the enormous three-volume editions of Tolstoy's *War and Peace* which itinerant vendors, bearded and intellectual-looking, still try to sell to passers-by.

THE housing problem has also been tackled. When Lenin switched the capital of Russia from Petrograd to Moscow, the old, Oriental, shabby and picturesque city of the Muscovite Czars saw its population rise overnight from 800,000 to nearly two millions. Then a horde of refugees from the civil wars invaded the city. Every house, every flat, was crowded to the ceilings. To cope with those who still remained homeless, the Moscow Soviet ruthlessly commandeered every available mansion, hotel, barrack and hall, even idle factories, cinemas and theatres.

During the first years of the Revolution the

A general stores in "Krassnaja Pressnja" district, Moscow

Newly constructed workmen's flats in the Hamowniki quarter, Moscow

housing problem remained acute and apparently insoluble. Then, with peace, and the first, hesitating attempts to open up commerce with the outside world, steel and cement and bricks were available for building. Big modern apartment buildings in steel and concrete began to rise in Moscow and the other great cities. Flats of two, three and four rooms, flats with central heating, bathrooms with real plumbing and hot water that was really hot, kitchens with gas or electric cookers were gradually completed.

At first the new flats were reserved for especially deserving families or technicians and key-men in industry and their wives. Then, as the buildings grew in number, and at the same time the abnormal population of Moscow was reduced by the creation of great new industrial cities in the East, with the consequent demand for skilled artisans, engineers, architects and doctors, clerks and functionaries, the congested housing space of the capital, with its rationed cubic feet per inhabitant, relaxed and expanded.

To-day the unpainted, shabby, dusty, Asiatic Moscow that I knew has become a handsome city of broad new streets, white concrete factories, apartment buildings and hospitals, green recreation parks, with taxis and buses and privately owned motor cars built in Russia (by Russian engineers who calmly adapted all the best features of all the best cars of other countries), and underneath it the finest, most costly, most luxurious underground system in the world, which is now justifying its creation and its costliness as a perfect air raid shelter for Moscow's population.

THE old charge of religious persecution finds its only factual basis in two admitted truths. The first was the State's requisitioning of the vast treasure in gold, silver, precious stones and objects of art concealed in the monasteries of both the Orthodox and the Catholic Church in Russia. The second was the arrest and trials, on charges of treason, of a number of high dignitaries of both Churches.

Both events took place at a time when the Soviet Union rightly feared conspiracy from within and invasion from without, and when every resource of the nation must be mobilised if the urgent needs of the State were to be met. Actually the position of religion in the U.S.S.R. is similar to that in France before the French collapse. All religions are tolerated; the State itself is secular. Godlessness in Russia is no more widely professed than in Republican France. The fact of the freedom of religion in Russia has been eloquently demonstrated by the rallying cry uttered by the leaders of all Churches, sects and denominations in the U.S.S.R. to the cause of national defence.

It is probably the position of the middle classes in Russia, as it is held to be by the middle classes outside Russia, which inspired in the past the greatest suspicion and mistrust. People everywhere fear, and rightly, a process of levelling down. In fact, however, it is the reverse which has taken place in Russia. There has been a general levelling-up of the population. Not only are the professional classes, lawyers and doctors, teachers, writers, artists and intellectuals, freer and more prosperous to-day under Stalin than they were in 1914 under the Tsar. But the talented children of the peasants and the manual workers have an equal opportunity to become proficient in medicine or the law, literature, journalism, music and painting.

There are several categories of doctors—those who work exclusively for the State, those who have a State practice and a private practice, and those who rely entirely on their private practice. Writers and painters, actors and dancers are equally free to choose between State employment and private employment. Authors and journalists in particular enjoy positions of great importance and large reward in the Soviet social system. The Soviet's war on illiteracy has a tremendous new audience of culture-avid young men and women in the factories and on the collective farms, and newspapers and the works of Russian and foreign authors enjoy phenomenal sales among this vast reading public.

THE Russians were always responsive to music and the ballet. They also had, under the Tsars, an intellectual theatre which survived in spite of the censorship and frequent police incursions backstage. A high police official, or representative of the local military governor, was perforce present at every performance of a pre-Soviet play. Now the theatre in Russia is free not only to perform the classics of the old, but also to produce satires on the new regime in Russia.

It is always difficult to determine whether extreme individual liberty is compatible with a high state of national prosperity and security. Economists in Western Europe, for example, have never been able to reconcile complete individualism on the Victorian model with economic collectivism. Is it possible, they ask, to achieve economic and social security for the masses, while at the same time preserving the (in some cases) highly desirable virtues of middle-class individualism and personal liberty?

Many of our British politicians (*Continued on page* 52)

Two typical young Russian girls photographed in Neglinnaya Street, Moscow. The building behind is of Moorish design and is used mainly for offices

FACE OF SOVIET RUSSIA

A New Civilisation which extends to one-sixth of the World's surface, explained by

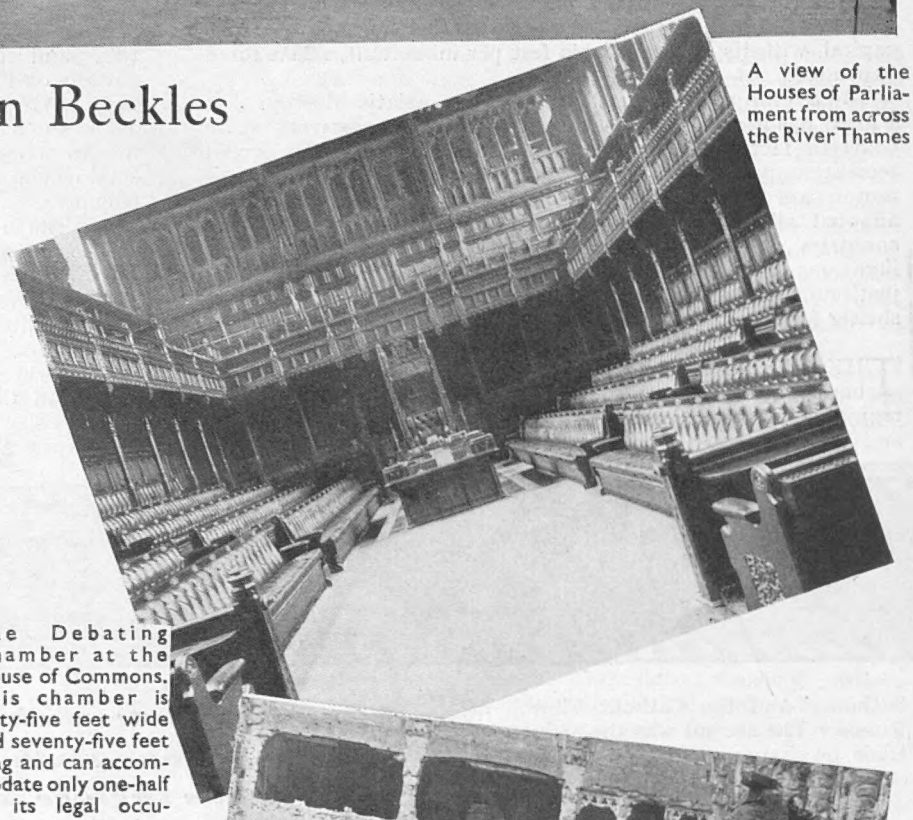
George Slocombe

The fine editorial offices of the great Russian newspaper *Pravda*

A night view of Moscow. The Okhotni Riad from the Kremlin

Parliament—
When the War's Over

By Gordon Beckles



A view of the Houses of Parliament from across the River Thames

ONE of the stock sights of bombed London remains the charred skeleton of the House of Commons.

The thing that struck me most when I saw it still smouldering in its wartime black last May was the smallness of the historic chamber. Only twice had I ever been "on the Floor," or nearly so, in the little privileged gallery under the balcony; once, incidentally, to hear Mr. Horatio Bottomley orate. Wrecked and desolate, the chamber seemed even smaller.

Guy Fawkes could not have done the job more thoroughly. For years, critics of the House—of its size, traditions, imperfections and complacencies—had been saying that another Guy Fawkes would and should come along one day. And, in the disguise of a Luftwaffe bomb-aimer, he came and did the job. But is it any good?

Mr. Churchill assures every visitor to the scene of so many of his own parliamentary triumphs that it will be re-built just as it was before, in every detail, except that the heating and ventilation may be improved. Nothing else?

It seems to me (and not to me alone) that if we criticise our Members of Parliament for the chaos of the post-last-war years, we ought to consider the mould into which they were poured. That mould is the Chamber of the House of the Commons, an apartment forty-five feet wide and seventy-five feet long, which can hold only about half of its legal occupants at one time and which not one voter in ten thousand has ever seen for similar reasons of space. I might add that the acoustic conditions assist in preserving the air of semi-secrecy overhanging Commons's debates. Scarcely a day goes by without a heated discussion in the Press Gallery hinterland as to exactly what it was that So-and-so said. As for the Public Gallery, the last time I was there was in 1939, when I had to conduct an American visitor, neither of us catching a word that was being spoken on the floor below—which, when I afterwards learned the nature of the proceedings seemed just as well. It is always disillusioning when the "Mother of Parliaments" debates such things as the Rawtenstall Sewage Scheme.

The Debating Chamber at the House of Commons. This chamber is forty-five feet wide and seventy-five feet long and can accommodate only one-half of its legal occupants at one time

The charred skeleton of the Debating Chamber of the House of Commons, after enemy air raid

(*Below right*) Mr. Winston Churchill standing amid the ruins of the Debating Chamber of the House of Commons, the scene of many of his triumphs

But these are externals; what one should make one's mind up about is whether re-building on exactly the same lines is not a retrograde step. This has nothing to do with politics in a party sense. We are all (outside the Isle of Man) agreed that the parliamentary system, as developed in this country, is the best in a bad world. It does not suffer the cumbersome handicaps of a Washington Congress and Senate, nor the multiplicity of wings in a French Chambre des Deputés; it can declare war in an afternoon (not technically, but in reality it does) and it can turn out a Prime Minister in the twinkling of an eye.

No, the point to consider is whether an antiquated apartment of state (its first use dates from the early (*Continued on page* 56)

Fairy Godmothers *are all* Very Well

The Mystery of a Christmas Feast

By Gilbert Hackforth-Jones

The visit of a British man-of-war to the far-flung outposts of Empire is regarded by the inhabitants of those posts as being an event of surpassing importance

"I MAY be old-fashioned and all that," said the navigator with quiet bitterness, "but I have always associated Christmas Day with such things as holly, snow and blazing log-fires. The mere idea of going ashore to eat roast turkey and plum-pudding in this temperature and surrounded by tropical beasts and dusky natives strikes me as being incongruous."

"Nicely spoken, Pilot, old boy," replied No. 1, the First Lieutenant of H.M.S. *Curfew*. "Those are my sentiments exactly; my heart bleeds for you and your fellow-sufferers condemned on this day to dine in state with his Highness the Rajah of Barolak. When you have gone ashore the Chief and I have promised ourselves a real beachcomber's Christmas. Whilst you are sitting correctly at a table groaning with the good things of a Nordic feast, eaten in conditions resembling the hottest of hot-houses and perspiring into your stiffest and newest whites, he and I will be taking our ease in basket chairs, our legs supported, our coats cast carelessly aside, each with a long glass in which tinkles musically the products of refrigeration and certain alcoholic liquors. Truly my heart bleeds for you."

This conversation was taking place on the quarter-deck in the first dog-watch of a Christmas Day in happier times than the present. H.M.S. *Curfew*, a small cruiser attached to the China Station, was paying a courtesy visit to the small dependency of Barolak, situated, as we like to say in these times, somewhere in Borneo.

The visit of a British man-of-war to the far-flung outposts of Empire is regarded by the inhabitants of those posts as being an event of surpassing importance, and they one and all lay themselves out to give to officers and men of the visiting ship the very best time that can be provided. The recipients of this lavish hospitality are in the same position as visiting royalty: their visit, which is unique in the life of each place, is but one of a series of complimentary calls, so that after a while the open-handed hospitality of the natives begins to pall, and it is then that the ambassadors of the Mother Country are forced to call on their hidden reserves of charm and tact when, for the fourth time in a fortnight, they are bidden ashore to make whoopee at the expense of strangers whose sense of hospitality sometimes outstrips the bounds of all reasonable catering.

It was only natural that the Rajah of Barolak should have selected Christmas evening for his especial contribution to the hospitality of the local inhabitants. It was going to be a "posh do," to quote one of the planters who had but recently left his native Blackpool. Three hundred sailors and as many officers as could be spared were bidden to the feast, and, as everyone knows, royal commands must be obeyed. Thus it is that we find scenes of unparalleled activity on the decks of H.M.S. *Curfew*. With the exception of the First Lieutenant and the Engineer Commander, who had with commendable zeal volunteered to take over the duties of the ship, all officers, from the Captain down to the newest-joined Paymaster Midshipman, were gathered on the quarter-deck waiting for the Rajah's gunboat to take them ashore, whilst four-fifths of the crew were gathered in the waist chattering like a lot of magpies and displaying none of that blasé indifference to the good things of life that was being shown by their superiors.

They had already had one enormous Christmas dinner served in specially decorated messes and eaten under the benevolent eyes of the officers who, as is the custom, had paraded the lower deck accepting oranges, nuts and cigars with great heartiness and then had retired to empty their pockets and partake of their own good fare. They had spent the afternoon stretched out under the awnings on decks' cover-tables, taking what is called "a stretch off the land," and now, having wakened themselves up with cups of hot, sweet tea, they had "cleaned into shore-going rig" and were impatient to be led once more to the flesh-pots.

PRESENTLY the gunboat puffed its way alongside and was loaded immediately to the gunwale with passengers.

"Like a ruddy school treat," went on the navigator as he stepped aboard.

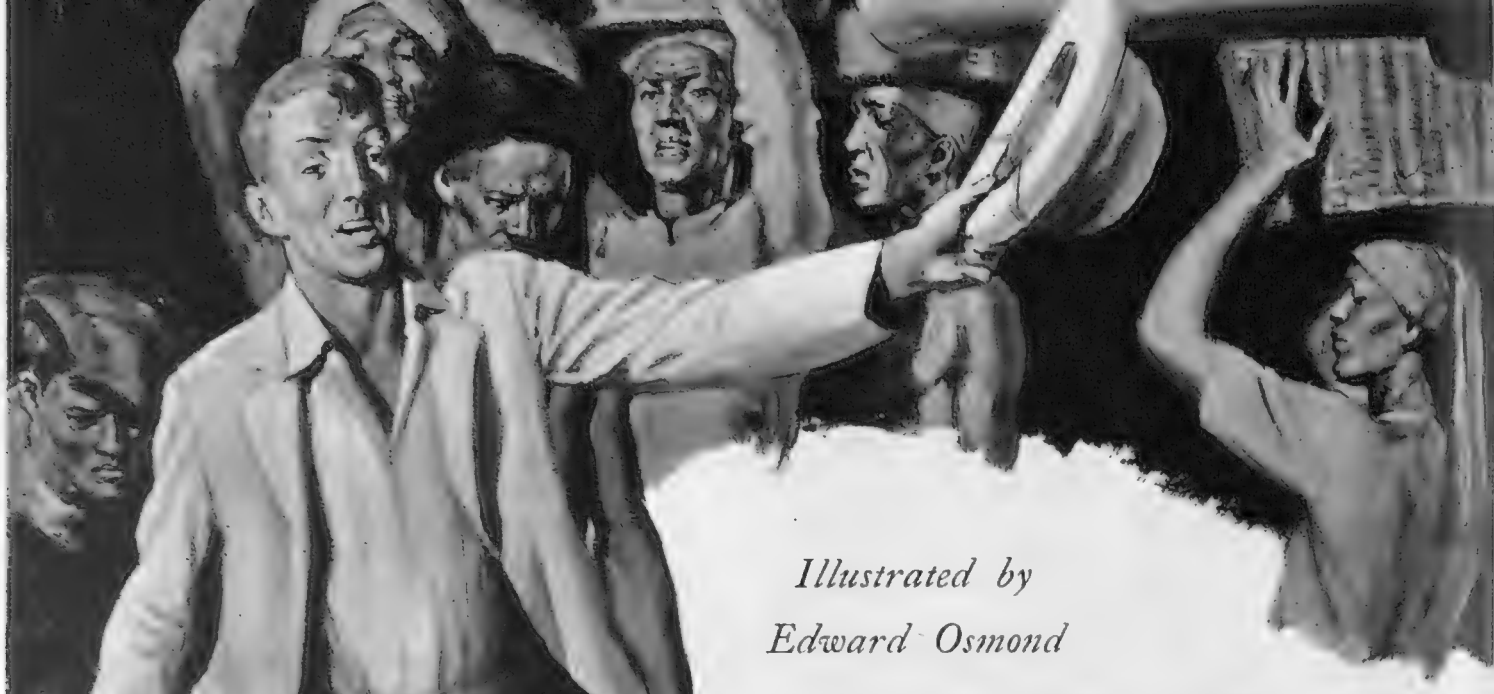
"Oh, Pilot." The First Lieutenant called him back.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"Don't forget to say 'Thank you very much for having me,' and be sure that you have a clean pocket handkerchief."

The pilot's reply is unprintable in the respectable pages of this journal.

As befitted his rank, the Captain was the last to board the gunboat. Before he did so, he spoke to the Engineer and First Lieutenant. It was a pity, he said, that they were obliged to remain on board, but duty was duty, and no doubt



Illustrated by

Edward Osmond

their turn would come. The two officers looked suitably depressed and muttered something equally suitable. The Captain stepped aboard and the gunboat, giving three short blasts, backed away from the *Curfew* and set off inshore.

"Thank God!" said No. 1 piously. "Come on, Chief. I'll rattle you for a couple of John Collins—the sight of all that starched linen has made me thirsty."

The two cronies went below to the wardroom, where they removed their coats and took their ease, lazily shaking the bones for the privilege of paying for their refreshments, whilst Ah Wong, the Chinese steward, waited on their every wish.

"This," observed the Chief, "is something like it. Peace and goodwill and plenty of peace."

The rattling of the bones died away, the two officers stretched themselves sleepily on rattan chairs, large black cheroots were lit, and the air was filled with dense clouds of smoke.

"Turn that fan a little more to port, Ah Wong," murmured No. 1. "When I think of all those chaps herded in the gunboat and then being fed on what the Rajah will imagine to be Christmas fare, it makes me feel positively sorry for them. I always did think that Cinderella didn't know when she was well off. Fairy godmothers are all very well . . ." His voice trailed away—speech was no longer necessary. The air became smokier than before, and Ah Wong tiptoed away. White masters were behaving in a sensible manner for once in his experience. The drone of the electric fans lulled the recumbent figures to a state of somnolence. Two cheroots dropped from nerveless fingers to smoulder away unsmoked; two heads lolled back and two little snores gave promise of bigger and better ones to come. The custodians of the *Curfew* were asleep.

HISTORY does not relate how long our heroes were permitted thus to sleep. It must have been for some considerable time, for when the Quartermaster of the watch decided that it was his duty to rouse the First Lieutenant, darkness had fallen—a velvety blackness lit only by the gleaming electrics which were placed at intervals along the *Curfew's* upper deck and around which fluttered myriads of strange tropical insects. Inshore could be seen the fairy lights and fireworks with which the Rajah entertained his guests. The Quartermaster stood at the doorway of the wardroom and coughed. No. 1 opened one eye. "What is it?" he asked thickly.

"Beg pardon, Sir," answered the man. "There 's a gentleman on deck as wants to speak to you."

"What sort of gentleman—I mean what colour?"

"White, Sir."

No. 1 sat up. "Well, ask him to come down. Here, Chief, wake up! We 've a visitor."

The Chief grunted and hoisted his massive body into a vertical position.

"I was dreaming," he said with pathos, "dreaming of Princes Street, Edinburgh, on a Saturday night. There was a nice piece and I was getting on very well with her. What did you want to wake me for?"

"Spare our blushes, Chief, and put your coat on. All right, Quartermaster, show him down."

The Quartermaster coughed again. "'E ain't 'ardly in good trim for comin' below, Sir. When I left 'im 'e was sitting down."

"Sitting down? What on?"

"The after capstan, Sir. And he said I was to tell you that he was Father Christmas."

"H'm—strange! Is he by any chance plastered, Quartermaster?"

"In a manner of speaking, yes, Sir."

"Lit up?"

"Like a Christmas-tree, Sir."

No. 1 sighed. "The festive season, Quartermaster—planters will be plastered. Does he know what he 's come here for?"

"Well, Sir, he 's brought a lot of parcels in the sampan, and he said they were for you."

No. 1 reached for his coat and buttoned it on. "Come on, Chief," he said. "Let us investigate this phenomenon."

Together they went on deck.

The Quartermaster had not exaggerated in any way. The visitor was seated cross-legged on the after capstan, and as the officers appeared on deck he began to sing something which faintly resembled a song from "Chu Chin Chow."

"Here be oysters stewed in honey," he intoned. "And lizard zeggs from afar——" As his voice echoed along the quarter-deck and brought a few sailors to their feet, a strange procession began to ascend the gangway from the sampan

"I AM god fairy-goodmother," he said solemnly. "Everyone gone to the ball. All these are for you. You," he exclaimed, "shall go to the ball——"

alongside. A dozen or so natives, each man with a large basket on his head, came aboard and planted his burden at the feet of the officers. "All for our great Chief Hassan," warbled the visitor.

No. 1 approached him. "Pardon my interruption of your song, Sir," he said gravely, "but would you allow me to introduce myself?"

The stranger scrambled down from his perch and stood swaying like a bullrush in a light breeze.

"I am god fairy-goodmother," he said solemnly. "Everyone gone to the ball. All these are for you. You," he exclaimed, "shall go to the ball——" He pitched forward and was caught by the Quartermaster, who lowered him gently to the deck. "Lizard zeggs from afar," he repeated feebly, and then fell asleep.

No. 1 surveyed the scene. "Let him rest, Quartermaster—he is very tired." He raised the lid of one of the baskets and peered inside. "Half-a-dozen champagne. Very nice."

The Chief joined in the inspection. "There 's a cold turkey in this one," he called, "and a bottle of Kümmel."

Together they made a rapid survey of the baskets.

"There 's enough here to feed the ship's company," said No. 1. "Do you think our friend means this for us?"

"That 's what he said," replied the Chief, opening a bottle of salted almonds and munching a few absent-mindedly. "Deuced kind of him."

"Well," said No. 1, "we can't keep all this to ourselves. Quartermaster, pipe 'Cooks of messes lay aft for Christmas fare,' and get a couple of hands to carry the kind gentleman to the spare cabin. The best we can do is to look after him until he comes to. No use offering him a drink for the moment. He appears to have all he can accommodate." He felt in his pocket and pulled out a handful of small change. "And give this to the slaves of the lamp," he said, handing it over to the Quartermaster.

Half an hour later every man jack aboard the *Curfew* was sitting up to the "best blow-out this commission," with the exception of their generous host, who lay comatose in the Captain's spare cabin.

The Chief and No. 1 were doing themselves particularly proud when the Quartermaster once more appeared.

No. 1 helped himself to a large piece of Turkish delight and looked up.

"What is it this time, Quartermaster?" he mumbled, with his mouth full of this delicious sweetmeat.

"Beg pardon, Sir, but the caterer of No. 19 Mess is on the quarter-deck. 'E 'as a complaint to make."

"A complaint? After having been presented with this magnificent feast?—Give the bottle a fair wind, Chief, that 's a good chap."

"Yes, Sir, 'e wants to see the officer of the day—says 'e 'asn't been treated fair."

"Didn't he have a basket the same as the rest of 'em?"

"Yes, 'e did 'ave two, but when 'e opened the second one 'e came aft with it and asked to see the officer of the day, Sir."

No. 1 drained his glass and sighed deeply. "Some people were never satisfied," he observed sourly, and went on deck to interview the malcontent.

"Well, Jenkins, what 's the trouble?" he asked breezily.

The sailor picked up a large round basket and held it out. "Would you mind 'aving a look-see, Sir? I feel that nervous I don't 'ardly believe me own eyes."

No. 1 raised the lid—and shut it immediately with a sharp cry of alarm as something hissed at him from the dark interior of the basket.

"Good heavens—a snake!" he cried.

Able-Seaman Jenkins fastened the lid with trembling fingers and placed the basket gently on the deck. "I 'm much obliged, Sir," he said simply. "I thought it was a snake—only bein' as I was ashore last night *and* the night before and 'aving 'ad a bit of a skinful—I daresn't 'ardly trust the evidence of me own eyes."

"It 's a snake all right. Our friend is in such a condition that he probably thought it was a string of sausages. Put it somewhere safe until he comes to—it 's probably valuable."

"Aye, aye, Sir." Jenkins tucked the basket under his arm and trotted forward happily, his mind at rest. No. 1 rejoined

the Chief and helped himself to a glass of Kümmel. The evening passed blissfully.

" Our friend " came to earlier than might have been expected. No. 1, returning from that nightly ritual known as Nine o'clock Rounds, found him standing in the doorway of the spare cabin haranguing the half-deck sentry in tones that had already had a marked effect on the startled marine. The visitor was in possession of a terrific hangover and a brass curtain-rod, which he was brandishing and emphasising his pithier remarks by beating the jalousies of his cabin door.

" Unwarrantidable interference with the liberty of the subject," he was saying as the First Lieutenant approached. " Have you ever heard of the Habeas Corpus ? Very important institution—who the hell are you ? " The sentry looked relieved to see that the latter part of this remark was addressed to an officer.

" How are you feeling ? " asked No. 1 politely, ignoring the question.

" How would you be feeling ? I ask you. I wake up to find myself kidnapped—locked in a cell with a ruddy postman standing guard over me. I ask you, how do I feel ? "

No. 1 slipped his arm into the stranger's. " Come along to the mess and tell us all about it," he said soothingly, and such was the charm of his manner that he succeeded in removing the curtain-rod and handing it to the sentry.

" Kidnapped by a postman, thass what it is," grumbled the stranger. " Scandalous ! "

No. 1 piloted him to an armchair in the wardroom and poured him a long iced drink. " Now," he said encouragingly, " tell us all about it."

The stranger drank thirstily. " Had a mos' peculiar dream, gennelmen—mos' peculiar. I was in a large marquee full of food and drinks, and I said to myself this is too good for a lot of natives, and I got some coolies and I put it all in a boat and brought it to the *Curfew* for Christmas. What do you know about that ? "

Flinging open the door, he ran as fast as his legs would carry him aft on to the quarter-deck

" What, indeed ? " said No. 1, catching the Chief's eye. " You didn't dream it—I was just going to thank you on behalf of the ship's company for the best blow-out this commission."

" Not a dream ? " echoed the stranger. " Thank goodness ! It 's worried me—dreams are bad things to have."

" There is one thing that worries us, though," went on No. 1. " Among the baskets of provender which you so kindly presented to us, there was one containing a snake. What should we do with it ? "

The stranger smiled. " You don't want to take any notice of that," he said. " I 'm always seeing them about—'sprobably one of mine. Tell you what—I 'll sign the pledge to-morrow and it 'll go. Don't you think that 's a good idea ? "

No. 1 shot a despairing glance at the Chief, who suggested : " Fetch it along and show it to him." A ring of the bell brought the Quartermaster down. " Tell Able-Seaman Jenkins to bring the snake aft," ordered the First Lieutenant.

NO. 1 raised the lid of the basket—and shut it immediately with a sharp cry of alarm

A few minutes later Able-Seaman Jenkins arrived carrying the basket. " Beg pardon, Sir," he said desperately, " but the snake 's gone—look ! " He lifted the lid and showed how very empty the receptacle was.

" There ! " said the fairy godmother happily. " What did I tell you ? 'Sgorn. That means we 'll have to have another ! " This contribution was wisely ignored.

" Where did you stow the basket ? " asked No. 1.

" In the voice-pipe cabinet, Sir." Jenkins looked contrite. " You told me to put it somewhere safe."

" Yes, yes ! " No. 1 said impatiently. " Have you searched the cabinet ? "

" I did, Sir, and there 's not a vestige of it. There 's nowhere where it could 'ide —barring the voice-pipes."

There was a long pause as the significance of the last statement sank in. The voice-pipe cabinet was a sort of telephone exchange from which speaking-tubes radiated to all parts of the cruiser. If the snake had

(*Continued on page 51*)

Wings Over *the* Ocean

By Edward Cranston

A returning Swordfish is flagged in on Britain's famous aircraft carrier H.M.S. *Ark Royal*

(*Left*) A plane of the Fleet Air Arm taking off from the flight-deck of an aircraft carrier

Fleet Air Arm pilots discuss routes on a map prior to a training flight

THE air was alive with the roar of engines. Down at the far end of the aerodrome a Harvard trainer was coming in to land. The wheels touched the ground, bounced slightly and then touched again, to run smoothly up the slight slope towards the hangars.

The flight sergeant turned to the young naval officer standing beside him.

"You'll be ready for practice deck-landings soon."

The pupil smiled. "We haven't taken long to learn, have we?" He spoke with justifiable pride. That morning he had been given his wings with the rest of the members of his course. The group captain had congratulated them on their high standard. "In wartime," he had said, "we cannot afford to give you much time off. Every minute counts. Soon you will be sent to operational squadrons and carriers. Go on doing as well as you have here and you will be a credit to them."

The instructor looked out over the green expanse of the aerodrome.

"During the last war they trained here as well," he said; "some of them went to France with only ten hours' flying experience behind them. They were real fliers, those men."

"I hope we are, too," said his pupil.

"You're much the same," the sergeant replied, laughing.

ON the carrier's bridge a signalman steps up to the captain.

"Signal from the base, sir. 'Y' squadron will be landing in half an hour's time."

The captain nods and turns to the navigator. "Flying on course, please, pilot."

The navigator bends over his chart before answering. It is supremely important that the carrier is steaming directly into the wind before aircraft land or take off, in order to allow them the maximum speed across the deck. In the bows a thin trail of white smoke indicates the exact direction of the wind.

The navigator stands up and looks at the compass.

"Three two six, sir," he says.

The captain gives an order through the voice-pipe and the great ship swings slowly round on to her course.

On the flight deck the officer in charge is talking to the senior observer.

"Most of this squadron are new people straight from training. I hope there are no accidents."

As he speaks he glances over (*Continued on page 64*)

Aboard the *Ark Royal*. A torpedo being loaded on to a Swordfish before a raid on enemy shipping

(*Right*) A new fighter for the Fleet Air Arm. Pilots getting the hang of the cock pit and controls of the Grumman Martlet I before test flights

Sea Change

The Fantasy of a Shipwrecked Sailor

THE ship's lifeboat floated motionless on a sea as calm as glass. The noon sun glared from a "hot and copper" sky and layer after layer of heat settled with suffocating persistence upon the two men in the boat.

They had water and food enough for twenty men but the water was stale and hot and the biscuits hard as baked rock.

The elder man, a stringy grey-haired veteran of the stokehold, sat with his head covered by his hands muttering to himself. The other, a big hard-muscled seaman, was staring over the sea. His shirt was over his head, vainly trying to protect it from the beating heat. A broken nose and an air of almost childlike simplicity told that once he had been a pugilist and gave the reason why he had been an unsuccessful one.

His simplicity and the removed shirt told two other things about him, that his mind was full of fairy tales and romance and that he had been unable to resist the blandishments of tattoo artists in the ports of the Seven Seas.

His torso was a book of revelation. Crossed hearts and love knots and female forms divine climbed from his wrist to his shoulders. A bevy of Indian nautch girls could be brought to sinuous motion by the rippling of the muscles on his right forearm and they had entertained many a fo'c'sle to the accompaniment of his mouth organ. At the moment they drooped listlessly, wet with sweat.

On his back was one of the girls he had left behind him and also the cottage garden with roses round the door and his old mother waiting for his return. Underneath them a Chinese dragon emerged from his belt with fearsome jaws reaching hungrily at his kidneys.

But the *pièce de résistance* was in front. On his bosom rested a beautiful mermaid amply curved, with yellow hair and pink flesh and a seagreen tail that swept in gracious curves to its finned extremity. In her left hand she held the rose of England and in her right the Union Jack.

Above her head for lack of other available space there floated an elegant scroll, the latest and apparently last possible addition to the rich tapestry of his epidermis.

The scroll, laboriously lettered, announced to the empty world about him that There'll Always Be An England.

He stirred to shift his cramped limbs, and poured himself a beaker of warm water.

The little man in the stern lifted his head. "Give us a swig of that, Tiny."

The little man took the drink and sipped it.

"Soup!" he said bitterly. Then he shut his eyes and tipped the rest down his throat. He tossed the beaker back to Tiny.

A TINGE of pride filtered up to Tiny's hot brain. He flexed his arm slightly, the arm that was nearest to her, and moved his fingers gently. The Indian nautch dancers swayed gently into rhythmic motion

"Did you ever have a bottle of beer," he said, with his eyes staring curiously at Tiny, "so cold that the water from the air frosted on it like the dew on a cool morning?"

"Aw, shut up, Smiffy. We're lucky and you know it."

"Lucky!" Smiffy cursed softly. "Torpedoed, soaked and frozen all night. Now this blasted sun." He wiped his hand over his fevered brow. "Not a ripple, not a cloud—fried alive in an empty ocean!"

"Aw, shut up, Smiffy!" The big man's voice was pleading. "We're on the shipping route. Get some sleep. I'll stand watch."

"You'll go to sleep too and we'll miss our chance."

"I won't go to sleep. You know me, Smiffy."

"Sure I know you," muttered the other. He lay down trying to cover himself from the heat by squeezing as much of himself as he could under the shadow of the stern seat. "Sure I know you, you punch-drunk pug. The last swipe they gave you knocked you back twenty years. Simple Simon, that's what you are, and Gawd help us if you forget what we're looking for."

Tiny only heard a vague muttering. He repeated himself. "You know me, Smiffy. I'll stick by you." But his own thoughts had been stirred. "Beer," he said softly. "Cold beer, cold to freeze your throat."

The heat over that still and empty ocean poured perspiration down his brow and he set to thinking of cool taverns. He tried to imagine the feeling of an icy stream of beer freezing his throat.

Then he saw the mermaid.

It is protested by some of the wisest minds that the grown-up

Illustration by S. Tresilian

By Day Russell

senses are not expanded but narrowed senses, that as we grow older our perceptions dwindle until we are only capable of seeing the most ordinary and everyday things. Whereas to the child each meal is an exciting adventure into immense satisfactions, to the grown-up it means a pile of greasy dishes. Thus the world of the adult, circumscribed by the habit of five elementary senses, to the child is a place where miracles are commonplace and possibilities are infinite.

All this would have meant nothing to Tiny, who, as Smiffy said, had been punched back into a childlike simplicity and a firm belief in the wonders of the world.

It sufficed him that he saw the mermaid with his own eyes.

She emerged unwetted and lovely from a circle of ripples that ran like a lazy melody wider and wider over the still water. She looked infinitely cool and she smiled.

She rested her elbows on the side of the boat and her forearms lay white and rounded along the gunwale. The fingers of her smooth hands tapered gracefully and Tiny noticed clearly and distinctly that her nails were the colour of coral.

She smiled at Tiny but Tiny only stared.

Her yellow hair hung long about her shoulders and he noticed water clinging to it like the water on a duck's back, small round drops that sparkled in the sun like jewels spangling the golden sheen of her hair.

Her eyes were cool, cool green, but her lips, again, were the colour of coral after a green and white breaker has swirled away and left it gleaming wet in the warm sun.

Then she laughed and if you've ever been lying on a beach without a care in the world and have heard the sea murmuring on the pebbles you will know that low sound of her laughter.

All Tiny could do was to stare.

Her eyes were on his and a familiar feeling came upon him, a warm dizziness, akin to the first exquisite touch of intoxication in the first tavern after reaching port at the end of a nerve-wracking wartime voyage.

She laughed again and for a moment Tiny thought he could see two of her. But the vision cleared and there she was single and alone, and his heart was beating like the warning of Drake's Drum.

Her soft coral lips parted again and she spoke.

"You are hot, sailor, you are tired."

It was then that he saw that she really was a mermaid, for another ripple broke the water behind her and a lazy sweep of her tail sent a sparkle of spray into the air.

"It's bad luck to see a mermaid," he muttered to himself, but she laughed as she caught his words.

"Bad luck to be cool, bad luck to sit awhile in the cool caverns of the sea and come back refreshed?"

Tiny wiped his wet brow. "You've made the heat worse and I've got to stick by Smiffy."

"He is a rag of a man, but you you are big and you have wonderful stories on you."

A tinge of pride filtered up to Tiny's hot brain. He flexed his arm slightly, the arm near to her, and moved his fingers gently. The Indian nautch dancers swayed gently into rhythmic motion.

The mermaid gave a gasp of delight.

"That is so wonderful. You can do other things?"

Tiny let a waft of worry settle for a moment on his brow. "If I had my mouth organ I could do better than that."

There was deep concern in the mermaid's eyes. "Your mouth organ?"

"Yes," said Tiny. He spoke with all the sorrow of a musician for the loss of a beloved instrument. "It went down with the ship. It will be cool though. Captain's beer will be cool too. It's cool down there, I'll bet."

The mermaid's green eyes opened wider as she nodded to his reverie and Tiny stared at them. He stared deep into them and felt a shiver of icy coldness down his spine. That was how cool it would be down there.

"Come down with me. I'll show you how cool it is." The mermaid's voice was soft, and, as she spoke, Tiny had the illusion that another wave had broken over the coral of her lips and left them wet and shining in the sun.

"Let me take you to your ship," she said. "We will get your mouth organ. We will get the captain's beer."

A powerful temptation smote Tiny and, dimly, for the first time, he understood the tribulation of St. Anthony in the desert.

Then with an effort he shook his head. (*Continued on page 54*)

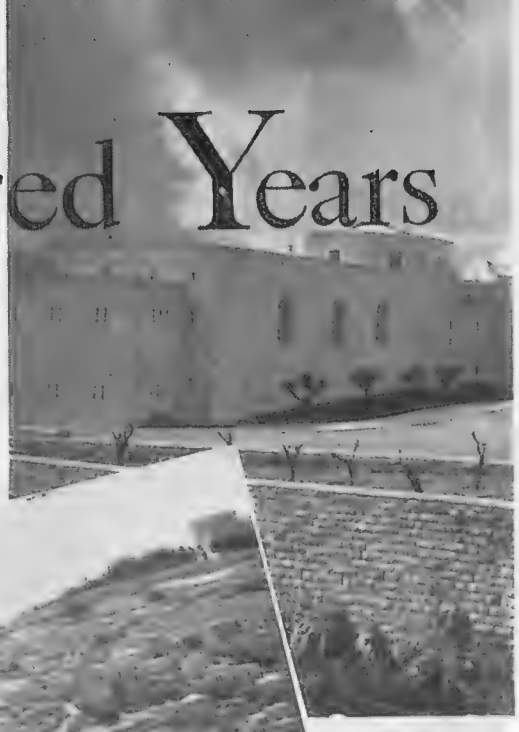
One Hundred Years

FOR a century now the Bible has been subjected to the fiercest test to which any document can be put, that of archæological research. That it has emerged unscathed, often to the confusion of its critics, is of itself a significant fact and one worthy of record. In this century of research work carried out by eminent scientists, representing many different nations and schools of thought, there has not been a single discovery which has disproved the accuracy of the Holy Book. This is a startling fact and of the highest importance to all concerned in the truth of the scriptures.

I am aware, of course, that very little archæological work is now being carried out in Palestine and adjoining Bible lands owing to the war. It is in many ways to be deplored. In Palestine alone there were half a dozen or more scientifically equipped expeditions in the field when the great international crisis called a halt to their endeavours. Some of the greatest scientists of to-day were busy at Lachish, Mediggo, Samaria, Kirjath-Sepher, Gaza and Gerar. They had been toiling at some of these sites for ten years and more and were continually startling the historical and theological world with their discoveries.

Jerusalem, with its recently completed palatial Archæological Museum, built at a cost of £200,000, and one of the finest institutions of its kind, had become the recognised centre for archæological study in the Middle East. It was the home of several schools of archæology. These schools had brought modern excavation to a science.

Just as the man who prospects for gold knows exactly what signs to look for, so the scientist prospecting for relics of the past looks in a like manner for certain surface indications. A slight depression may indicate the site of a buried building; a tiny bank may reveal where sand and debris have blown against a wall and accumulated until the wall has become covered beneath the drift. In a word he looks for the hidden handiwork of man—



A view of the excavations on Mount Ophel. Uncovering part of the ancient city of Jerusalem which David took from the Jebusites, now known as Ophel it is just outside the city walls of today

Excavation of the foundations of dwellings on the site of Sodom. Whole streets were revealed of an ancient town, and some of the dwellings boast of beautiful parquet flooring made of fine stones regularly arranged. The circular erection seen in the right-hand corner of the picture is a large silo for storing grain

of Biblical Archaeology

It Has Confirmed the Historic Accuracy of the Scriptures

By Harold J. Shepstone

General view of the new Archæological Museum as seen from the ancient city wall of Jerusalem. This building is a gift to the Holy City by John D. Rockefeller, junr., and is a fitting home for the treasures which have been dug up on Bible sites during British occupation

bricks, stone and pottery. And when he has found it, he is able to read its history.

I recall going over the excavations at Lachish with the late Mr. J. L. Starkey, whose untimely death by a fanatical Arab was a great loss to archæology. He pulled a stone out of an old wall, glanced at it for a few moments, then turning to me remarked that the wall had been erected 2,000 years ago. He knew by the particular bevel on the stone, for that is how they were trimmed at that period.

It was Sir Flinders Petrie who discovered a system of dating by potsherds, broken pieces of pottery. At one time they used to regard them as rubbish to be cast aside. Now they examine these potsherds carefully, for they tell the date when they were fashioned.

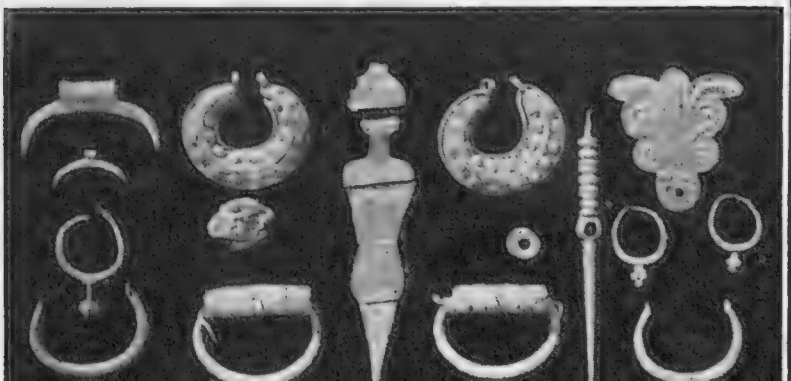
When Professor Garstang was excavating on the site of Jericho, and he spent five years digging there, his wife cleaned and washed over two thousand pieces of pottery.

Biblical archæology had a very humble beginning. It was a century ago that a Dr. Edward Robinson, the son of an American clergyman, who was keenly interested in archæology, began a series of journeys in Palestine locating Bible sites. He has been called "the father of exploration work in Palestine." One of his most interesting (*Continued on page* 58)

The partially restored Jewish synagogue on the site of Capernaum at the northern end of the Sea of Galilee. It probably occupies the site of the one built by the centurion as mentioned in the Gospels

(*Right*) Mosaics found in the Church of the Multiplication of the Loaves and Fishes depicting a basket of loaves and two fishes. These mosaics were found close to the altar of a church built in the early part of the fourth century on a site not far from Capernaum, where Christ performed the miracle of feeding the multitude

(*Below*) Ear-rings, bracelets, pins and other ornaments in pure gold found at Gaza



(*Right*) Group of pottery taken from a single tomb at Lachish, including vases, bowls and dippers, dating from later Bronze Age—1600-1200 B.C.

Parachutes *and* Battle-

RETURNING the salute of the white-haired lodge-keeper and turning down the path to the mill, the earl mooched along in a manner very different from his usual sprightliness. He felt that the world was using him hardly, and the sporting gun he carried in the crook of his arm seemed to droop with him.

It had been an unfortunate morning, and the remark he had overheard his daughter making to an old friend of hers had been in the nature of a *coup de grace* to his injured dignity.

The earl sniffed the tang of bonfire smoke in the still autumn air, and cocked an eye to the kitchen gardens, where a wavering pillar of incense indicated McTavish's burnt offering to the goddess of plenty. And McTavish, if the earl knew anything about him, was at peace with the world.

But then McTavish didn't have to deal with an efficient daughter who objected to dogs in the house. Nor did McTavish have to act as guardian to a niece with decided views on the wisdom of an early wedding with the eagle-faced pilot officer of her choice.

The earl sighed, and as he turned down the slope by the waterfall that spilled the overflow of the mill leat, he paused a moment to smooth his ruffled hackles with the distant view of the sea, framed in a gap where the shoulders of the valley just failed to meet. The wooded slopes and the meadowed bed of the combe were mist-hazed in a brilliant sun, and the splash of the waterfall mingled with the distant crescendo of engines being warmed up on the new aerodrome that had been built behind the sand dunes in the bay.

A glorious day, the earl decided, but as he continued his way down the slope to the bridge spanning the stream he could not forget its inauspicious opening.

His awakening had been a rude one.

A peremptory tattoo on his bedroom door had roused him from a confused dream in which his niece Phyllis had eloped with Douglas Barlow, the eagle-faced pilot officer, and his first reaction had been a sense of hearty relief that it *was* a dream. It might so easily have been reality, and the earl felt that even in these days of advanced thought a guardian's consent to his ward's marriage was, to say the least of it, a desirable preliminary.

Not that he had anything against young Barlow. A very likeable young fellow, from what he had seen of him. But the earl wanted some proof of his courage. Being a pilot officer was not enough in itself, and the boy had not yet been in a fight. The earl had seen enough of fighting between 1914 and 1918 to know that it found a man out. And that was all he wanted before giving his consent. Dash it all, it wasn't as if he was asking them to wait for years.

Anyway, it *was* only a dream, and his grunted invitation to come in had resulted in the appearance of his daughter, who had promptly drawn back the curtains and let in a shaft of sunlight that made the earl blink hurriedly.

THAT was just like Mary, reflected the earl as he crossed the bridge over the stream and climbed the stiles that bounded the main line from London to Cliffcombe. She was always so dashed

THE ear waved his handkerchief, and was rewarded by seeing Teddy grab his mother's arm and point up over the woods to where his grandfather was making urgent gestures on the hill

-axes

The Noble Earl and his Entourage Deal Effectively with an Urgent War Situation

By

Harry Hearson

incisive and bustling. No doubt it was difficult to combine two such qualities, but she managed it all right, and the earl, as he lay in bed blinking in the sunlight, had decided not for the first time that it would be a good job when the war was over and that son-in-law of his came back to take charge of her. He seemed about the only person who could keep Mary in order.

And, as if not satisfied with jerking him abruptly out of sleep, she had begun to tick him off about Bruce. But then she never *had* liked his bulldogs.

"It's that old fool of a dog of yours," she had said. "The housemaid found him asleep on a chair in the library, and when she tried to move him he growled at her. Now she's threatening to leave and join the A.T.S.—and she's the only maid left in the place."

Realising the inevitable, the earl had sat up in bed and reached for his teeth. He had had some difficulty in adjusting the dashed things—they were a comparatively recent acquisition—and he had gnashed them once or twice before venturing an opinion on the incident.

"Serves her jolly well right," he had said. "I heard her shouting at him in the kitchen or somewhere yesterday, and you know how he hates that. Besides, he's getting on, and deserves a bit of peace in his old age. Where is he now?"

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier

"On the chair in the library," his daughter had announced grimly. "And I hope you enjoy sitting on it, because he's slobbered all over the cushions."

The earl had raised his voice to a bellow, and after a certain amount of distant snuffling combined with a series of thumping noises on the stairs, they had been joined by an elderly brindled bulldog, who tacked across the floor with a rolling gait and placed his paws on the bed, where he proceeded to dribble on the counterpane with every evidence of good nature.

"Bruce," the earl had said sternly. "How many times have I told you not to growl at the servants?"

Bruce had wagged his tail apologetically and snuffled with delight.

The earl's daughter had made a noise that, for a pretty woman of nearly middle age, had sounded perilously like "Tchah!" She had then proceeded to announce that she was having the girl guides up for the afternoon, and had arranged for an hour's drilling to be followed by a picnic tea on the lawns.

The earl had hurriedly remembered an intention to spend the afternoon rough shooting, and had asked for an early lunch.

"And perhaps," he had said wistfully, "I could take Teddy with me?" He knew how his grandson enjoyed an outing like that, and thought it would do him good after a bout of flu to get out on to the hills.

But Teddy's mother had vetoed the suggestion. "I want him to help me hand round tea to the girls," she had said. "And, besides, if you took him with you, you'd only spend the afternoon teaching him that silly semaphore signalling business."

"Silly?" The earl had been indignant at this description of a valuable military accomplishment.

"Well, anyway," said his daughter, "it's old fashioned. You know he's learning morse in the cadet corps, and it'll only get him all muddled up."

"Let me tell you," said the earl,

"that if I hadn't known the semaphore system on the Somme, I'd have——"

"I've heard that one," she had interrupted him with what he felt was unnecessary rudeness. "And, besides, it's undignified. I heard the maid laughing at you the other day, and I must say that the sight of an aged earl standing in the middle of the castle lawns and giving an imitation of physical jerks with his arms is *not* a dignified procedure." And she had departed, closing the door firmly behind her.

THE earl had got out of bed in a disgruntled manner, and Bruce had heaved himself by way of a chair on to the eiderdown, where he had settled down with a sigh of comfort to watch his master's preparations for the day.

A bad beginning.

The earl wriggled his shoulders as he crossed the meadow and started to climb the steep path that wound upward through the woods to the fields that topped the southern wall of the valley. The leaves were changing colour, and the floor of the woods was dappled with patches of sunlight.

It was a peaceful contrast to the morning's events, which had gone from bad to worse.

The next piece of unpleasantness had occurred when, having finished his breakfast, he was standing by the dining-room windows watching the cotton-wool clouds drifting idly across the sky.

Phyllis had cornered him and re-opened the subject of the pilot officer.

There had been a brisk interchange of opinions—a process which caused the earl more pain than it did his ward. When you are faced with a pretty child of twenty, tossing a head of auburn hair and biting her lips with vexation, it is not easy, the earl had discovered for the umpteenth time, to be firm.

He had been rescued by the invaluable Parker, whose portly presence had loomed up to the combatants.

"If you would excuse me, sir," the butler had said in an apologetic tone, "McTavish would like your advice about the planting out of the spring greens."

"Certainly, Parker, certainly," the earl had said with fervent gratitude. "Most urgent. If you will excuse me, my dear——" And he had made good his escape.

HE was getting towards the top of the woods now, and could see the green of the field stretching away with an upward surge to the eggshell blue of the sky. He could still hear them reving up the engines on the drome, and he supposed young Barlow would be down there. In fact, Phyllis, he now remembered, had mentioned that he was on flying duty to-day and might not be able to come to dinner that evening.

Well, it would be a change to have a quiet evening.

There were a lot of strange faces about the Grange nowadays. People were always calling to see Mary about the girl guides or the women's institute or army comforts or something, and at one dreadful period the whole house had been permeated with the odour of warm jam when the women's institute had used the kitchens for one of Lord Woolton's preserving schemes.

There had been a visitor that morning.

Returning from the kitchen gardens, the earl has paused to admire the roses outside the library windows and had caught the tail end of a conversation about Phyllis and the pilot officer.

"Of *course* he's all right," he had heard his daughter say. "But my father has got some weird old-fashioned notions in his head. He's rather an old dear, you know, but he and that bulldog of his are really just a couple of old fools. They're very much alike, too. Once they get hold of something they hang on to it. This ridiculous semaphore business with Teddy . . ."

The earl had crept away, amazed and wounded.

To think that he, Hildebrand Edward Lexinton Howard, V.C., fifth Earl of Castlecombe in the County of Devon, was "just an old fool." And so, apparently, was Bruce of Castlecombe, in his time one of the best bulldogs in Great Britain.

The earl had preserved a pained silence at lunch, and had noted, not without some pleasure, a look of faint guilt in his daughter's imperious eyes.

He had left Bruce on the lawns—the old chap couldn't stand the climb through the woods these days—with strict injunctions on his daughter to see that the guides didn't give him any cake. "You know what happens when he has cake," the earl had said in a warning voice. "His digestion isn't what it used to be."

His daughter had agreed that she knew what happened when Bruce obtained access to cake.

Altogether an unsatisfactory morning, and as the earl broke cover and came out into the field he expressed to himself the hope that the afternoon would soothe, if not restore, his wounded dignity.

It did both.

As he paused in the field, looking down, (*Continued on page 62*)

BRUCE was hanging from his buttocks, and the earl observed Parker crossing the terrace with haste with what appeared to be a battle-axe

Old Tales Re-told

Jim Baker—The Red-Haired Scout

His Life was a Romance of Daring Adventure and Faithful Love

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

Jim Baker. The only companions of his adolescence were his dog and his flint-lock musket

THE conquest of the Far West of America was never carried out by military means, despite the fact that cavalry squadrons often intervened to protect settlers from the menace of Red Indians. The real conquerors of the Wild West were plucky and adventurous civilians. They it was who dared put their families and belongings on a wagon and drive away into the unknown. They were the ones who braved all natural obstacles and the murderous assaults of native warriors defending their ancient soil. The primitive Indians never admitted even to the last that benefits could come from the interference of a strange race of which they knew nothing. For them, the first signs of civilisation represented a menace to their lives and inheritance.

More heroic even than the pioneers were the scouts who led the wagon trains. In their capable hands lay responsibility for hundreds of lives. They had to be brave, daring and sagacious to the utmost degree, as well as physically strong and possessed of a knowledge of the country and of Indian tongues, customs and methods of warfare. Last but not least, they had to have the magnetic quality of natural leaders, able to command respect and obedience from their followers.

The names of a few of these men have come down to history and are justifiably venerated by the American people, together with their few relics and records. One, whose life was a romance of daring adventure and faithful love, was called Jim Baker.

He was born in 1818 of a modest family of settlers who lived in a log cabin in the State of Illinois. His education was almost negligible. Nature was the only teacher he ever had, and he did her full credit. At an early age he was an artist in the craft of self-preservation. The only companions of his adolescence were his dog and his flint-lock musket. With these he would go tramping and tracking through the woods for days at a time, dodging Red Indian scouts who were always on the prowl on that ever-changing frontier between settled territory and the undiscovered West. Often he went so far as to show his head of wild red hair in sheer bravado. The covetous braves would gladly have adorned themselves with such a scalp, had he given them the chance.

He grew up tall and lanky, but with muscles and sinews of steel. He was a fine horse-breaker, and many a wild bronco tried in vain to loosen the iron pressure of those long legs against its ribs.

IT was in 1839 that he signed his first contract with a proper trapping expedition out for beaver, muskrat, mink and bear, organised by the American Fur Company. The contract was for a year and a half, and the territory chosen was the Rocky Mountains. Well equipped with food, ammunition and traps, the wagon train started off on its journey through hostile country. Every night the wagons were drawn up into a circle, like a little fortress, with sentinels posted in case of surprise attacks.

For a time all went well. But one morning the trappers awoke to find the surrounding country alive with Red Indians. As Jim put it: "They were thicker than bees on a spring morning." It was obvious that they were hostile, so every available man mounted his horse at once. Leaving their wagons behind, they formed into line and charged in so menacing and impressive a fashion that the Indians fled, despite their numerical advantage. There were no casualties on either side.

The bear opened wide its paws to embrace him in a death-hug

But this was only a mild taste of what was likely to follow at any minute . . .

They made their winter quarters at a spot not far from Jackson's Hole, the notorious hide-out of malefactors of all kinds—murderers, outlaws and cattle-rustlers who had escaped from the improvised police known as the Vigilantes. These outlaws were an even greater menace than the Indians; but the expedition was lucky, and resumed its journey in the spring without having suffered any setbacks. Eventually, they returned to St. Louis with their load, a magnificent collection of pelts.

Jim's share of the profits made him feel for the first time in his life a rich man. The experience had, moreover, taught him a great deal, so that he now felt qualified to become a pioneer on his own account. Without further ado, he bought three horses, of which one was to be his mount, and the other two pack-horses. He also bought food for six months, several steel traps, blankets and numbers of showy trinkets likely to appeal to the eyes of friendly Indians. But his most important new acquisition was the latest type of needle-gun that could be reloaded in a second. And thus he set out.

His determination to cross the plains alone was considered by everyone to be absurd and impossible. Many of his friends tried to dissuade him from the enterprise. But Jim felt confident in his own resources; and in the spring of 1841 he serenely bade farewell to St. Louis as he had planned.

IT was not long before he fell in with a party of trappers returning from distant parts. They told him that a great gathering of Indians of the Arapaho, Crow, Cheyenne and Sioux tribes was in the vicinity, and persuaded him for the time being to join them for greater safety. The trappers' fears were soon realised. The Indians attacked in their usual way, from all sides at once. They were well mounted and galloped round and round, yelling savagely. The little group of trappers, shoulder to shoulder, had taken cover as best they could behind their horses. From there they returned a deadly fire. The attackers, being exposed all the time as they fired from galloping horses, were falling in dozens. At the same time the poor horses that formed a shield for the defenders were soon riddled with lead and arrows. The struggle lasted all day, and it was only when a couple of hundred Indians lay lifeless that the rest decided to withdraw. Of the whites, a few were wounded and three dead. Jim Baker emerged from the fray unscathed, and, in common with the rest of the survivors, had to carry his baggage and equipment, for not a single horse was left alive.

Before he parted with his trapper friends, another incident occurred which gave added proof of the cool courage of Jim Baker.

In company with another hunter, he was setting traps one day along the Colorado River when suddenly from behind some bushes appeared a pair of grizzly bears. Owing to their terrific size and strength, these animals were the dread of all who ventured into the wilds of North America. Jim and his companion had left their rifles some distance away, and their only weapons were their bowie knives. The brutes spotted the men immediately and began weaving their great heads from side to side in the way that preluded attack.

To run away would have provoked pursuit, and the men would have been caught before they could reach their weapons. The only thing was to take the initiative and approach, trusting that the bears might be frightened off. If not, then they might be slain by a stab at close quarters, should an opening present itself. Jim's companion would have preferred to trust to his legs, but he courageously accepted Jim's plan and faced up to his bear.

The two grizzlies attacked simultaneously, whilst the men dodged like matadors, successfully evading the savage sweeps of their claws. Then, closing in, Jim tried to reach the body of the bear, but this was difficult.

Already the terrible claws had inflicted several gashes on him. He heard his companion shouting something, but dared not divert his attention from the enemy. At last the bear opened wide its paws to embrace him in a death-hug. Swift as lightning, Jim darted in and plunged his knife into its heart. The brute sagged and fell.

The other man was not having the same success. His breath was laboured, and the animal he faced was even larger than the one Jim had killed. Jim ran to his aid, and in the nick of time he

One of the braves dragged Marihana outside, lifted her on his horse and dashed off

Jim Baker ran with the two girls up to the ridge. He did not notice he was being followed by a Blackfoot, until he hurled a tomahawk at him. Jim turned and shot him through the head with his revolver

managed to stab deep in the vital spot, though not without sustaining additional gashes. Victory being won, the two of them tore up their shirts to make bandages and washed their wounds in the river.

A little later they were wending their way back to camp, carrying the two enormous pelts of the grizzlies, their well-earned trophies.

IN order to sell his skins and lay in more provisions, Jim returned to civilisation. His real aim now was to make a study of Indian customs, so that he might become an unofficial liaison officer between the American Government and the Indian tribes, and perhaps help to settle the disputes that so often compelled the use of force. He was a great believer in the value of friendly co-operation, and a sworn enemy of compulsion by brute force. In fact, he never pulled trigger against a human being unless it were a last resort in his own defence. He liked the natives and sympathised with their grievances, but realised at the same time the need to cultivate the fruitful lands which the Indians were neglecting. He was sure that this might be accomplished in such a way as to bring many benefits to the Indians in return for the rights which they surrendered.

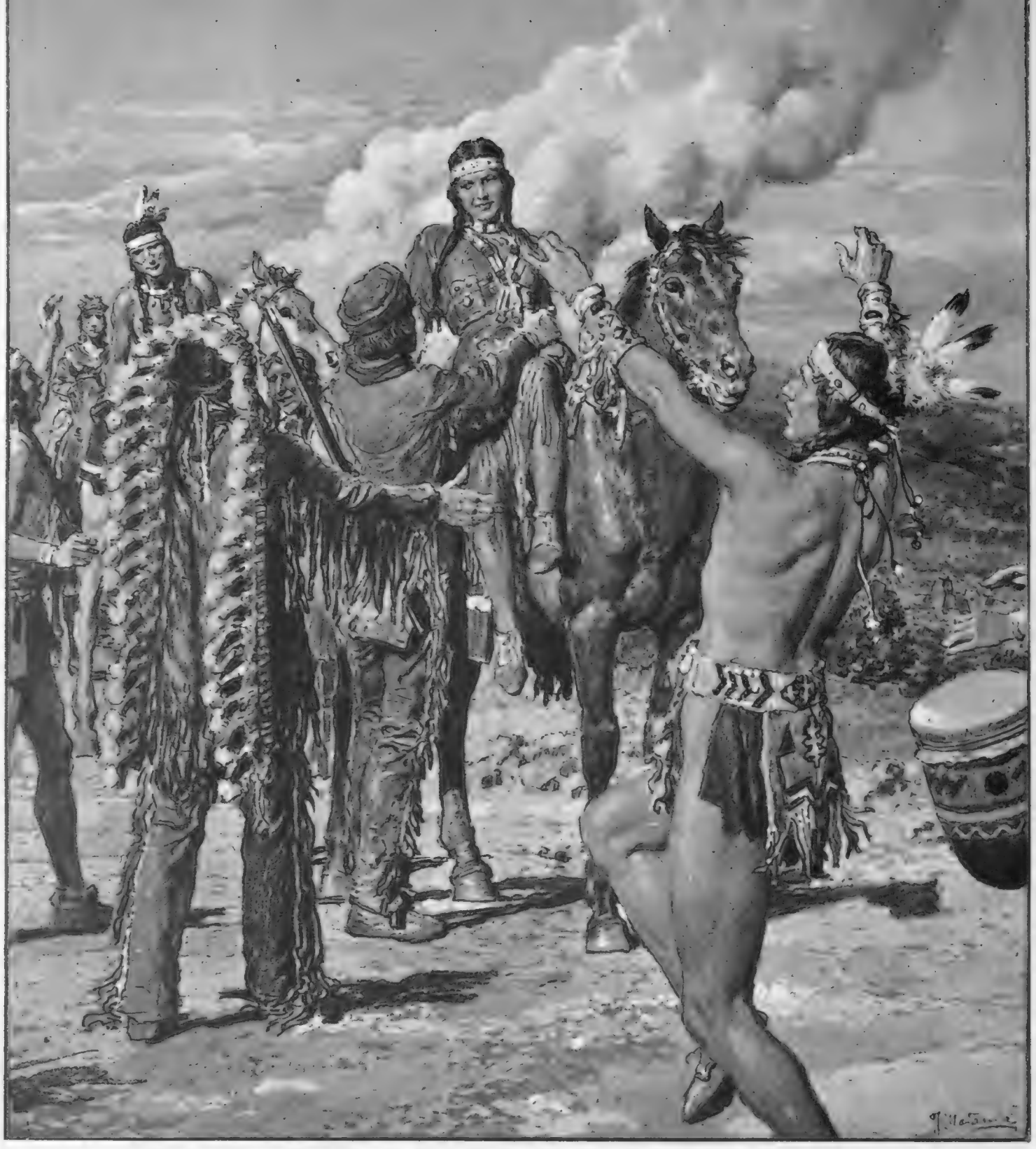
So in 1845 he set off again for the country of the Shoshone and Bannock tribes, who, despite their hostility to the whites, had a deep admiration for manly courage and endurance. There was none better suited than Jim Baker to inspire such feelings. He approached them with the hand of friendship, and before long was admitted to their councils. He gave them the benefit of his wisdom and experience, won their complete confidence, and before long was fully adopted into the Shoshone tribe.

IT was at this time that the fascinations of the fair sex took effect on Jim Baker for the first time.

The old chief of the tribe had a daughter who was outstanding amongst all the other squaws. Gentle and beautiful, she had eloquent dark eyes that told Jim all he wished to know. It was soon obvious to everyone that the pair were in love. The chief, though grieved at the idea of his child marrying out of her tribe, did not resort to drastic measures, nor conceive any hostility towards the honest Jim.

One day after the smoking of the "calumet," or pipe of peace, the council of the Shoshones decided to organise a big buffalo hunt in which Jim should take part. At the appointed time all the braves departed, leaving in camp only the old men and women and children. The squaws went up to a lofty hillock whence they could watch and wave to the departing cavalcade. They were already far off when Jim turned in his saddle and saw a lonely figure still outlined on the hill-top, gazing after him. He knew well that it was the lovely Marihana.

When the girl at length returned to her teepee she found her father looking pensive and sad. With difficulty—for the old man loved his daughter dearly—he tried to broach the subject that was troubling him. With grave gestures, in the manner characteristic of the Indians, he expressed his hope that she would



The old chief could hardly believe his eyes when he saw his beloved daughter Marihana being helped down off her saddle by her red-haired rescuer

choose a husband from among the tribal braves. Marihana's answer was a serene and confident smile as she told her father that her heart was given irrevocably to Jim Baker. Her tone showed well enough her unshakable determination.

Silence fell between those two; and while the old chief sought vainly for words that might persuade her to his own point of view, a sudden uproar arose that ended the discussion abruptly. To the accompaniment of shouts, yells and galloping hooves, some braves from an enemy tribe burst into the camp. One of them darted into the teepee and, before the occupants knew rightly what was happening, struck the chief a blow that knocked him down. Then he pounced on the girl, dragged her outside, lifted her on to his horse and dashed off.

These marauders were men of the Blackfoot tribe who, taking advantage of the temporary absence of the menfolk, had raided the encampment. They burned the teepees, stole all that they could carry and departed as suddenly as they had come, taking a few captives and the best horses.

IT was late in the evening when the Shoshone hunters returned with their buffalo carcasses. They found the camp in ashes, the survivors stunned and terrified and the old chief beside himself with rage. Only a few hours had elapsed since the assault, so the marauders could not have gone far. The Shoshones decided to elect half a dozen of the bravest of their number, under the command of Jim Baker, to undertake the pursuit and try to rescue the captives. The task was dangerous, but Jim gladly undertook it. Now, more than ever before, his qualities of daring and resource were to be tested to the utmost; but he swore to himself that he would succeed, or die in the attempt.

In order to pick up the trail, the avengers were forced to wait till dawn. Then they found it easily and followed it up for as long (*Continued on page 56*)

Action *Off* Para

A *Ship of Doubtful Character has a Strange Voyage*

By Jacland Marmur

TONY TROMBONI'S place, at the foot of Commercial Street, puts on no airs and rates no carriage trade. A bracket light in a green globe glows feebly on worn basement steps of an ancient brownstone house close against Atlantic Basin wharves. There is no other sign: and either you know that place is there or you do not. The upper story rooms are designed to make a merchant officer feel at home, for the funnels of deep-water ships, wisping steam, reach almost to the window ledge. You can see swinging cargo booms against Buttermilk Channel water. You can hear rumbling winches taking strain, a bosun's raw voice bellowing a greenhorn down, the thin music of the striking wheelhouse bells. And from the basement room below, you can hear the murmur of lusty voices speaking the idiom of their common craft. For in Tony Tromboni's you can find the man for any sort of voyage in any sort of ship to any outland port.

That room was crowded, thick with clouds of strong tobacco smoke. It held captive acrid odours of steam, tarred rope, and drink. It flooded with the continuous rumble of seamen's strange talk, gusty laughter, fierce, flat judgment of men and harbours they had known. There was talk of the war there, too, because war and the sea are intimate. A bluenose skipper was murmuring with irony to his squarehead mate that classic jingle about ten thousand Swedes who *didn't* come through the weeds to help the lone Norwegians, though there was plenty of snooss and lots of Copenhagen. Hearing that with his beer mug halfway to his lips, Nils Passen, at the little corner table not far away, set it down without drinking. He put his pipe between his teeth instead. "I was born in Namsos, Johnny," he said, his blue eyes squinting gloomily.

"You got to think with your head these days, Nils, instead of your heart." Johnny Elderly stretched his long legs comfortably. "Been dull, lately." He sighed. "Been awful dull since we came back from China land. The Nanshan over there was a schooner for fun when we run the Japanese blockade. You remember how Pearl River looks?"

Nils grinned quickly, his square, homely face lighting up. "We have some times together, Johnny, you an' me!"

Johnny Elderly nodded, grey eyes with laughter wrinkles at the corners bubbling in a youthful face weathered a sleek, mahogany brown. He rumpled crisp, brown hair with lean fingers, pushing the watch cap back on his head. "Awful dull," he said again. "Get us a ship for Para, I guess. Remember Lolita, Nils?" Johnny's face got dreamy. "Café Chanteclèr," he murmured. "Never

NILS came charging up the ladder, his face red with anger and outraged excitement

saw a high-breasted, black-haired spitfire girl like her nowhere before. Lord! Got to see her, Nils. It's time."

The grin broadened on Passen's weather-scarred face. "Thinking with your head; hey, Johnny? That too exciting a woman for me." He shook his big head morosely. "I got girl in Namsos. Peaceful. Comfortable. Plenty flesh on her Norwegian bones. But now . . . I wonder . . ." His blue north country eyes saddened, though there was steel somewhere behind. Then he stiffened suddenly. "Here's Deacon Bludlow, Johnny! Just come in. What kind game he's playing now?"

"We tangled with him down in Graham Land when he was poaching seal that year." Johnny tipped his head to look. "And the time he had the crumby *Bolivar* . . ."

The two friends were not the only ones in Tony's place who saw heavy-jowled Captain Jessiah Bludlow with his cane hooked on his arm, his black bowler jaunty on his bald head above the fringe of sparse, pale hair. One grizzled bosun eyed him with a scowl, snorting. And over against the other wall a grey-haired mate with a scar along his cheek thrust a hairy finger across the tabletop. "How the Deacon keeps a ticket in a rack is more than I can know. I was out in Muskat on the Gulf of Oman coast not many years ago. Along he comes: pops up like that most anywhere. Had a crazy Arab dhow in charge, needing a mate for a fancy trade. Black gals along the Gates of Hell, from Somali an' Eritrea. Pilgrims, he called 'em. Ho! Young an' tender. Get you two quid apiece, says he with his holy smile, just to smuggle 'em over to Araby across the hot Red Sea. Well, a man got to draw a line somewhere. Blackbirdin'? Not me! I shipped in a lateen pearl-shell felucca up an' down the blisterin' Persian Gulf instead. He's poison!"

But Deacon Bludlow, if he knew the buzzing caused by his entrance, gave no sign. His smile remained bland and watery as he pushed through the crowded room, his fleshy paunch preceding him, a tall man with a zealot's eyes at his side to whom that place seemed distasteful in the extreme. The next moment they stopped at Johnny's table, Jessiah Bludlow booming heartily: "Well, bless my soul! The very men I want. Tony! Beer here for four! This is Mr. Papenhof, my ship's agent, Johnny. Mr. Papenhof, this is Captain Elderly, master in sail and steam. *And* Mr. Passen." He said this all in a breath, drawing up two chairs and beaming sanctimoniously. "Johnny," he went on with gusto, "I hope you hold no grudges. Business is business. I need a chief mate and a second. Fine voyage. Just the thing for you. Off the beaten track. And extra pay. Mr. Papenhof is a liberal man. So I told him about you right away. Johnny Elderly, I said, can take a ship——"

"We can take a ship," Johnny interrupted with a stony smile, "almost anywhere. Except," he added dryly, gesturing downward swiftly with his thumb, "except where you took the *Bolivar*."

"There you go, Johnny!" Captain Bludlow tossed up his hands in righteous horror. "Always misunderstanding me!" He rolled his watery eyes aloft. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they suspect no evil. I got a fine big three-mast barque, Johnny. American registry, so you don't need to worry at all. The *Ripana*. Refitted all the way through. Twin screw Diesels just installed. Refrigeration, radio; everything first-class. Bound for Punta Arenas down in Magellan Strait. Tricky passage, so we want reliable officers. What do you say?"

"The cargo?" Johnny idly asked.

"All loaded and stowed. No worry for the mates at all. She is anchored in Dynamite Row. Just bring your gear to Crosby's launch an' we sail to-morrow dawn. Sign you on aboard. All legal an' proper as pie. Mr. Papenhof will pay——"

"My company is prepared to pay a bonus of one hundred dollars the month above the regular scale." The Deacon's agent said this in a dry voice that just slipped through compressed lips. He had remained standing, stiff as a ramrod, burning eyes darting from one to the other in icy appraisal. "I think the offer liberal."

"Yes," Johnny agreed, smiling up at that ruthless face, "it is. But the cargo?"

"Everything in order," Deacon Bludlow put in hurriedly. "Export licenses an' all. I do things legal, Johnny. Diesel oil in drums on deck, paint, spars, a coupla hundred tons tinned food——"

"And . . .?" Johnny insisted.

Mr. Papenhof's gaunt jaw went taut. Jessiah Bludlow's eyes kept smiling, but behind their watery paleness some cunning thing kept glowing. He shrugged his shoulders, making a solemn gesture with his big paws and ponderously sighing. "Well, Johnny, if you must know, there's a few four-inch guns, all cased, and some rounds of ammunition. I imagine the consignees intend them for

THAT grim shadow, running without lights, shaped searchlight shot a blinding fan of purple ending in a

Illustrated by M. Mackinlay

rapidly into a large cargo vessel. Suddenly her pool of light that wandered across the dark water

the Chilean Government. That's on the quiet, of course. Sort of business speculation, maybe. Fortify Punta Arenas. Defend their neutrality. The war, you know." He dismissed the matter with a wave. "No concern of ours. Except the freight is high." He closed one heavy-lidded eye. "Well, what do you say?"

"I say no!" Nils Passen spat this out with emphasis, frowning intently. "More fishy business, that's what I say!"

The Deacon shook his head lugubriously and stood up. Mr. Papenhof's thin lips twitched with impatience. But Johnny Elderly yawned. "Been dull, lately," he murmured. "Been awful dull. I think we'll go."

"Not me!" Nils exploded. "This time, Johnny, you go alone!"

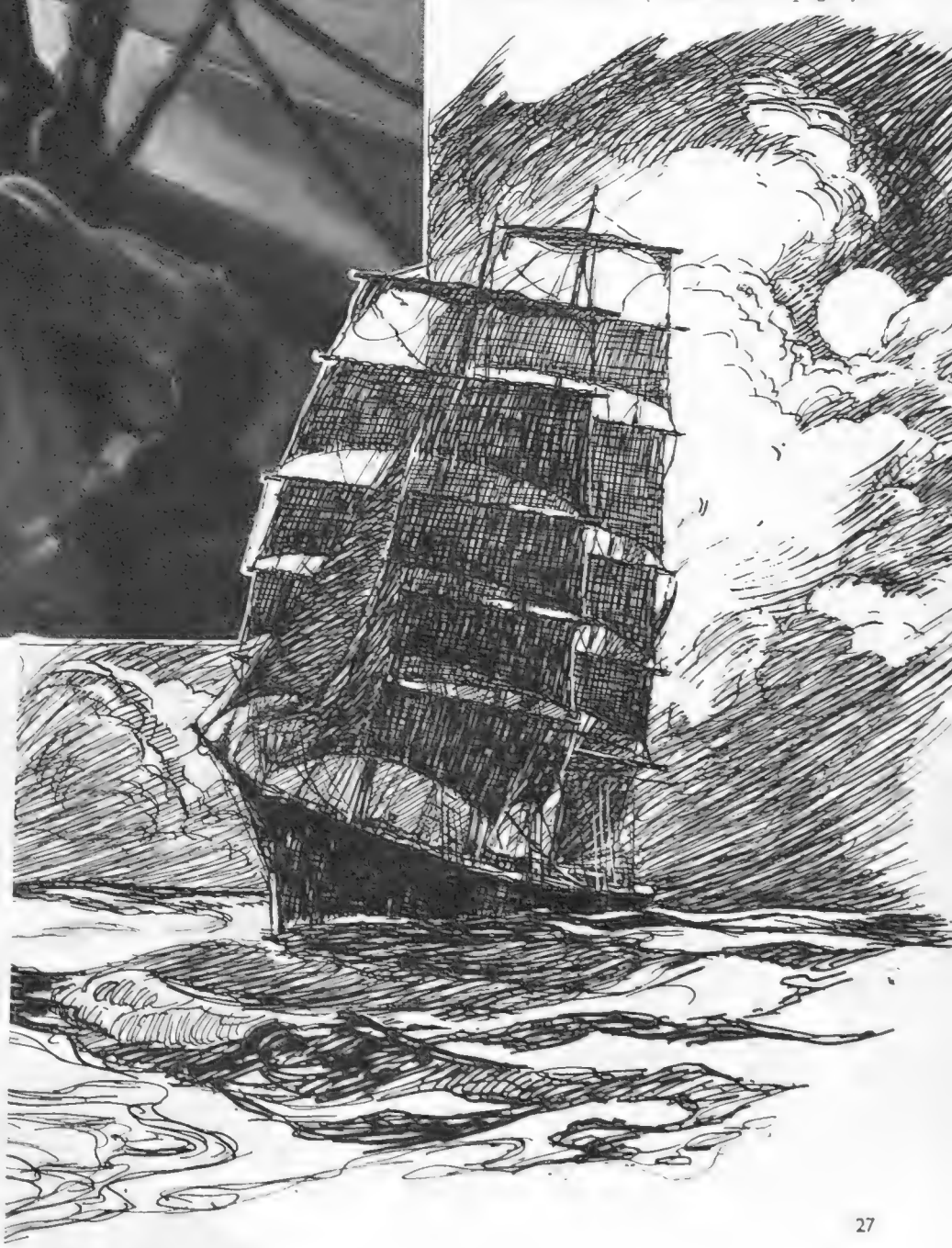
Johnny grinned, knowing his friend quite thoroughly. "We'll be there," was all he said.

"Fine. Fine!" the Deacon boomed jovially. "I'll look for you aboard."

They turned away at once, Mr. Papenhof with an air of being glad at last to get out of that smelly sailor place, Jessiah Bludlow beaming. But Nils continued to growl incoherent anger, watching them pass through the outer door. "This fishy business!" he insisted. "What you want get mixed with him again?"

For a moment Johnny Elderly said nothing, his head tipped back. From somewhere on the darkening river's flood a liner's siren blared. Like a faint signal holding some special significance. "Just curious, Nils," he breathed to the middle space. "Curious as hell!"

That trait in Johnny Elderly had got him into trouble before in some odd corners of the earth. And there was ample reason for curiosity when the barque *Ripana* sailed the following dawn. In spite of her twin screw Diesels, she went through the Narrows in tow. But Johnny being mate and Nils being second, they didn't have much time for wonder on a sailing day. Not with the ragtail crowd the Deacon had scooped into the fo'c'sle from the South Street dives. It wasn't till the ship was tug and pilot free off Ambrose Light, departure bearings taken and the gear coiled down, that the stocky Norwegian had time to mop his furrowed brow. (*Continued on page* 70)



U-Boat's Terror

GERMAN naval apologists are blaming our corvettes for the failure of their Atlantic total war. Having watched these nimble little fighting ships in action, I am not surprised. They are the obvious answer to to-day's submarine.

The corvette of Nelson's day was designed primarily for service against privateers—Spanish, American or French—and was a handy craft, capable of swift sailing, well-gunned to fight hard, and dexterously manœuvrable. Ship-rigged for speed, she was as nimble as a cutter yacht. Probably the windjammer corvettes of a century and more ago did more to safeguard our vast, straggling merchant convoys than any other type of war vessel in the Navy list.

So history is repeating itself. Only the Admiralty knows just how many U-boats have made harbour in the Port of Missing Ships owing to our new corvettes' aggression; but the list is tolerably long, and is growing longer every week. Seldom a convoy leaves our ports without a clutch of these saucy little craft to help escort it through the danger zones. Small they might be, but the worst sort of weather the Atlantic has to offer never daunts them; they may roll their funnels out and their rails under, but they keep going on, weaving an intricate protective web around the vulnerable flanks of the ponderous freighters which maintain the lifelines of the Motherland.

Corvettes, as compared with destroyers, are cheap to build and run; they are easy to produce in bulk, and, carrying half the crew of a destroyer, can be efficiently manned without drawing too heavily on our limited trained personnel.

DESTROYERS are designed for speed, plus hard fighting efficiency, for employment against any type of enemy ship, from battleship to U-boat. Their engines are capable of developing a forty-knot speed, even more on occasion; and a fabric to stand up to the strain imposed by such colossally powerful machinery must necessarily be as strong and staunch as a battle cruiser. But since enemy U-boats cannot develop a higher surface speed than eighteen knots—as a maximum—whilst submerged speed is not much more than seven or eight knots, the vast resources of a destroyer are rather wasted when opposed to the underwater craft. It is rather like shooting partridges with six-inch guns!

Minor shipyards that in peace have specialised on light craft: yachts, lifeboats, power boats, are quite competent to build them; that means the ability to turn them out wholesale is enlarged, without, really, affecting our production of destroyers—which must be built in increasing numbers because of their value to the Navy in all circumstances. The fact that corvettes' hulls have not to stand up to the exquisite strain of a forty-knot thrust through any weather, cheapens building costs, speeds up building operations and, as intricate torpedo gear and torpedoes are not included in the small ship's equipment, tends for mass output at small cost. If a destroyer costs three hundred thousand pounds to commission, a corvette can be put afloat for less than a quarter of that sum. Thus we get four anti-submarine vessels for the price of one.

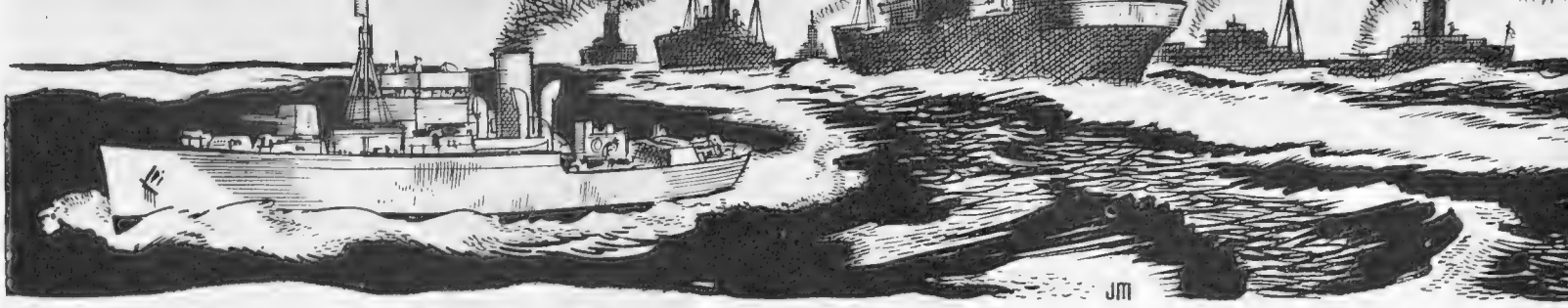
Torpedoes are wellnigh useless against submarines, which prefer to operate subsurface at depths that cannot easily be registered. Therefore corvettes carry no torpedoes—at £1,500 apiece—instead, they rely on cheaper, more practicable depth-charges: sea bombs fitted with hydrostatic fuses which cause the charge to explode at forty, sixty or eighty feet below water. These deadly missiles do not need actually to hit a U-boat to disable it, as in the case of a shell or a torpedo; exploding, the 300 lbs. or 500 lbs. of T.N.T. create such a commotion in inelastic water as to disturb the U-boat's equilibrium, spill its batteries, disarrange its delicate instruments, crack the eighth-inch plating or actually, with luck, blow the submersible above the surface, to be dealt with adequately there by gunfire or by the more usual expedient of ramming.

THE other day it was reported that one of our Mediterranean cruisers had cut a U-boat in two by using her bow. The corvette I recently voyaged in had a cutwater badly out of true; and when I asked questions I was told laconically: "We rammed the swine, of course!" Though going unreported, ramming by corvettes is fairly common and always effective. The little ships twist so quickly under helm that going all-out at their twenty-knot clip they can overhaul a staggered submarine as its conning tower emerges and write paid to its account in moments.

A corvette is normally in charge of a young lieutenant: of the Royal Navy or the Reserve. It is eminently a young man's command: zeal and determination in attack are required, too, the sheer physical fatigue engendered by long weeks of rolling

Illustrated by

Then the depth-charge dropping is resumed until the game is flushed



A wide area of sea is burst apart by torrents of depth-charges; and in the hell-broth thus brewed, few sub-surface craft have hope of survival

The Story of the Corvettes, the Little Ships Which are Defeating the Submarine Menace

By Frank H. Shaw

and pitching in high seas wears down older men in a short space of time. Corvette crews are amongst the most enthusiastic of all under the White Ensign. Recognising that the greatest weight of our counter-submarine measures depends on them, they feel themselves pioneers and shock troops in the serial battle of the Atlantic. The "hard-lying money" to which this exacting service entitles them is well earned: they are everlastingly on the gog; even in port they are under short steaming notice: liable to be called into action in a breath. Only when the relief of "boiler clean" is granted do the boilers cool off; and, thanks to the efficiency of the shipwrights and engine-room staffs boiler clean comes all too seldom.

The little ships are well and suitably armed against their worst enemies: bombing aircraft. Submarines seldom, of their own will, open an attack on the nimble escorts; preferring to reserve their torpedoes for the more valuable freighters; but enemy aircraft, recognising in them their worst enemies, pay close attention to them, bombing them unmercifully—if they can get within effective range, which is difficult. A corvette can put up such a hot ack-ack barrage as to daunt even the stoutest-hearted Hun pilot.

Jack Matthew

They are fitted with all the latest scientific devices for detecting the presence of U-boats, whether surfaced or submerged. Many of these instruments are still hush-hush to the point of absolute secrecy; how efficacious they are can best be told by the records at the Admiralty. It is, however, well known that the Asdic detector plays a considerable part in such hunting work; and when reaction gives information of the presence of an enemy craft, it is as pleasing to watch the corvettes go into brisk action as to follow a pack of hounds to the kill. Their plan is to keep the submarine down under the surface until the jealously-guarded convoy passes safely. Here is what happens.

The escorted convoy is trudging sturdily across the grey-green sea wastes. Destroyers lead, corvettes weave in and out on the flanks. Maybe an armed merchant cruiser or a heavy cruiser steams along as protection against possible surface raiders. All is apparent peace, when Corvette A's Asdic operator reports a submarine. Instantly a general signal is made reporting the fact and the approximate position of the enemy. Corvette A quickens to full speed and heads in that direction, and the other little ships alter course to help in the work, spreading on a wide base line. All Asdics and other devices are functioning busily: The S.N.O. takes charge, transmitting such details as are likely to be helpful. Almost at once the situation of the U-boat is known to within a few hundred yards or so; and, approaching this zone, Corvette A drops a pattern of depth-charges. As the big waterspouts climb skywards the small ship spins merrily on her heel, her for'ard four-inch gun ready for instant action; her engineers handy at the engine throttles to give extra full speed on demand.

If nothing solid appears, another corvette races across the indicated zone and drops her depth-charges, Corvette A maintaining vigilant watch. If the deep spouts are a whirling agonised shape, the four-inch gun barks, once, twice, thrice—the crew going into "independent firing" automatically. At the same time one corvette of the pack prepares to ram, working up to full speed. Should the situation demand, this ship skates across the prey, crushes it down, tears it open, drives it, mangled into scrap, to its final resting place. If gunfire has sounded its death knell, seaboats are ordered away to salve survivors, or glean concrete proof of destruction. If, however, the submarine fails to surface, the pack goes into a wide circle, all Asdics focusing closely, to locate the new position of the enemy. The U-boat may dive or turn or manœuvre as it will, one or other of the detectors is pretty sure to find it, and the new position is forthwith signalled to the rest. Then the depth-charge dropping is resumed until the game is flushed. Once a submarine surfaces in the vicinity of the lively ships, its end is inevitable: it cannot fight a surface action with any hope of victory.

The subterfuge of discharging oil to the surface to give the impression that the enemy is cracked and finished, no longer convinces these hardened sceptics. The oil, indeed, only serves to guide them to a still more determined attack.

If the U-boats are hunting as a pack, the corvettes choose their man: one corvette to each submarine, and tackle the problem to the best of their ability; their object being to disable or baffle as many of the jackals as possible. (*Continued on page 70*)

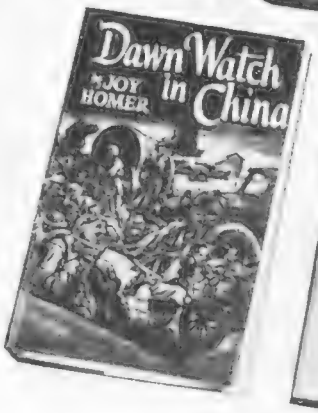
BOOKS:

Reviewed by

Noel Thompson

TWO books this month have their setting for the most part on board ship. The first is "Life Boat" by Signe Toksvig (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.), and a very unusual book this is. The plot is that of the American wife of a German husband on their way back to Germany. The husband's former governess is on board, now a missionary, and terribly wounded about the face by the husband in a blind raid on a Chinese village. The shock of the sight drives him mad. The wife, horrified at the bestiality of the man, decides to leave him, and falls in love with an officer. It is a grim subject but told with neat incisive writing.

On the other hand Vicki Baum tells in "The Ship and the Shore" (Geoffrey Bles, 8s.) a tale of the Dutch East Indies in Sebang. The whole story is arranged in the one night and involves a mine of information. Vicki Baum has always been a writer who knew how to make her characters live and this is no exception. There are goona-goona spells, all sorts of habits and customs, and a grand party given by Jeff's father. Finally, there is a happy ending. But best of all I liked Vandergraaf, the thought reader and chess player, a real character, who made firm friends with every one. This is not one of Vicki Baum's best books, but it is not the less good.



And now I must pay a special tribute to "Corridor of Mirrors" by Chris Massie (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.), a very uncommon book and one which you can read thoroughly. It deals with a man who spends his time dressing up girls, and as such sounds peculiar. It certainly is a vice, but it is so well written and so well described that in a short while the vice has gone. Then comes the murder, the trial, and eventually the confession by Veronique, the first of the girls and the housekeeper. I cannot help praising this novel, not only because it is so unusual, but because it is a book to enjoy.

"Olives on the Apple Tree" (Hurst and Blackett, 7s. 6d.) is a novel by a first author, Guido d'Agostino, and written for the most part in dialect. The author is a Sicilian, and he certainly knows his onions and all about them. He describes how the Italians live, love, and laugh, and how they dwell in Wop-roost at the top of the hill. Gradually the upper class move away and get a snobbish complex, while the lower class strive to earn a living however they can. The American doctor lures the young Italian doctor into a smash-up, and he is forced to marry his girl-friend. It is a simple tale dealing with the Americanisation of the "Wops," who long to be peasants, and as such it is worth studying.

As for "A Short History of the Montagu-Puffins," by C. E. Vulliamy (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.), it is a mixture of satire, humour and an extraordinary portrait of a Victorian family. Starting with a harlot, and then developing into the business of hatters, and so to the Great Puffin, the family drags on until it dies away in weakness. This is a clever book, with every portrait delineated so skilfully that it is hard to tell when the humour creeps in and when the serious caricature is there. The hunting squire is a perfect portrait, and so is his time in the army; and there are so many real people pottering through the pages, including Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales, that you feel at least you must believe some of them.

China and Czecho-Slovakia

I DO not know a better book than Joy Homer's "Dawn Watch in China" (Collins, 12s. 6d.). Here was a girl who spent fourteen months not only touring the Chinese provinces, but also the Japanese areas. She travelled over all except three of the provinces, covered 1,200 miles on a truck, lived in caves, was in numerous air raids, visited the front-line trenches, met generals and coolies alike, attended the wounded, journeyed by aeroplane and half a dozen times nearly fell over a precipice. She studied the enormous feats of construction of the Chinese, the Co-operatives and the Red Cross. She watched opera in Yenan and the amazing undergraduates; and saw prisoners learning ju-jitsu from a Japanese and generals play tennis. Miss Homer seems to have seen everything and to have described it as clearly as she knew how. Altogether it is a fascinating book.

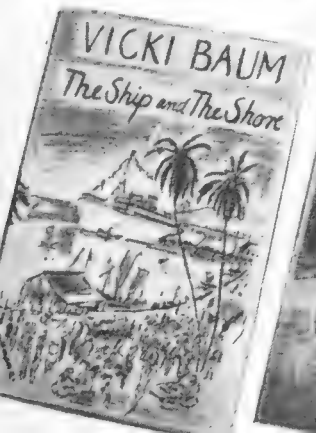
"To Sing With the Angels," by Maurice Hindus (Collins, 9s. 6d.), is another good book. The title comes from the sentence "We wanted to sing with the angels, but we must howl with the wolves," and the book deals with the rape of Czecho-Slovakia and the gradual ruining of the small town of Liptowitse. It is a bitter book with a love story running through it and the mayor gradually losing his power until the commissar is in complete control. There are delightful stories of the obstinacy of the Czechs and the wildness of the Germans, until the whole area is devastated slowly. It is a lesson of what invasion means and as such is so much well worth reading.

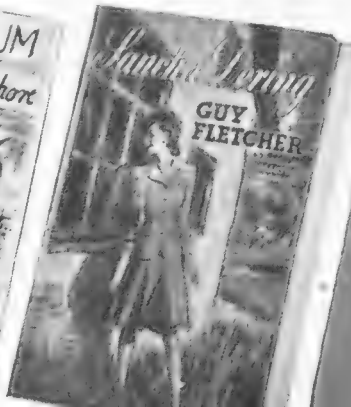
I recommend these two books particularly.

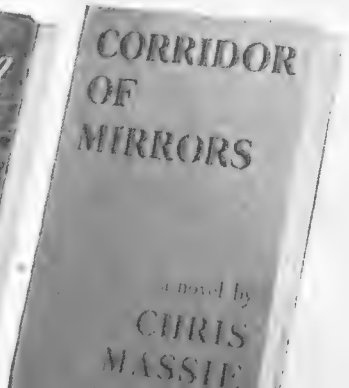
To come to a really long book—it is a more substantial volume than "Gone With the Wind"—let us take "The Sun is My Undoing" (Collins, 10s. 6d). Marguerite Steen has taken the story of a Bristolian family dealing in the slave trade. From the huge ancestor it descends to the grandson, Matthew Flood, who goes to the Gold Coast and Cuba, and apart from falling in love with the lovely Pallas, takes Sheba as his mistress.

As I have said, it is a long book, and wordily put together. Perhaps the best part is the earliest, where a cock main is given in full in the old man's bedroom, with drinking to the full. Patchy, or perhaps she does not make the most of her opportunities, is the best description, but there are certain good pieces and excellent passages.

Eleanor Farjeon has chosen the life of a governess, "Brave Old Woman" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.), and a very lively story she has made of it. From the 1860's in Leicester Square to the beginning (*Continued on page* 54)



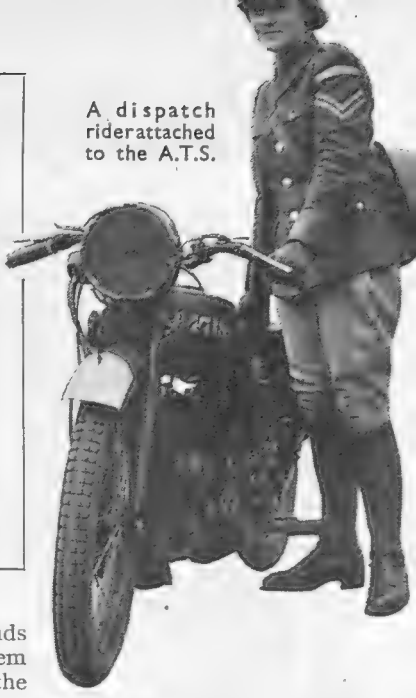




On Duty—*and* Off

HOW long ago it seems since we heard the girl at the stocking counter say: "Are you sure you would not like six pairs, madam?" and "If you take a dozen pairs, there is quite a considerable reduction in price." Do you remember the girl in the Perfumery Department who made it her business to point out that the five guinea bottle of perfume held three times as much as the one at 47s. 6d.? In the Wine Department of our famous grocery stores there was usually a bald-headed nobleman who said rather sadly: "Just one case—you think that will be enough, madam?" And how long ago it seems since we went to a talkie after dinner, or a first night "at eight, punctually!" Do you remember policemen holding back the crowds at a big film première, and the flood lighting in St. James's Park? And do you remember what fun it was to stop at Piccadilly or Marble Arch on your way home and buy next morning's paper? We have a lot of memories which a war cannot destroy.

By Jane Gordon



A dispatch rider attached to the A.T.S.

TAKE great care of your eyes and your teeth, and the rest of your looks can be safely left to take care of themselves in wartime. If P.T. included eye exercises, the eyesight of the average man and woman in the Services would improve enormously. Goodness knows, we have heard enough about carrots for seeing in the dark, but nobody seems to have thought of routine exercises for the eyes, although these exercises are well known in America. If I were responsible for the health of women in the Services and war factories I would teach women how to take good care of their eyes. And here are some facts which should be more widely known:

(1) The most effective way to break up eye-strain is by blinking. Blinking, if you do it properly by opening and closing your eyes gently without squeezing the lids, will completely relax the eyes. If you are reading, or attending a lecture where concentration is needed, or writing, blink frequently.

(2) After a hard day's work, the best way of resting the eyes is to practise the art of "palming." Sit down in front of a table, close your eyes gently, rest your elbows on the table, form a cup with the palms of your hands, and cover both eyes. If your sight is bad, or you yourself are tired or strained, you will see a grey blur or bright colours, and the object of palming is to try and see black when your eyes are closed. Do this for two or three minutes at a time, and you will find that it is most restful.

On Duty

(3) Eye gymnastics are used to relax and soothe the muscles attached to the eyes, and they are done as follows:

(*a*) Sit down and relax comfortably, turn your eyes up as far as you can without straining them and count one; then turn them downwards and count one. Do this eight times.

(*b*) Without moving your head, look as far to the right as you can and count one; then look as far to the left as you can and count one.

(*c*) Look up and count one; then look out of the corner of your left eye and count one; look down and count one; then look to the right and count one. This exercise should only be done two or three times.

Between each exercise blink two or three times.

(*d*) Take a pencil or your index finger, hold it about ten inches in front of your eyes, then look from the top of your pencil or finger into the distance at least ten feet away. Notice the feeling in the eye muscles as you look from the near object into the distance, and notice that while you look directly at the near object, the distant one looks blurred. Repeat the experiment, bringing the pencil or finger nearer to the eye each time, and selecting a more distant object as the vision improves for the distance. Look from one to the other four or five times and blink.

Apart from our friend the carrot, good vitamin foods for the eyes include spinach, turnip tops, cream cheese, which you can get under the name of Cottage Spread (unrationed), prunes, kale, and onions.

Two A.T.S. girls, Pat Williams and Joyce Darby, demonstrate how to change a wheel on a heavy lorry. The A.T.S. are taking over some of the duties performed by the R.A.S.C. in an anti-aircraft division

HOW to show our friends that we remember them this Christmas in the nicest possible way at the smallest possible cost to ourselves and the war effort? That is the problem. We must avoid cluttering up the postal service unnecessarily, and though on pleasure we are bent, we have a frugal mind. The Government has seen to that.

Most of my Christmas present problem was solved quite by accident when a friend of mine said the other day: "I want to buy some perfume. Will you come with me to the shop?"

"Where do you find good perfume in these days?" I asked. "I did not know there was a drop left in London."

She walked me past Oxford Circus down a little side street and into a little shop where they still have a stock of the loveliest English flower perfumes I have ever come across. Without paying much attention to what I was doing, I picked up a Carnation Sachet in a paper envelope for which I paid tenpence, took it home, and put it in the drawer with my undies. Next day when I opened the drawer, all my undies smelt quite delicious, and I began to take a great interest in my tenpenny sachet, so much so that I went back to the shop and bought some more sachets for Christmas presents. You can get them scented with lily-of-the-valley, violet, heliotrope, sweet pea, white rose, and one called Jockey Club as well as the carnation. They also have larger sachets in linen with silk embroidery, which of course are more expensive. All the lavender preparations are delightful. You can get the picture-paper sachets with a reproduction of the Temple Bar print of a woman and child buying lavender; and large organdi lavender bags which are beautifully embroidered, for a few shillings, as well as bottled essence of lavender. This firm is famous for its gardenia bath essence.

Off Duty

My favourite friends are going to get glass clips and ear buttons this Christmas. I found these in Brook Street. You can get buttons, clips, or ear-rings which are really tiny buttons with a clip at the back, and they are made in gold, sealing-wax red, lapis blue, or black glass, with a swan, horse, or crab in the centre. The red and blue clips and buttons have gold or silver horses or swans. The buttons are used on lace blouses, and the clips, which are like enormous buttons, worn in the lapel of a tailored suit make it look gay and new. The ear buttons are 15s. a pair, and the clips are 10s. 6d. each.

Every few months my mother, who is in America, sends me a "Michie" parcel. Michie is a firm in Toronto specialising in overseas parcels. It is rather fun getting these, as the parcel makes you feel as if you are back at school receiving a tuck-box. The thing that I like almost best of all about the Michie parcels is their price list describing each parcel. The prices appear to run from $2.15 for corn syrup, (Continued on page 69)

Christmas giving starts at Home

1. Divide a skein of bright knitting cotton into lengths required for necklace and belt. Secure strands together at intervals with silver braid. Fasten with hooks and eyes. **2.** Lampshade cover made out of a straight piece of spot muslin (old curtain stuff), gathered with a heading frill at top. Add frill to bottom. Thread velvet ribbon through top. **3.** Cut out a triangle of double net for this dress bib and finish with neckband and bow. Fasten with press studs at back. Sew on sequins in groups, massing them on bow ends. **4.** Straight graded lengths of lace and ribbon, gathered into graded circles and stitched together make a set of table mats. **5.** Buy or make a snood in a coarse mesh. Sew fly-away bows over it at intervals, with largest bow for top of head. **6.** A posy of velvet flowers nesting in a frill of lace makes a cute boutonnière. A wired velvet true lover's knot, studded with brilliant sequins to be worn at breast pocket level on a silk frock. **7.** Make a roll of newspaper, ¾-in. diameter. Wind gold braid round and round, catching the tops of the loops together with a contrast black chenille thread. Fasten at the back with black velvet bow. **8.** Take a length of black net. Cut one end in a semi-circle, deep enough to cover and drape the head. Gather the bottom to fit back of neck. Slit the straight piece left into two ends. These cross over and drape casually round the neck. Sew rows of sequins on head piece. **9.** Stitch four 3-in. strips of felt, ¼ yd. long onto a layer of black wadding, side by side, slightly overlapping. Slip stitch in a lining. Join into muff shape. Edge sides with fur or fur fabric. Trim with felt bow. **10.** Sew layers of lace and

Make these yourself in an evening

velvet ribbon together, large enough when gathered at top and bottom to make evening bag. The base is a round of cardboard, covered inside and out with the velvet ribbon (sewn together if not wide enough). Attach bottom gathers to this, draw the top together with a heading frill with velvet ribbon ends ; **11.** make this elephant from old pieces of material. Cut two silhouettes of body, legs and trunked head. Join these with two strips from tail to trunk tip (for back and stomach), shaping trunk end. Cut pieces for leg sides, foot-pads, ears, and backs of hind legs ; stuff ; **12.** American cloth bib, with bias binding at shoulders and circled neck, and blanket stitching all round. The doll floats in the bath. Cut two outlines ; stuff with rubber sponge, and join with blanket stitching. Stitch on pearl buttons for eyes, and embroider a nose and mouth. Stitch on a small cork mat for the beret. Make hat trimming, belt and collar of plain American cloth ; **13.** flower ear-rings made from the bases of old screw ear-rings, on which are stuck gardenia buds and leaves, cut to size ; **14.** a short length of old curtain material will make this baby frock. Fold in two, cut strip for neck. Tie shoulder pieces with ribbons. Sew side seams. Stitch on ribbon at high waist to hold in gathers ; **15.** striped ribbon pochette for holding identity card, food card and all papers. Make on lines of a large cosmetic hold-all ; **16.** fold a piece of black spotted net in two. Cut out neckline and shoulders. Slit back for neck opening. Join shoulder seams, bind neck opening and slit. Sew on contrast velvet bow at front. Edge all round detachable bib with pleated net.

Santa will have none of his old gift-choosing worries this year—what size gloves, how to restrain mother's colour sense when she buys father's tie. Yet his problems will still be man-size and serious. What can be given that costs no coupons ? With all consideration to his problems, the following suggestions have been listed.

TODDLERS. Golliwogs and Teddy bears and soft rag animals. Paint-book, coloured pencil and scrap-book filled by the donor. Toy telephone. For little girls, gay apron and cap set, a little broom and mop. Brush and comb. Hair ribbons. Chair and table for nursery. Tea-set. An unbreakable vase. Colourful picture. China horse or rabbit that can stay safely on the nursery mantelpiece. For a little boy, a gun, a tin helmet, a wooden horse, miniature soldiers and equipment. Red Indian set. Cowboy set. Books.

TEENS (boys). Book-ends. Games. Books. Tuck-boxes. Pencil set. Tool set. Paint-boxes and drawing book. An inexpensive camera. Live rabbits. Aeroplane-model set. Watch. Football. Bicycle. (Girls.) Sewing-basket. Knitting-bag. Nightdress case. Necklaces. Shoe-bag. Handkerchief sachet. Furnishing fabric for the girl to make her own tidies. For her room, a picture, a lamp, cushion, vase, ornament, bed-cover.

WOMEN. Lamp and shade. A picture, cushion, writing-case, note-case, diary. Fountain-pen and pencil. Talcum powder, box of soap, all cosmetics available. Face-washer and toilet-bags. Bath salts. Posy. Necklace. Costume jewellery from an antique window. Bundles of lace and ribbon. Needles, pins, buttons, buckles, elastic and shoe-laces. Dressing-table set. Household prides such as tea-set, etc., for wife or fiancée, and all household linen. Tray. Mirror.

MEN. Writing-case, note-case, diary. Fountain-pen. Shaving necessity. Nail-brush. Hair-brush. Cuff-links, studs. Books, shoe-laces and braces. Soap. Loofah or bath-mitt. Good belt or money belt. Knitted comforts and tuck baskets for all the Forces.

6 Ways

1. Plain coloured curtains become curtains with pretty faces by virtue of a simple trimming. This one is made with medallions of coloured felt through the centre of which a very narrow ribbon has been drawn and tied in a bow.

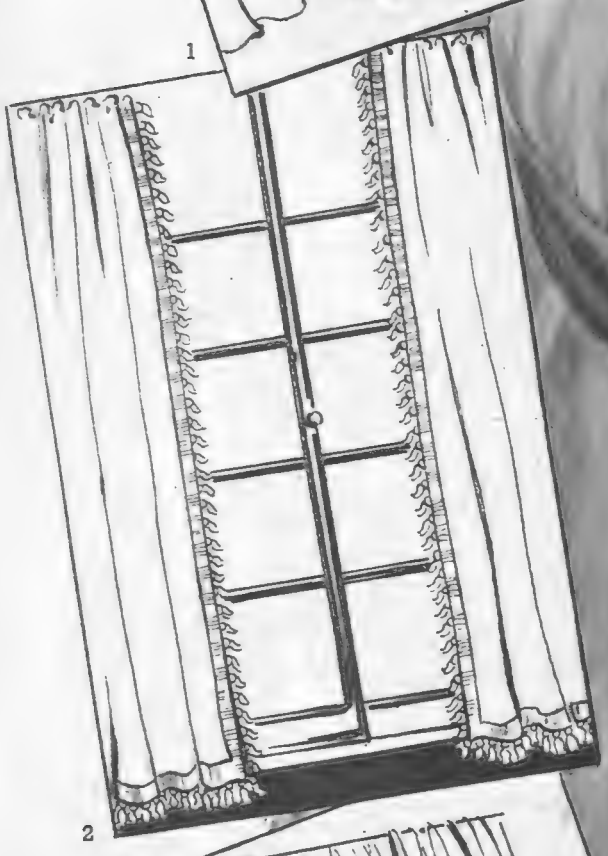
2. Here is shown a trimming for plain taffeta or satin curtains. A narrow fringe, cotton or silk, is sewn around the edge of the curtains, and inside on the edges, to neaten and finish off the trimming, a decorative braid in a matching colour is sewn.

3. Appliqué work is not difficult to do. Sprays of flowers and leaves cut from a cretonne are laid on the corners of the curtains and neatly fastened in place with a tiny button-hole stitch. This work is quickly accomplished and very colourful in effect.

4. On velvet or velour a very heavy cord in off-white, twisted into a design such as the one shown at the bottom on the left, gives an entirely new aspect to familiar curtains. The design is repeated on the pelmet.

5. Plain braid, about two inches wide, is pleated flat around the edge of these curtains to make a new trimming. The same braid is frilled on to circles of tailor's canvas to form medallions which are scattered over the surface of the curtain material.

6. A wide border of bright cretonne on curtains and pelmet serves two purposes. Curtains that have been hung at smaller windows are brought up to size and it makes, at the same time, a charming transformation of appearance and colouring.



To Change Your Curtains

Over every woman there comes the feeling sometimes that she must have a change around the house.

If shifting the furniture around doesn't satisfy the mood, it is a good idea to play about with the curtains. Your rooms will seem to be dramatically changed.

Plain fabric, of course, lends itself more readily to treatment than figured ones, so if you feel a renovating and altering mood coming on, hunt up your old plain curtains and get busy turning them into new ones.

The sketches we have shown will start you off with a few simple notions. None of them require much skill. All of them rely upon a bold decoration in colour applied upon a plain background.

One of the most effective is planned as an addition to plain coloured velvet or velour curtains, which are very much in use now on account of their warmth for winter schemes and for their adaptability to black-out conditions.

You need two good lengths of coloured braid. In selecting the colour, choose a good strong contrast to the background colouring. Say, for instance, off-white for saxe-blue velour curtains, yellow for green curtains, dark brown for beige, or jade green to go on rose colour.

Use a wide braid, perhaps an inch and a half wide, for a pleated frill to go all around the edges. The quantity will naturally depend upon the length and width of the curtains. To arrive at this, measure all round the edge and allow just twice as much.

Now make rosettes of a narrower braid to sew at intervals all over the surface of the curtains and make them like this :

Cut circles of tailor's canvas. The size of the circles must be regulated by the size of the curtains, but a good average for casement windows is about three inches in diameter.

With running stitches taken along one edge of the braid, draw it up into the appearance of a frill. Start at the centre of the circle and fasten the frill to the canvas, proceeding round and round until the circle is entirely covered. Fasten the edge off neatly and attach the rosette to the curtain with a stitch or two in the centre.

Another simple and effective trimming for heavier curtains—this is also illustrated—is made with medallions of felt. Felt is coupon-free and can be bought in squares about twelve inches across at most Art needlework shops. Make a guide from cardboard before cutting the felt. Cut it perfectly round, about two inches across, and scallop the edges. It will be easier to handle if you cut fairly large scallops. Lay the cardboard guide on to two or three thicknesses of felt and cut out the medallions from this.

When you have enough to scatter over the surface of the curtains, punch two holes in the centre of each piece of felt and draw two ends of a very narrow ribbon in a contrasting colour through on to the right side. Tie them in a small bow and sew the decorations to the curtain fabric.

Fringe will give a face-lift to silk, satin or taffeta curtains if you choose a good contrast colour. The wider fringe is not so easy to manage, but a two-inch width looks very decorative, sewn around the two outside edges and the bottom. The effect of this is enhanced if you place furnishing braid of the same colour inside the fringe and along the curtain edges.

Appliqué work is charming, as you can judge from the sketch at the bottom left-hand of the page. It is quite simple.

Buy a piece of cretonne in which the flower design is very clear cut. A tulip or crocus design is ideal. Cut out some sprays of flowers very carefully with a small sharp pair of scissors and lay them upon the curtains, grouping them nicely around the lower and inner corner and carrying the design slightly up the inner edge. Use smaller flowers for the upper part of the group so that the design trails off, as it were.

Tack each spray into position, when you have decided where it shall go, and then, with embroidery silk, neatly buttonhole-stitch all round the outside of the flowers and leaves. Put a similar spray in the centre front of the pelmet if you have one.

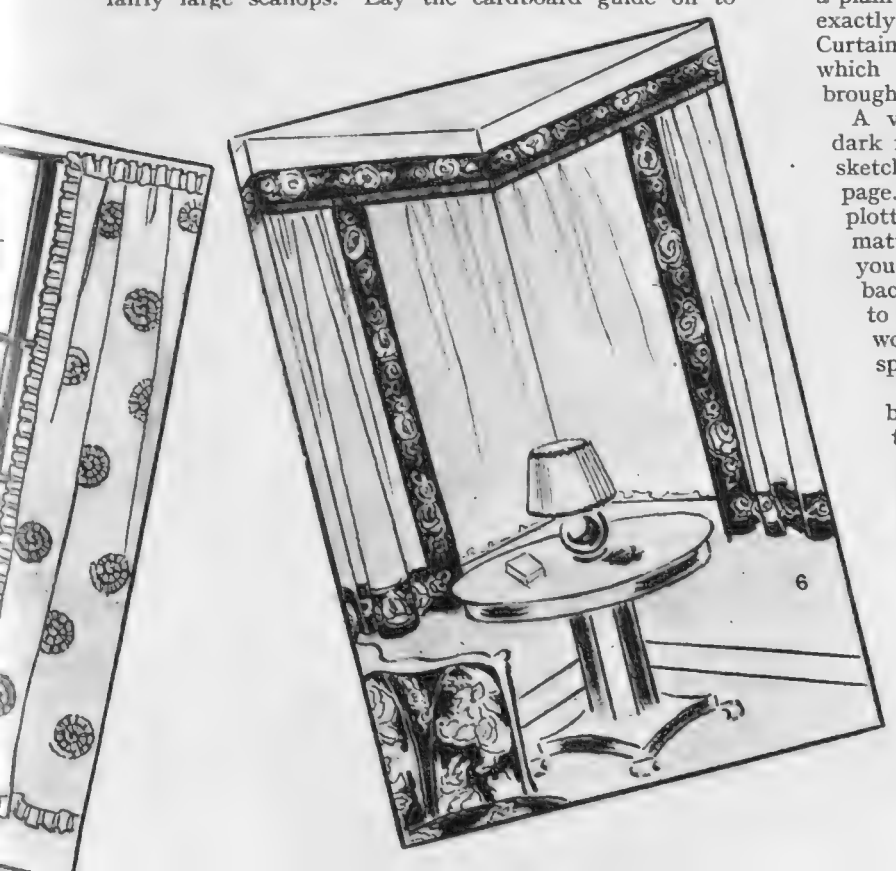
If you are doubtful of your skill in grouping the larger sprays of flowers so as to look as if they had grown there, select a cretonne with a much smaller design. Pansies, flat leaves, daisies, and other very simple flowers are best. Cut out small sprays of the flowers and leaves and apply them flat, at regular intervals, all round the edges of the curtains and along the lower edge of the pelmet. The effect is, of course, more formal and not so bold, but it can be very pretty if the colours are bright.

Another idea with cretonne is to make a wide edging of it, as shown in the bottom right-hand picture. The success of this decoration depends upon the type of cretonne you use. A very small design is the most suitable and the background colouring must either match or tone well with the curtains themselves.

This edge is about five inches wide and is finished with a plain coloured braid at the outside edge. The braid is exactly matched with the background of the cretonne. Curtains which have shrunk in the wash and curtains which have seen service at smaller windows can be brought up to size very effectively with this method.

A very thick cord in natural colouring against a dark fabric forms the new decoration for the curtains sketched in the centre at the bottom of the left-hand page. The design would have to be very carefully plotted before the cord is attached, and it simplifies matters to chalk the pattern on to the curtain before you begin to sew the cord. Attach it from the back with stitches taken through, and be careful to keep the cord fairly tightly stretched as you work, otherwise it will wriggle out of place and spoil the design.

For plain casement and cotton curtains, coloured bias tape can be used in many different ways to give a new trimming and a brand-new colour effect. The simplest method is to run several strips of braid around the edges of the curtain, grading off the colours from light to dark, say from pale-blue to dark-blue for blue curtains, or from blue to violet. A little experiment will suggest many different ways of arranging the rows of braid across or around the corners, in zigzag effects, or just straight, according to the size of the curtains and the general scheme.



By Winifred Lewis

DRESS:

By Jean Burnup

Editor Women's Department

In America, where the picture on the left comes from, gay young daughters put on this kind of dream frock for dance dates as nonchalantly as they put on their woollen suits next morning.

In this country, right now, dream dance frocks are, generally, as about as appropriate as a lit-up city. Gay young daughters are, or should be, in uniform most of their days and nights. Still, between times, daughters in uniform or overalls think quite a lot about soft, feminine clothes, and particularly about a romantic Dress-Of-All-Time, to be worn for the first celebration after . . . In fact, for this kind of dream frock which, be assured, will not be put on with nonchalance.

Perhaps, even now, there might be a few stray occasions when a very special frock of this sort would not be thought too dressed-up, especially at Christmas. This then could be put together, glamorously and inexpensively, out of some net, some lace beading and some velvet ribbons.

The jacket below is made in a light beige bouclé with a black velvet collar, and goes over a plain black woollen frock. Next month we plan to publish instructions for knitting it out of four-ply wool.

(1) This is a Harella coat, made in a mohair and alpaca pile-mixture fabric, cut on cosy, comfortable lines, built to give long, strong wear. The colour is warm beaver.

(2) Open necks are the new trend in shirts. This one is made in a boldly-checked Viyella, in greens, tans and yellows. Any Viyella shirt becomes a lifelong friend.

(3) Three-piece tweed outfit. The suit is in teal (yellowy-green) checked with off-teal (greeny-black). The long jacket buttons only to the waist, and has magnificent patch pockets. The classic off-teal overcoat has squared shoulders, an assured air. *Dorville.*

(4) For any Christmas party, a dinner-dress in black Tested Quality crepe, made with Courtauld's rayon, distinguished by its cross-over bodice drapery, a gold belt, an easy, pleated skirt. *Susan Small.*

(5) Black net young-girl party dress, with a fitting bodice, trimmed with close buttoning, a white collar. The focal point of the dress is the superbly cut slip in Tested Quality poult, made with Courtauld's rayon. *Susan Small.*

PROBLEM

**Every woman has her personal
There is the woman in her
fore the decision to throw up
one of the Services. There is
has followed her husband
after lodging, ever doubtful
plan. There is the girl who
mind whether to marry now
the war. . , , There are many
simpler, some harder to solve
kind. Sometimes a knowledge
seems to simplify the solution
are three, typical of the
larged upon and viewed from**

She's Forty

This is a picture of a woman who woke up one morning and found that she was forty. She had known for a long time that middle age was just around the corner, but she didn't want to look around corners. She thought it could wait. Now that life has turned the corner for her she has two moods about it. In one of them she is dismayed, resentful. In the other she is acquiescent, too lazy to care.

Things are going from bad to worse. Presently, the suspicion that everything worth while is slipping out of reach will be a reality. Every line of this picture calls for action, but what action?

The first step is a mental make-over. You are as young as you feel. That is more than a truism—it's a slogan. Here is a woman in the prime of life. No matter what you may feel about the vitality and the beauty of extreme youth, forty is a good age to be. It is an age at which you can knock spots off the younger girls in fifty different ways, if you want to. You have poise. You have experience. You have that knowledge and understanding of people that gives you a full-length start over the things who are still finding out about life.

It is true that at forty her body needs more care. Let us face the fact that beauty at forty is the result of sustained and organised effort. The effort need not be beyond the average busy woman's powers. What she needs is the daily, intelligent, sustained routine to keep vitality at its highest point.

A spreading figure is Nature's warning of slackening circulation, flabby muscles, general congestion. This means eating wisely. No spartan diets, but a laying-off of heavy, starchy foods, of fatty, fried things. An increase of brown bread, green vegetables, and a regular daily quota of cold water to drink.

Exercise is all-important. The woman of forty is crazy if she doesn't take steps to learn exactly what exercises to do. Head-rolling for the drooping chin, trunk-swinging for the spreading waist, arm-swinging for the thickening upper arm and the hump-back neck.

As for skin, wrinkles and sagging tissues are simply another symptom of poor circulation, inner pore congestion, and, perhaps, impoverished blood. All these troubles can be corrected with good cleansing and nourishing lotions, perfectly balanced diet, and correctional exercises for sluggish circulation.

The vital need for the middle-aged woman is to spend her money and her energies wisely on measures for preserving and stimulating her beauty.

In any case, inertia is fatal. The woman of forty who won't put up a fight deserves her fate. The one who is willing to work for it can look ahead to the most satisfying and successful years of her life.

She's Never

This one is a portrait of a woman of thirty-five, disappointed with life. She says she wouldn't change her single status for marriage or sacrifice her independence for anybody. It is a good story if she only believed it.

In reality she knows that at thirty-five freedom is a good thing but that it goes cheek by jowl with loneliness.

Every now and then a still, small voice says, " Why aren't you married? Is it really because you don't want to be or because you haven't the chance? "

Most times she doesn't listen. Probably all this woman's troubles are attributable to the life-long habit of ignoring the still, small voice of warning.

She had a happy home but it didn't offer much scope socially. Her parents were retiring and didn't entertain. She had no brothers and somehow her friends were unproductive of introductions. She has always worked among women.

She could have joined a golf club, played tennis, widened her social circle and her interests, but she didn't. She was too slack and too shy. As a conversationalist she lacked force and interest. Not because she is unintelligent, but because she had no practice in expressing herself.

As to looks, she has the makings of an attractive woman, but she dresses haphazardly. She is afraid of herself.

She dimly realises the truth of these things; and her growing sense of failure

PICTURES

problem in this war. thirties, hesitant be- a good job and join the officer's wife who around in lodging of the wisdom of this cannot make up her or to wait until after other problems, some according to their of another's problems of one's own. So here times, framed, en- the right perspective.

The Children's Future

Here is a portrait of a mother. In most ways she is a happy, normal kind of person with two children, a boy aged sixteen and a girl rising fourteen. At the beginning of the war she took the children to the country. Now, after two years of evacuated life, she and her husband are at war about the children's future.

Before the war she and her husband had plans. John, the boy, was at a public school and was earmarked for the University. He hopes to be a doctor. Valerie was going to an art school later on. But evacuation has put a stop to all this. There are no suitable schools at hand. John has been attending a secondary school. He needs to give attention to special subjects in anticipation of his coming career, but there is no specialisation there. Valerie, at a private school, has learned nothing since she left her day school in London. Certainly nothing about drawing.

So the point at issue between mother and father is this: Shall the children continue in the country until the war is over, or are they to take a chance with danger and return to the place where serious study can be continued? Their mother argues that the present and safety are all-important. The future can wait. Her husband thinks that as both children are entering upon a vital phase of their lives, stagnation at this point may be disastrous.

This woman looks upon her problem as a personal one, but how wrong she is. She shares it with millions who to-day are asking themselves how much physical safety is worth when great issues are at stake.

Women have to give their loved ones to the Cause. It may be to fight. It may be to work in some other way toward the common end. Mothers have to sacrifice personal inclinations, personal fears, so that their young may fit themselves for the great task of building a good future.

As to the danger and its effects upon the children at such an age, it is doubtful if fear and hardship have anything like the same profound effect upon the young as upon the adult mind.

This woman's duty is to give her children their chance and to put aside selfish interests in the name of our common cause.

Married

is adding stature to her weaknesses. But thirty-five is still young. Young enough at least to make a start. First she could take her appearance in hand.

A few simple, well-cut clothes need not cost more than a quantity of haphazard ones, but they will improve her appearance and give her confidence. Good, flattering colours, the right hair style, a little well-chosen costume jewellery will enhance the good work.

She must get out more. War work will be helpful in widening her contacts and increasing her ability to mix. There is canteen work, the Women's Voluntary Service, Red Cross work. If she reads variedly and with purpose she will find her conversational powers improving. She will have to fight and fight the impulse to run away from action to keep herself on ice. Men don't make all the advances.

Marriage has always seemed to this girl like the hand of Fate reaching out of Heaven to bring two people together, but there is a more practical basis than that. Heaven helps women who help themselves.

How to get to sleep

Your aim is to get every muscle in the body relaxed, then to maintain this relaxed state by will-power. Sleep follows naturally. This is what happens. You have two nerve systems ; one like any outgoing telephone system, the other like the incoming telephone system. Each has headquarters at the brain. The outgoing system (motor nerves) is used as you relax, for every muscle has its nerve-control. The incoming system (sensory) carries the peace you have gained through physical relaxation back to the brain—result, coma or sleep.

Now, start by making yourself as comfortable as possible ; any position you feel is right will do. Make your head a dead weight on the pillow.

Start your relaxing with your arms and hands. Practise even by day, laying them on the desk in front of you. Let the control go out of them. To prove it, the hand or arm, when lifted, should drop like a stone.

Back to the body again. Maintain these relaxed arms and hands and proceed to the shoulders—see that they are relaxed, hanging. Follow on to the back, let it loose. Your chest—it has muscles too, which tense up like any other muscles of the body. Let them loose, too. Don't forget your abdominal muscles. Let them go.

Take your mind's eye back over all the parts you have relaxed and see that nothing has tensed up again.

Right—if all is well, back with that mind's eye to the legs and feet. Up, then, to the neck, the scalp and the face muscles. The forehead muscles control the head or scalp. You 've undoubtedly had them tensed. Lift them up high and then just let them drop or seep down into place, relaxed. This movement will relax the eyes.

The mouth and neck are hand-in-hand, so take the tenseness from that mouth and the neck will follow suit.

Now you should be completely relaxed ; without control. A push should send you rolling anywhere.

You have to retain this 100 per cent. relaxed state. This is where you need mental control and tenacity. You must persist in keeping the mind's eye patrolling over every individual part of the body, repeatedly returning to the forehead and eyes.

Don't be grim or tense. Don't waste your much-needed will-power on mental remarks to yourself such as "Well, I 've done it. I 've relaxed and I 'm not asleep yet."

Make up your mind whether you want to go on thinking about your affairs or whether you want to sleep. That psychological point is essential. Having eventually, or as quickly as possible, decided on sleep, start relaxing.

Forehead, muscles, mouth, arms, stomach, legs—keep at it. You 'll be repaid by a wonderful lifetime control over sleep.

coma breathing

Empty your lungs. Fill your lungs. Do both these rhythmically.

Could anything be simpler ? Yet most people never empty their lungs at all. They have poison pockets at the bases of them, where the lung is, half-atrophied, bogged with stale air, through not being emptied nor filled.

Few people, in any case, ever breathe to more than half capacity, which means the lungs are never exercised or stretched.

Yet we cannot live unless we draw breath. Our bloodstream is cleansed and renewed as it passes through the lungs and contacts the air we have pulled in. Supply the body with sufficient air and you will not only be charged with life, but cured of any ill.

The quickest way to grow warm—you have seen taxi-drivers do it—is to throw the arms right back, thereby opening the lungs and taking a deep breath, and slap the arms across the chest, closing and emptying them in one. That 's the way circulation is stimulated.

Here is your breathing exercise. It isn't necessary to stand before an open window to do it, but stand against a wall opposite an open window. Throw the shoulders back. Now cough breathily and press either hand on the bottom of your lungs—you 'll feel them coming to a point—make certain that they are emptied and the entire lung what is technically called collapsed, when it will seem to hang inside your ribs.

Then start to breathe in. Keep the shoulders back and down, but do not let them rise. Stiffen the muscle between the lower end of your lungs—the diaphragm. This will hold the lungs out like bags. Fill lungs from the bottom end, and when the top is full, empty them from the bottom end, still keeping the diaphragm stiff, so that they stay held out like bags. It is not easy to do. It is even very exhausting. But you will hear the blood sing in your ears, showing how circulation has buzzed up.

Breathe like this at least ten times. Try to breathe like it when you 're sitting at your desk, when you 've run for the bus, when you 're feeling worried, anxious. Correct breathing restores poise.

Finally, when you 've obtained mastery over your shoulders and diaphragm, try to breathe rhythmically : *in* to a slow count of five, hold the breath, keeping the lungs full, for five ; *out* to five, and keep the lungs empty for five, so as to let them rest.

Breathe properly and you will be well on the way to 100 per cent. fitness and self-control.

THE RIGHT WAY TO WALK

You can take a five-mile walk every day of your life in the interests of health and beauty and, if you are walking badly, not a bit of good will it do you.

Here is the general theory of walking to beautify and to keep you fit:

Posture is everything. Learn to stand right before you can walk right. Practice standing, and do it like this: Bring your head back and your chin in. An outward poking chin is very nearly the commonest fault of all bad walkers. The crown of your head should be dead level with the sky. If you feel a strain on the muscles at the back of your neck, that's fine. You will be holding your head correctly.

Now bring the shoulders down and brace the diaphragm. This means that the area between your breasts and your stomach is firmly controlled.

A flat stomach and a straight back are the very essence of good posture and a graceful walk. The flat stomach comes naturally with the straightened spinal column. It is that hollow back that causes the trouble.

Try this way of testing yourself for an inward curving spine: Stand with your back to the wall, feet together and as close to the wall as you can get. When you are ready put one hand behind you and see how much space there is between the small of your back and the wall. It is an even bet, if you are a bad posture person, that this space will be big. If so you must correct it.

Contract the muscles of your stomach round the spinal column until you and the wall are practically touching all the way down the back. Concentrate on this posture and learn to maintain it always, particularly when you walk. This movement becomes easier to understand if your imagine yourself walking always as if somebody had just kicked you in the pants.

It will seem difficult at first. It may even make you tired, but persevere. In a few days it will be easier. In a few weeks you will be doing it without a thought and when that time comes you will be walking like a queen.

Have you ever watched a mannequin or a ballet dancer walk? If so you will have noticed that they move only from the hips. The upper part of the body is still. Only the arms move.

Analyse your own walk and if you discover that you are swinging your shoulders, stop it at once.

Remember, a graceful walk depends partly upon putting your feet down as though you were walking along a chalked line. One foot in front of the other. It's not difficult to do if you concentrate for a while until you do it without thinking. When it comes naturally you have added immensely to the poise and grace of your carriage.

having a good cry

You know how a thunderstorm clears the air. So does a good cry.

Nor need it be a storm. We are not considering heart-twisting emotions nor sorrows that sear the soul, just an ebullition of feeling rising from tender self-commiseration which overflows in a few healing tears.

What is it that actually happens when you cry? Well, directly the tear membrane between the eyes, behind the nose, becomes sufficiently titillated to shed tears, there is a simultaneous quaking of nerves around the eyes, the temples, down the back of the neck and spine, and all the network of fine sensory threads throughout the system that has been taut and tight, suddenly becomes loose, relaxes.

Hence the relief, the almost overwhelming relief, that sometimes causes you to laugh outright in the midst of tears.

Ponder for a moment the tension that grows when you find yourself unable to cry, which so often occurs when the anguish is great, whether the anguish be that of rage, loss, or torn affections. Nerves become more and more highly-charged, you pace the floor or rock yourself to try to discharge the constriction which accrues until you almost suffocate. There are women who go through such a crisis through sheer overwork. Every woman knows that it is much better to be able just to bite into a handkerchief in front of the fire while the tears roll down your cheeks, until you wonder all at once what it is all about, or to turn into your pillow at night and cry until you fall asleep. No, that's not so good. A sleep on tears brings pink lids. It is always best to bathe the eyes after weeping, with warm water first to draw out puffiness, and then cold to heighten sparkle.

Nor is it even necessary to be feeling over-strung for tears to do you good. What are the plays, films, stories that are most popular? Those that make you cry. It is a fact that a play that touches your heart rests you as much as laughing yourself out at a farce. You have heard the phrase: "Did so enjoy myself at the movies. Had a nice cry."

There is no doubt the movie directors know what they're about when they give us the weeps. To have the heart touched by compassion at the sorrows of others—especially fictitiously—helps to reconcile us to hardships of our own, sets them in true perspective, tunes us in to the world. Besides, there is always the value of that swift contrast, sun from behind the clouds—that is why Barrie's works held the secret of charm, he voiced the thoughts that touched to laughter and tears. And laughter is never so sweet, nor sunlight so dear, as when mingled with tears.

Christmas Party Politics

Preparing for the campaign

If you do not yet know the before-party routine by heart, this is it. First, brush and pin your hair into place with a quick and vitalising setting lotion. Next place your bottle of skin tonic in a basin of cold water, or, better still, in the refrigerator. Into the bath put a handful of common salt or Epsom salt, or two tablespoonfuls of Scrubb's Ammonia. Use bath essence if you have it, of course. Before you step into its steaming depths, beg, borrow or steal a little sherry. Mix this with an equal quantity of warm milk.

Use your cleansing cream in the bath, as under the influence of steam and opening pores, it does twice the work on half the amount. Wipe it off. Then slap on skin food (the same economy in use applies). Then, while you lie back in liquid luxury, sip your sherry and milk. The cares and fatigue of the day will slip from you as easily as the skin food slides down your face, carrying stiffness and tired lines away.

After the bath wipe off all greasiness with a pad of cotton wool wrung out of cold water, and dipped into your icy skin lotion. Then with a fresh pad of astringent-soaked cotton wool, slap the face smartly, until you feel the blood coursing. Finish your body off with a friction down the spine with methylated spirits, a rare stimulus after relaxation.

Suppose you cannot take a bath, two courses are open to you. One is to visit a salon and have a lightning treatment —most of the big specialists give these to service women at twenty per cent off, and most of them function now in large provincial towns, as well as London.* The other is to stretch out with your feet higher than your head. Stay thus for five minutes, the rush of blood to the head being reviving, especially after a hard day. Even so, the hot bath is better. By enforcing a break it gets you into the party mood.

Canvassing

These are our beliefs. We want you to support and put them into practice.

Make sure that you have passed dental floss between your teeth and cleaned them with a brush dipped in undiluted peroxide of hydrogen before you begin to make up. Peroxide nips off every stain, polishes and is a powerful antiseptic.

Use a darker and slightly rosier powder foundation than your natural skin. It hides blemishes, youthifies, enriches, bestows transparency, too. Put it on upwards from the base of the neck, blending carefully.

Spirits of camphor—a touch—on a spot or cold on the lip, hides it by precipitating a white film as it dries, and cures. This can be dabbed on either under or over make-up. A few drops in warm water as a face rinse, after a soap and water wash (if you are not a cleansing cream person), give a dazzling surface to the skin, heightening the whiteness of forehead, nose and chin. Powder foundation should follow straight on after it. Too frequent use of this rinse is drying, however.

Public Meeting

Present a clean physiognomy to the mirror—your stainless record. Your skin should be beautifully conditioned for your make-up now. Place rouge just under the temples to widen a narrow face; impress it nearer in for a full one.

Be more lavish than usual with your eye-shadow, mascara, lipstick. Brush the eyebrows the wrong way, then brush and pencil them to shape.

Take out your hair pins. Massage the head for a few seconds, lifting it up and away from the skull, in the usual manner. Then brush vigorously, in all directions. This doesn't hurt, it actually improves your set. It not only puts a shine in the hair, but in your eyes too.

Heckling

How can you stop a shine appearing round the nostrils or between the eyes, or in the chin crevice?

A dab of Noshine (Arden's) in these sensitive places will help. You can also use a special astringent powder before placing your foundation on these shine points. And cleaning your face scrupulously every night of make-up helps to prevent shine patches.

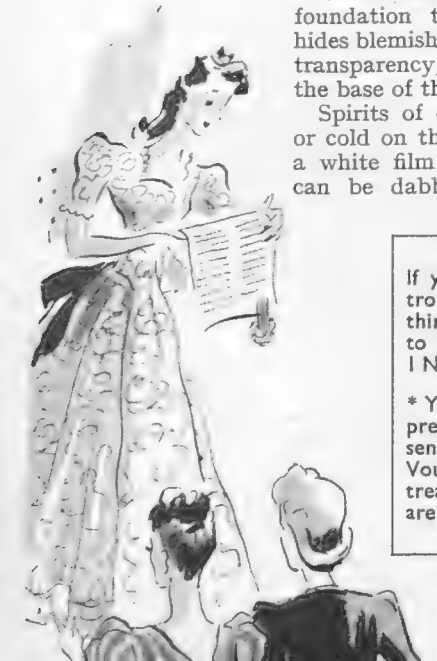
Right. But what about the general shine that appears after you have been some hours at a party, and you re-powder and it clogs and looks terrible?

Then it is definitely time to wipe off the make-up round the shiny parts, the nose and chin area. It is always wise to take to a party a little cosmetic bag containing a cotton wool, a tissue or two, something to clean off make-up, and a little of your foundation. Put the foundation on, blending and shading it into the cheeks that haven't been cleaned off—this sounds messy, but actually is quite satisfactory—and powder over the whole face.

Now how about the lipstick you leave behind on your friend's glasses, your cigarette ends, on faces?

You need never use good material so, providing you sweep it on lightly at first, after outlining your lips with a lipstick pencil or brush. Then close the lips firmly on a tissue. Powder, and go over the lips again, more firmly, closing again on a tissue. This will fix the lipstick.

When you think you are ready to go, pause a moment, and add final touches. Your make-up should have settled while you were doing your hair and putting on your dress. So powder over it again lightly. Perhaps you need a speck more rouge, a steeper highlight in your eyeshadow. Remember it is the loving care with which you have moulded your face throughout, the thought that guides the touch, which bequeaths glamour.



By Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in this article, write to me at Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

* You can give a divine Christmas present to an out-of-town friend by sending her an Elizabeth Arden Voucher which she can exchange for a treatment at any shop where they are given. Write for detailed prices.

A NEW DRAPED YOKE

MATERIALS

8 oz. La Laine 3-ply wool ; No. 9 and No. 11 needles ; press studs.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins. ; sleeve seam, 18 ins. ; length, 20 ins.

TENSION

8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 104 sts. with No. 11 needles. Work the following rib :

1st row (right side of work).—* P. 2, k. 2, p. 2, k. 1 ; rep. from * to end of row, ending p. 2, k. 2, p. 2.

2nd row.—* K. 2, p. 2, k. 2, p. 1 ; rep. from * to end of row, ending k. 2, p. 2, k. 2.

Rep. these 2 rows until there are 5 ins. Change to No. 9 needles and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 136 sts. Work a few rows to make side seams 13 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 104 sts. Work straight until armholes are 3 ins. round curve. Change to No. 11 needles and stocking stitch with *p.* side to right side of work, and work 5 ins. stocking stitch. Cast off 7 st. at beg. of every row 10 times, leaving 34 sts. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Work as back until armholes are 3 ins. round curve. Cast off.

Now work two yoke pieces as follows : (Continued on page 69)

ABBREVIATIONS

k. = knit ; p. = purl ; m = make ; sts. = stitches ; tog. = together ; beg. = beginning ; patt. = pattern ; inc. = increase ; dec. = decrease ; s. = slip ; ins. = inches.

THIS JACKET TAKES NO COUPONS

MATERIALS

7 Balls of Dunbar and Nairn's "Donspey" Knitting Yarn (2-oz. size) ; 8 buttons ; No. 10 and No. 7 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder, 20 ins. ; across back underarm, 18 ins. ; across fronts, 9½ ins. ; sleeve from shoulder, 22 ins.

TENSION

5 sts. to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 7 needles, cast on 83 sts. Rib 4 rows k. 1, p. 1. Continue as follows :

1st row.—* P. 1, sl. 1 p.wise, k. 8 ; rep. from *, ending p. 1, s. 1, p. 1, s. 1, p. 1.

2nd row.—* K. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 8 ; rep. from *, ending k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1. These 2 rows make the patt. Work 3 ins. Then inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until 91 sts. Work without further shaping until 12 ins. from the beg.

SHAPE THE ARMHOLES

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows, work 7 ins. on the remaining 71 sts.

SHAPE THE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 at the beg. of the next 4 rows, then 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

THE FRONT (right)

With No. 7 needles, cast on 44 sts. Work as for back until 12 ins. from the beg., inc. at the armhole edge only until 48 sts.

SHAPE THE ARMHOLE (wrong side of work facing)

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows. Work 5 ins. on remaining sts.

SHAPE THE NECK (right side facing)

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next row. Then work 2 ins., dec. at the same time 1 st. every row at the neck edge until 22 sts. remain.

SHAPE THE SHOULDERS (wrong side facing)

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows. Work back to armhole. Cast off 6.

THE LEFT FRONT

With No. 7 needles cast on 44 sts. Work as for right front until 12 ins. from beg.

SHAPE THE ARMHOLE (right side facing)

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows. Work 5 ins. on the remaining 38 sts.

SHAPE THE NECK (wrong side facing)

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next row. Work 2 ins. on the remaining sts., at the same time dec. 1 st. every row at the neck edge until 22 sts. remain.

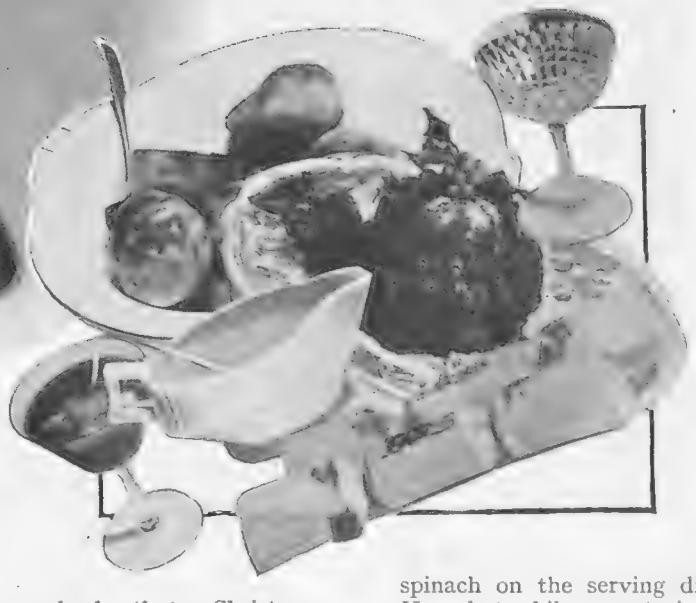
SHAPE THE SHOULDER (right side facing)

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows. Work back to armhole. Cast off 6.

THE SLEEVES

With No. 10 needles cast on 44 sts. Rib 2 ins., k. 1, p. 1. Change to No. 7 needles. Work (Continued on page 69)

If you can't



You may think, as many people do, that a Christmas dinner without a turkey is like *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark.

But believe me, you can find plenty of stand-ins to give you what the Prime Minister promised—a better Christmas dinner.

I don't suppose you will know until the last minute when you go shopping what it is going to be; neither do I know what supplies of this or that will be available in different districts. Certainly ducks and geese will be rare birds.

So I shall offer you this month a choice of main-course dishes, out of the run of the usual Christmas dinner, but each a little more festive than the usual wartime run of recipes.

FOR A TOWN FAMILY

Here's a typical family of four—father, mother, ambulance-driver daughter, son home on leave. Son's fiancée will be a house guest; daughter's naval officer husband will be there too, if he can get leave. Dinner for five, perhaps six.

Boiled Pheasant. Brace of old pheasants (trussed); chestnut stuffing; 1 onion or leek (if available); ½ turnip; 1 carrot; bouquet (thyme, parsley, bayleaf); salt and pepper; stock or vegetable water.

Stuff the breasts with chestnut stuffing, sew up; wrap each bird in well-greased paper and secure with string. Have the stock boiling and put in the birds, together with the bouquet and the prepared vegetables. Simmer gently for one to one and a half hours, according to age. Remove paper, and serve with apple sauce.

Pigeons with Spinach. 3 plump pigeons; rashers of fat bacon (optional); 2 carrots; 1 small turnip; 1 oz. flour; outer sticks of celery; 1 onion or leek (if available); stock or vegetable water; cooked spinach; salt and pepper.

Split pigeons in half, and clean. Prepare and cut up vegetables, and cube bacon. Melt the bacon in a stewpan or casserole, and fry the pigeons lightly in the fat (dripping can be used in addition or instead). Remove birds and fry the vegetables for a few minutes. Add pepper, salt; scatter in the flour and fry till brown. Add stock and bring to the boil, stirring. Put in the pigeons, correct the seasoning and, with the lid on the pan, cook slowly till tender (about two hours).

Meanwhile, prepare and cook spinach, chop and re-heat. Make a bed of spinach on the serving dish and put pigeons on this. Keep hot while you strain the stock from the casserole, simmer it for a few minutes and pour round the dish.

Partridge aux choux. 3 old partridges; rashers of fat bacon (as many as can be spared); 1 cabbage; 1 onion or leek; bouquet of parsley, thyme and bayleaf; 4 large carrots; dripping; 2 cups stock or vegetable water; 6 small sausages (or 3 large ones halved); nutmeg; salt and pepper.

Lay bacon rashers in a big casserole or a stewpan. Have ready salted boiling water, and blanch the cabbage in this for five minutes. Drain thoroughly. Slice the carrots and add to the rashers, and put in the cabbage, the onion with a clove or two stuck into it, and the bouquet. Heat dripping in another pan and put in the partridges. Simmer gently until they are brown all over, and then bed them down among the cabbage, seasoning plentifully with pepper and salt and adding a little nutmeg and a few more rashers, if possible. Put in the stock, place greased paper over and then the lid, and cook very gently for two hours or more, according to the tenderness of the birds. About half an hour before serving, put in the sausages.

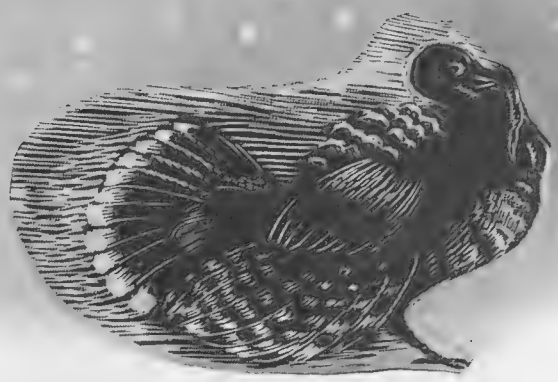
To serve, heap the cabbage on a dish, and put the birds, sausages and bacon (cut up) on top. Strain the gravy over.

Roast Hare. 1 hare (trussed); 3 or 4 rashers of fat bacon; veal forcemeat; salad oil; pinch spice; little milk for basting; 1 glass port (if available); 2 oz. margarine; 2 oz. flour; ½ shallot or small onion (if available); parsley; thyme; salt; pepper.

Stuff the hare and sew up. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, and rub the outside with oil and mixed spice. Put bacon round the saddle, tie down. Put the griller on the baking tin; in the tin put a little milk, and place the hare on the griller. Put in a moderate oven and

By Harriet Muir

talk Turkey



roast for about one and three-quarter hours, basting frequently.

After one hour, remove bacon and scatter flour over the saddle. (*Regulo Mark* 5.)

To make sauce, remove gall-bladder from the hare's liver, and boil for five minutes. Take it out and chop it up.

Make the margarine hot in a small pan, and cook in it the liver, the shallot (finely chopped), the parsley (also chopped) and the thyme. After ten minutes, drain off these and rub through a sieve. Heat up the margarine again in the same pan, add gradually 1½ oz. flour, and cook, stirring until brown. Now pour in the milk with which the hare was basted, bring to the boil, stirring well, and then stir in the liver purée. Add salt and pepper and cook slowly for a few minutes more. Finally add the port.

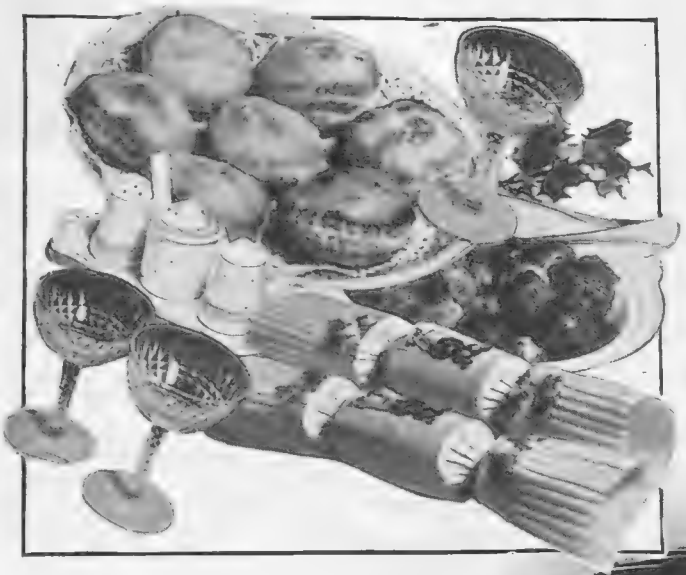
Dish up the hare, and hand the sauce separately. Serve red currant jelly—if you have any. Serve with brussels sprouts and plain boiled potatoes.

FOR A COUNTRY FAMILY

Here's a different problem—a country hostess also has to plan a Christmas dinner for a houseful of four evacuee children, plus her husband who hopes not to be on Home Guard duty during the feast, and plus (leave permitting) a daughter from the A.T.S.

She may have been wise enough to have reserved one of the few turkeys bred by the local farmer, whose entire stock was booked up by October. In that case, she will roast and stuff according to tradition. The same goes for duck or goose.

But the odds being against this, she will probably have to look round like the rest of us.



Baked Rabbits with Apple Stuffing. 2 rabbits (trussed); apple stuffing (see recipe below); rashers of fat bacon (if available); dripping; salt and pepper.

Stuff the rabbits and either sew up or secure with small skewers. Put them in a baking tin with dripping to baste. Lay the rashers over the saddles, removing them about half an hour before the end of cooking. If rashers are not available, smear with dripping. Add salt and pepper.

Bake for about one and a half hours, basting frequently. Serve with gravy made in the baking tin in the usual way. Garnish with fresh watercress. (*Regulo Mark* 5.)

Apple Stuffing. 4 good-sized apples; 1 oz. margarine; 1 tablespoonful sugar; nutmeg; 3 oz. fresh breadcrumbs; a few cooked prunes (if available).

Peel and quarter apples, removing core. Put in a casserole with the margarine and a little water and cook slowly till tender but not broken up.

If you can get them, add the prunes, stoned, before the end of the cooking. Scatter in sugar and a grate of nutmeg, and when cool mix with breadcrumbs.

Roast Chicken with Celery Stuffing (using boiling fowl). 1 large or 2 smaller boiling fowls (trussed); vinegar; celery stuffing (see recipe below); dripping; rashers of fat bacon (if available); salt and pepper.

Rub the breast of the chicken with vinegar. Stuff with celery stuffing, sprinkle with salt and pepper, wrap in greaseproof paper, tie up and steam for about two hours.

Transfer the fowl to a baking tin, removing the paper. Put some dripping in the tin and rashers of fat bacon (or more dripping) on the breast of the bird, which you cover with a margarine or butter paper. Roast in a moderate oven until done—about an hour. Remove the paper for the last ten minutes or so of cooking. (*Regulo Mark* 5.)

Serve with giblet gravy, bread sauce and potato crisps.

Celery Stuffing. 1 tablespoonful chopped onion or leek; 1 tablespoonful margarine or dripping; 1 cupful each chopped celery, chopped apples and fresh breadcrumbs; a little stock or milk; salt; pepper; nutmeg.

Lightly fry the onion in hot fat. Add celery and apples; cook about five minutes and add breadcrumbs. Season with salt, pepper and a dash of nutmeg, and moisten with a little stock or milk.

Pork. If you get pork, as you may, particularly if you belong to a town or country pig club, here's a hint to make it more digestible for children. You'll find, too, that the flesh cooked this way has an odd resemblance to the flavour of turkey.

Remove the skin from a leg of pork, which you also bone. Make a very thin pastry crust with flour and dripping, and wrap the meat in this. Bake in the usual way (twenty-five minutes to the pound) and break away the coating before serving. The turkey illusion can be enhanced by stuffing the leg with forcemeat before cooking. (*Regulo Mark* 5.) (Continued on page 68)

Country House

THEY WILL NEVER HAVE TOOTH-ACHE

Every mother wants regular, healthy teeth for her children because they are an important beauty asset. If we appreciated their value as a health asset, too, we should all be far more insistent upon the precautions which assure a healthy mouth. Proper care of the teeth, when young, will ensure that they will never have toothache.

In spite of the great advance in dental science and the widespread understanding of the need for meticulous care in early childhood it remains a fact that an appallingly high rate of tooth troubles afflict the very young, where the proper preventive measures have not been taken.

Tooth decay carries with it a load of serious troubles. They include rheumatic complaints, digestive disorders and any number of grave but less easily detectable troubles. This is why scientists have been working steadily in the past few years to discover, if they can, what is the cause of tooth decay, and by this means to arrest its development at the source.

Much useful progress has been made but one simple outstanding point has been established which every mother should know of, this is that tooth decay always starts from the outside.

The significance of this fact lies, of course, in the obvious need to protect the outside as far as possible from the decayed particles of food and the acid deposits created by them which are the initial cause of decay.

A stiff tooth brush and plenty of encouragement to use it vigorously and with no skimping at the corners is the best service that can be rendered to children's health and appearance.

Follow up with the practice of cleaning between the teeth with dental floss or, even better, of using the little wooden toothpicks which are thrust in between the teeth, hard down on the gums, removing every particle of deposit from the deepest crevices.

These precautions occupy perhaps two minutes extra on the daily toilet but represent the difference between good teeth and bad, with all that this implies.

Scientists have observed for many years that among primitive peoples tooth decay is comparatively rare. This leads to the conclusion that decay is associated in some way with diet. One of the early theories was that coarse food such as savages subsist upon was better for the teeth than those softer foods typical of the civilised diet. There has been no reason to modify this opinion but plenty of reason to amplify it since later investigations show that a diet of high vitamin content produces the same salutary effect as one of bones and raw vegetables.

This makes things simpler for parents who, instead of adopting intricate diets have simply to provide the prescribed vitamin in a concentrated form. In this case it is vitamin D.

Vitamin D is, of course, the sunshine vitamin. This makes it all the more imperative in this country where sunshine is not abundant that vitamin D should be administered in some form or other every day.

Vitamin D can be taken as capsules now. It is, in fact, a simple matter to provide it in the right measure and with the least trouble, though it is doubtful if any form of it is as effective as cod liver oil. This is now made in such palatable forms that children need have no dread of taking it.

Hard foods are helpful in stimulating circulation in the gums and in toughening them so as to prevent the formation of the dangerous crevices which form between the gum and the tooth structure. Very young children who are still feeding on soft foods should be given a bone to gnaw. Hard crusts and all crisp foods that require crunching are helpful in this sense and should figure in the daily diet for children of all ages.

It goes without saying that regular visits to the dentist are essential even though effective cleaning and preventive dietry are followed. Irregularities are easily corrected in youth and a good dentist will detect personal idiosyncrasies of development in time to check them before they are too firmly established.

Louisa Kay

PURCHASE TACTICS

By Mary Young

If any of the subjects answer your current problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. I shall be happy to send further information.

Forgive me if I strut, but I am proud of my first discovery this month. It is a vaccine, swallowed like a pill, which will give immunity from influenza and colds for four months. Think of that—with a cold and dreary winter still stretching ahead of us.

The wonder-worker consists of a tube of seven tablets. You take one tablet the first day, two the second, four the third. There are no curious after-effects, and you are then free from colds for four months, when the dose can be repeated.

The price is 6s. 3d. a tube for adults; 4s. 6d. for children over four. If you feel sceptical, you'd be converted by seeing the hundreds of letters from servicemen, among others, who managed not to go down with flu and colds when every other man in the unit was snuffling through last winter.

Talking of trailing round—how are your feet standing up to all the extra work they are having? If they tend to protest, treat them to a pair of pneumatic heel pads, and see what a lift you get. These are made of sponge rubber. They fit inside your shoes, and act as a nice resilient shock-absorbing cushion: 1s. 4½d. a pair. Also, have you come across those transparent heel grips which fit round the back of the heel, giving shoes a firmer grip, and reducing wear on your stockings to practically nothing? They are far more comfortable to wear than any other stocking-saver I have come across, and cost only 1s. 3d. a pair.

Polishing cloths that need no polish aren't new, I know, but in case you are now having to tackle household jobs that are strange to you, I'd like to tell you about them, as they will save you no end of time and trouble, to say nothing of mess.

These cloths can be bought in various types, impregnated with the right preparation for cleaning mirrors and windows, silver or chromium plate, brass (including soldiers' buttons), furniture and leather, silver or gold ornaments and jewellery, and the like.

If you keep one of these cloths by you to rub up the table silver each day, if you use one for touching up the furniture between the days when it gets its real, out-and-out polishing, you'll find that chores don't become too overpowering, even in winter fogs.

Have you heard about the Wrinkle Racer? It does just what its name implies—beats wrinkles to it, so that they don't get a chance to furrow up your pretty face. It is one of a set of three attachments to a remarkable new massage outfit which can be used at home to keep your skin clear and smooth, your muscles braced up, and your face unlined.

Do I hear 'hurrahs' from those of you who can't get near a beauty specialist for a professional treatment? Here's your answer, madam, price 30s., with Wrinkle Racer, Muscle Toner, and Cleansing Bell. The latter works on a suction principle, and makes sure that the pores really do come clean. The apparatus can be used on A.C., 200 to 240 volts, and explicit instructions are included to show you the right way to go about your home massage so that the years roll off before your eyes.

A PERMANENT WAVE

is a necessity for women who are doing war work unless their hair is naturally curly. There is no other way to keep the hair always neat and pretty.

The demand for Eugene waves has, naturally, greatly increased this year. We are doing our utmost to cope with it, and while there is some restriction of supplies there is no shortage among Eugene specialists.

Our research laboratory staff, from the start of the war, have been preparing for difficulties of supply that were likely to arise. They are working now on problems that may arise in 1942.

As a result of their skill and foresight Eugene quality is exactly the same as it has always been.

A Eugene wave, carried out by a skilled hairdresser, at a price which enables him to give full time and materials to it, will last comfortably up to eight or nine months. It is the easiest wave to set at home. And it won't hurt the hair in a lifetime.

Pay a good price. A permanent wave using the genuine Eugene materials and Eugene technique cannot be done cheaply.

Keep the hair in good condition by brushing it vigorously with good brushes every day.

Hair that is Eugene waved, regularly brushed and washed with a mild soap is hair at its healthiest and most beautiful. No further time or money need be spent on it.

Permanently Yours

EUGÈNE

CVS-338

On duty . . .

and off . . .

hands styled by Peggy Sage

FINGER-TIP and TOE-TIP SPECIALIST

*

You can buy Peggy Sage polishes, lotions and her other world-famous manicure preparations at all high-class toilet counters . . .

SALONS:

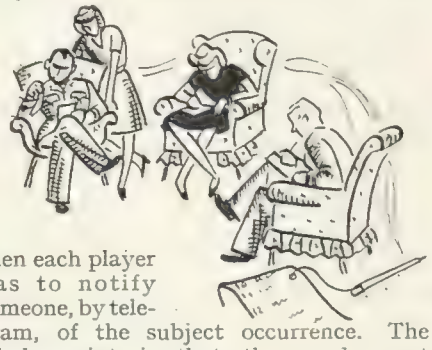
LONDON: 130 NEW BOND STREET, W.1
(*Corner of Grosvenor Street*) PHONE: MAYFAIR 0396
NEW YORK: 50 EAST 57th STREET

Games For Christmas

Adult Games

The Novel. This is after the style of "Consequences." Every one is given a strip of paper and pencil on which the players write in this sequence: the name of story, sub-title, type of story, name of author. Subsequently, each player contributes progressive portions of the story, about eighty words. Once the story is started the last line of writing must be visible when the paper is passed on in order to get a slight sequence of events. The whole idea is to caricature a certain type of literature in all your efforts whether it be grim tragedy, sentimental love nonsense or crazy comedy. In the end each player reads out the effort that is left in his hands—the best one wins a prize—the worst pays a forfeit.

The Telegram. Each player is handed a piece of paper with twelve letters written on it and widely spaced. The subject of the telegram is told to all and



then each player has to notify someone, by telegram, of the subject occurrence. The whole point is that the words must begin with the letters assigned to the player. Example: N. O. M. E. P. I. T. F. S. N. A. S. If the subject were "wedding news" might read "Nobody Offered Marriage Except Pensioner. Intend Taking Fatal Step Now Avoid Spinsterhood." If the subject was a murder it might read "Nude Optimist Murdered. Elderly Policeman Impeaches Two Foreigners. Shudder Now At Sequences."

Each player puts name on his effort—they are drawn from a scramble and read. Winner is funniest. Forfeit by least intelligible.

Puritan Poses. The players sit in a circle. The leader, twirling his thumbs, says: "This is a very sad occasion"—the next player repeats the words and action—and so does every player in turn, around the circle. Then the leader says: "Sister Maria died last night," still twirling his thumbs. This also goes around the circle. Then the player next to the leader asks: "How did she die?" and the leader replies: "With one foot in the air," suiting his action to the words. The question, answer and action goes around the circle. The question is asked again and answered with a different reply that can be put into action by all players in turn. Faces must be serious. Any one who smiles or laughs is instantly disqualified and must leave the circle. When no more physical contortions are possible the leader falls back with a groan and the game is over. If the leader laughs the second player takes over, and so on.

Alibis. Two players, one the murderer and one his friend, are sent out of the room to arrange a perfect alibi. They can spend quite a few minutes making certain that their two stories will completely agree. They are then brought in one at a time, in front of the jury and prosecutor and questioned. The whole idea is to find a falsehood, or lack of collaboration in their tales that is sufficient to win the jury to a verdict of guilty. The jury can ask questions too if they are inclined.

Surrealism. Each player must in turn make a speech the contents of which are absolute nonsense from start to finish. The one who can go on speaking for the longest time without any connected references or ideas wins the prize. You have to have an umpire for this, and a time-taker. The umpire thumps on the ground with a stick if any sense creeps into the speech and the time is recorded.

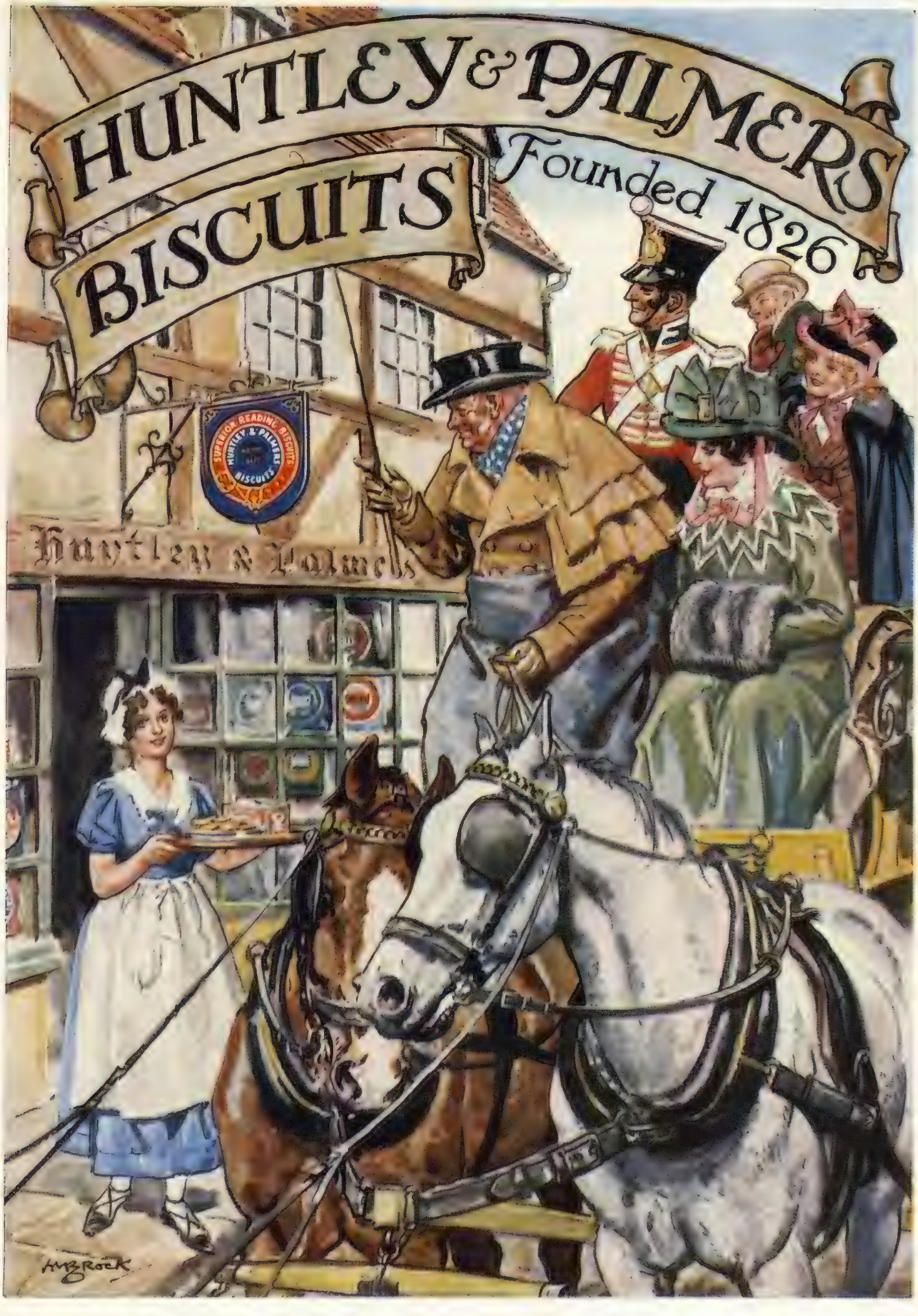
Children's Games

WITH children there is no great need of originality. Old games are best, they are popular and have proved their worth through the years. Hunt the Slipper, Musical Chairs, The Farmer in the Dell, Blind Man's Bluff, are known to all. The following games are known to many, but may need slight explanations to those hostesses who have not entertained children before.

Whispering Game. The children sit in a circle; the leader whispers something to the second player who in turn whispers it to the third and so on. The last player speaks the message out aloud as he has heard it—then the leader tells aloud what the original message was.

Blindfold Obstacle Race. Several children are taken out of the room to be the racers. Only two are brought back at a time and these are shown the obstacled course of the race along the room, and allowed to pace out the course so that they know where the various obstacles that have been placed in front of them, are located. Cushions, books, empty bottles and unbreakable things are the

(*Continued on page* 51)


HUNTLEY & PALMERS
BISCUITS
Founded 1826
SUPERIOR READING BISCUITS
HUNTLEY & PALMERS
BISCUITS
Huntley & Palmers
HUBROCK

Long-life rayon Klirsheers—
grand new shades
slim ankle fit!
Close-fitting pure wool
Brevetts ... toast-warm for
several winters. Grand
under-uniform.
Classic Wolsey
Shirtmakers, smart
and warm in soft
tailored jersey. This
winter's winners!
Fashion News
by Wolsey

Games for Christmas

(*Continued from page 48*)

best for the obstacles. Let the two racers pace the course twice if they want to, then lead them back to the starting point and blindfold them. While they are waiting for the word "Go!" the obstacles must be quickly and silently removed by the audience (choose about four of the older children for this). The two racers highstep down the room over nothing at all, much to the delight of the audience. Then the bandages are removed and the racers join the audience while the next couple are brought in.

Competitions for children are always exciting. The old **Peanut Hunt** is a good scramble, and you can substitute any available nuts, or wrapped sweets if you cannot get peanuts. Another version of this is the **Apple and Nut Chase.** A lot of small apples and nuts are placed on a large table away from a wall. Each child is given a teaspoon in the left hand and a table knife in the right hand. He must scoop up a nut and an apple and convey it to a place labelled with his name at the other end of the room. The player who collects the most by the end of the game wins.

On a tray place several simple things and let every one look at them for one minute, then take the tray away and let each child write down on a piece of paper the things he remembers. The one who remembers the most wins.

Give each child a pencil and paper and on the top of the paper let some animal's name be written. The child must draw the animal (keep to simple ones like cockatoo, giraffe, deer, rabbit, cat, dog—with distinctive features); tear off the name and then, having put his own name on the back, hand it to the hostess. The drawings are then placed around the room and there are two prizes given—one to the child who guesses correctly the most animals—and one to the child whose drawing is the most easily discernible.

Prizes for children or grown-ups are great fun if placed in a large basket, wrapped and drawn out as a lucky dip.

END

Fairy Godmothers Are All Very Well

(*Continued from page 12*)

indeed taken cover in one of these life was going to be very troublesome until it was located.

The Chief muttered aside to his colleague: "Ask Father Christmas if the snakes that he usually sees are poisonous." Number One turned to the visitor.

"Now sir—please do your best to help us! You came aboard with that basket and in it was a snake—I saw it and Jenkins here saw it, so it must have been there. Now what I want to know is this—was it a poisonous one?" The visitor smiled again pityingly. "You don't want to worry about a li'll thing like that—I'll tell you—it'll be gone in the morning—try some Enos—very good, I always do."

Number One abandoned any idea of getting a sensible reply. "Now what do we do," he asked the Chief—somewhere in the voice-pipe system there's a snake and we don't know whether its poisonous or not. I feel that it would save a lot of awkward questions if we could send it and its owner back ashore before the captain returns." The Chief was a man of action. "Shut all the voicepipe bulkhead valves—to start with—that'll keep the earth stopped as they say. Then put a tear-gas bomb in the cabinet and open up each voicepipe in turn. If snakes are affected by tear gas this one will try to get away and we can catch it as it crawls out."

It was a brilliant suggestion and Number One clutched at it desperately. A party of volunteers was formed from those members of the ship's company who could be persuaded to take the matter seriously and Number One placed each man at a voicepipe armed with a basket and wooden paddle. "Crack it over the head with the paddle and drop it into the basket," were his orders. "I'll go down to the cabinet and touch off the tear gas." He donned his gas mask and went about his business closing the door of the cabinet behind him. Presently a tingling of the pores around the back of his neck told him that the concentration of tear gas was strong. There were about two dozen voicepipes in the cabinet each with a polished brass funnel-shaped mouthpiece. By putting his ear to each one in turn he could hear his volunteers opening the cocks and exchanging pleasantries with each other. "Any one got a mongoose?" "Wot we want is a couple of ferrets!" "Wot price me as a perishing snake charmer!" In the sticky interior of his gas mask Number One's face cracked from ear to ear—for a brief second—and then a venomous hiss caused him to rise vertically a matter of several inches from the deck. The head of a snake was emerging from one of the voice-pipes at which he had placed an ear but a few moments ago.

Number One was a man of action and he had had the forethought to pull on some gloves. He did not hesitate for a moment but grabbed the reptile close behind its sinister little head and pulled it from its place of concealment. Then, flinging open the cabinet door he ran as fast as his legs would carry him aft on to the quarterdeck and flung the snake over the side.

"Nice work Number One," observed the Chief. "I give you full marks for that." The gallant first lieutenant removed his mask and mopped his brow. "Thank goodness that's done," he said with satisfaction. "I didn't fancy that a bit. Quartermaster—what are the hands coming aft for?" He might well have asked, for a procession of sailors was emerging from the screen doors at a greater speed than they had ever before exhibited. Each man was weeping as though his heart would break. It was a strange sight and it was a little while before Number One realized its implications. "My God!" he ejaculated suddenly. "The tear gas." He donned the mask again and made for the cabinet, but the human tide was against him and it was some time before he could reach the offending bomb and dispose of it by dropping it over the side. By this time the quarterdeck was crowded with crying matelots whilst the Fairy Godmother, his eyes streaming, walked amongst them beseeching them to repent before it was too late.

It was unfortunate that the rajah's gunboat should have arrived alongside at that moment with its complement of officers and men. Number One did his best to explain to the captain, but this officer was in no mood for explanations. What he wanted was a square meal—some ruffian had robbed the rajah's kitchen just before dinner and the promised feast had not materialized. Fortunately, there had been enough for the sailors, but the officers had been obliged to go hungry.

His remarks to the first lieutenant brought more tears to that officer's eyes than any chemical compound could.

Under the circumstances Number One decided that silence was golden. Gradually the messdecks were cleared of gas, and order once more restored. It was then that he remembered the Fairy Godmother.

"It's all right," whispered the Chief. "I pushed him aboard the gunboat. Look!"

Number One raised his weary eyes to the illuminated stern of the gunboat which was returning inshore. Silhouetted against this bright background was a fantastically shaped figure that waved its arms frantically—a voice sailed across the intervening water: "Merry Christmas!" it called "and a Happy New Year." The Chief placed a horny palm over the first lieutenant's mouth. "Don't say it," he said. "He meant well."

END

THE FOUR FAMOUS FEATURES

Make Walking Easier!

The clever
Cradle
Instep Support
"cradles the foot"
prevents
ache and strain
The Metatarsal
and Heel Cushion
ends shock
and jar
helps you walk
twice as far!

And the fine
American lasts
coupled with
the accurate
"Brannock" Heel
to Ball measure
give perfect fit
slim the ankle
and beautify the foot
amazingly.

"THE NEW Waukeezi"

SHOES FOR LADIES OF TASTE

29/9 to 42/-

AT ALL GOOD SHOE SHOPS

WAUKEEZI SHOE CO. LTD., PHOENIX WORKS, 5 ST. GEORGE'S STREET, NORTHAMPTON

ONE SIZE - ONE PRICE for the duration

TANGEE FACE POWDER

in the NEW 'DOUBLE-QUANTITY' SQUARE BOX

11D INCLUDING TAX

This new uniform size Tangee Powder—containing twice the amount as in the former 7½d. size—offers you a considerable saving.

QUALITY UNCHANGED—SHADES AS USUAL:—Naturelle, Light Rachel, Rachel, Peach, Ochre and Sun Tan.

NOTE! No change in price of TANGEE Lipsticks, Lipstick Refills and Rouge Compacts.

The Food for General Fitness

DEMAND EXCEEDS SUPPLY
More Shredded Wheat is now asked for than can be made under war-time conditions but we are doing our best to supply where the need is greatest.
REDDED WHEAT
BRITONS MAKE IT— IT MAKES BRITONS

SHREDDED WHEAT 100% FOOD

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO., LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTFORDSHIRE

Brilliance in a MINute!

Try Min and see how easily it gives a lovely polish. Furniture polished with Min never gathers 'bloom'

OF ALL DEALERS

MIN CREAM

FOR ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES

MJEG/6 Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4

British History in Stone

(*Continued from page 5*)

of the couple only partially rescued it two years later.

Alexandra !

Her name conjures up pink parasols, jolly royal parties at Sandringham (the Kaiser in some sort of fancy dress in the photographer's group, standing well away from Edward, who loathed him), crinolines and décolletage, ribbons and pretty lace, bustles and Rose Days, garden parties and open barouche drives. Alexandra was not sixty years a queen, but she was sixty years a princess. For she reigned for such a short time that few of the elder generation ever thought of her as other than "the Princess of Wales."

By January 22, 1901, Princess Alexandra could look back on a life of excitement, marred by a great deal of bad health. She could say, with other royalties, that the price of royalty is no light one. In between bringing up her family (there was the Duke of Clarence, little George, three princesses called Louise, Victoria and Maude) Alexandra had travelled much. She had been to St. Petersburg, where her sister was married into the Imperial family, to the Crimea and Egypt, back to St. Petersburg where her sister was now the Czarina, to Ireland (where she drove in an open carriage through the streets : do the Irish of Dublin to-day remember their delight then?) and to Athens. She had deputised so long for the Queen, the widow o'Windsor in her long retirement, that the Queen's death brought little change in her arduous duties.

That January of 1901 ushered in the "Edwardian" era. It was not the "Alexandra" period; she was still the princess. She seemed a little removed from the *rastacunier* flavouring of that over-rich decade, with its new-found peerage and overstuffed society. Alexandra meant Sandringham, and the family side of the royal partnership. It was nice to see her at Ascot, and on Rose Day she tasted once again the first rapture of a London that genuinely loved her.

The reign was all too soon over; in 1910 she was a widow. "Edwardian" London was about to dissolve and finally perish in the holocaust of war. Alexandra became a memory, slipping as gracefully into retirement as she had come first to England fifty years before.

The end of the story?

It comes with the whistling of the North Sea wind through the pines, and down the long road through those pines a little procession on foot. There was her son, King George the Fifth, and her grandson whom she adored, the Prince of Wales; and her other grandsons, and snow on the ground. The year was 1925. Alexandra was dead, and in the little church across the lawn from Sandringham House came the coffin draped with the Union Jack.

The sea-king's daughter from over the sea was making her last journey : yes, a pity that Tennyson was not there to write of it, or Mr. Landseer to paint the scene, Mr. Watts, so clever, and the rather obscure Mr. Browning, the operas of that strange Mr. Offenbach and Mr. Mendelssohn—so clever ! Dickens is a little vulgar; but how very nicely Mr. Winterhalter paints one, Dagmar in St. Petersburg and Mary, such a very nice bride for George.

END

The True Face of Soviet Russia

(*Continued from page 7*)

would probably be extremely unhappy in Russia, since politics, in that country, is not a career. Nor would I like to pretend that the would-be equivalent in Russia of a British or French businessman is as free as they. He is not free, for example, to lend money on interest as a profession, since all banking is a State or local Soviet monopoly in the U.S.S.R. He is not free to speculate in stocks and shares, since there is no Stock Exchange or Bourse. And if he attempted to speculate in food, or create a black market in petrol or oranges or onions, the chances are that he would be shot, as many earlier Russian food speculators were shot.

But I believe that the average man or woman who means no harm to his or her neighbour, who wishes to work and live decently, to be reasonably well fed, well clothed and well housed, to marry and rear children (both highly normal and State encouraged and protected proceedings in Russia), to educate them, to spend a few weeks every year with them in the country or at the seaside, to enjoy the masterpieces of music, painting, literature and the drama at small cost, to have access to the best medical and dental attention, including prenatal and post-natal care in the case of a woman, and to be assured of a dignified competence at an age not too late in life for the enjoyment of leisure—such a man or woman, I believe, would find in the Soviet Union a full and a happy, useful life.

Soviet Russia has in fact created in the past twenty years an entirely new civilisation. It is not *our* civilisation, and must not be judged by its standards. But the fact is that twenty or thirty million Soviet citizens now in their twenties have been born since the old Russia died in 1917. These Soviet children are the heirs to the great experiment of Lenin. It is for them, the then unborn, and not for the tired, disillusioned, prejudiced intellectuals of pre-1917 Russia, that the great experiment was made. They have never known any other world than that of exercise and repose. It means mighty sacrifices by their elders, mighty efforts which are yet expected of themselves. It means a new mechanised world of steel and concrete. It means collective farms, industry harnessed to agriculture, the great Russian trinity of Oil, Steel and Wheat. It means the Dnieper Dam, the great Ural city of Magnetogorsk, the Moscow Underground railway of marble and chromium-plate, the Parks of Rest and Culture, the new Red Fleets in the Baltic and the Black Sea, the fine and flourishing Soviet film industry, the handsome Trade Union halls (yes, there are trades unions; they are all powerful in Russia, they are a part of the State itself, as the trades unions in Britain are becoming in time of war).

And it also means, to these young Soviet children, a future without war, a world at peace, with the Soviet Union and its sixth of the earth's land surface taking a leading part in the peaceful federation of world states.

That is why Hitler's plan for the rapid invasion and overwhelming of Russia failed, as it was bound to fail. He counted on internal feuds, confusion, class hatred, ignorance and treachery. Instead he found 180 million people resolute and grim, confident and calm behind their leader. And he found the Red Army, ten million strong, standing in his path : an army entirely composed, as the monomaniac Hitler failed to understand, of the Soviet children born under the Sickle and Hammer, who have reached manhood under Stalin.

END

LET "RANEE" READ YOUR CHARACTER FROM YOUR HANDWRITING

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia and Eve" in the belief that her character reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting, (2) your name and address in full, (3) the day and month of your birth, (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to: "Ranee," c/o "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and *stamped, addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course, "Ranee" will send a typewritten delineation of your character.

. . . AND PEARS IN THE FUTURE

Andrew Pears invented the first refined toilet soap in the same year that the fall of the Bastille heralded the French Revolution. Born in that year of trouble, 1789, Pears Soap has, nevertheless, been manufactured without interruption for 152 years, and has during this long, eventful period survived many troubled experiences in our country's history. The house of A. & F. Pears has firm faith that it will emerge from this, the greatest of all wars, as successfully as it has from others.

Having absolute confidence in ultimate victory, A. and F. Pears Limited has devoted this series of six advertisements to what we may look forward to in "The World of the Future." Each advertisement has been the subject of an aspect of our national life, and the aim of each has been to arouse interest in post-war Britain, to stimulate constructive thought upon worthwhile developments of British resources after the war and, above all, to encourage others to share our enthusiasm for the prospects of "The World of the Future." However hard and cruel this war may be to all of us, we believe that immeasurable blessings will eventually be derived from the successful prosecution of the war.

From the many letters we have received since these advertisements have appeared, optimism for the future is the dominant note. Considerable changes from the old way of life are expected after the war, and our correspondents show a deep appreciation of the difficulties of reorganisation. There is no doubt that the people of Britain are prepared to devote themselves as wholeheartedly to the labour of rebuilding their country as they are doing to the heroic task of preventing its destruction.

The skill and pluck of British people in war time have astonished the world, including our enemies, and these qualities applied to the business of a world at peace will establish firmly the ideals of free and independent peoples for which all our struggle and suffering will have been worth while.

Pears

RENOWNED AS THE LEADING TOILET SOAP SINCE 1789

No. 6 of a series of advertisements issued by A. & F. Pears, Ltd., Isleworth, Middlesex.

TP/244/34

Don't blame your Liver

IF you're always feeling tired, worried and depressed, don't blame your liver. Blame yourself for doing nothing to help it. Present-day conditions put a heavy strain on your liver and unless you give it a tonic you cannot feel well.

Ordinary salts and laxatives are not enough, for your liver has its own work to do. What you need is Karmoid. Karmoid is the double-purpose medicine. It tones up and stimulates your liver and *at the same time* it smoothly and gently clears away all the poisonous wastes from your system.

Karmoid is the double-purpose laxative that tastes like a sweet. Take one little tablet tonight and you'll feel a different being tomorrow.

WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE

Karmoid Tablets are sold by all good chemists, only 1/5 a box, but if you have never tried them, send coupon for generous free sample and prove for yourself how much better they make you feel.

FREE SAMPLE

To International Laboratories, Ltd., Dept. 14, CHARLBURY, Oxon.

Please send me free sample of Karmoid Tablets.

Name .....

Address .....

L.A.A.S.
Spotlight on Service
Kolynos the password to whiter and brighter teeth, renders a service to the Services-and to you too!
Sold everywhere in 3 standard sizes
KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM
The Economical Tooth Paste

Sea Change

(*Continued from page 15*)

"I got to stick by Smiffy. I'm on lookout for a ship while Smiffy sleeps."

The mermaid looked again at Smiffy. "That rag of a man."

"That ain't it," said Tiny, fascinated by the coldness of her green eyes and the warmth of her coral lips. "We got to stick together. Sticking together, that's what that means." He pointed to the scroll above the other mermaid on his chest. "There'll always be an England—but you wouldn't know that."

The mermaid laughed softly. "I have known so many Englishmen, but they were bold men, always willing to take a chance."

Tiny eased himself away from her and the blistering heat of the unshaded seat burned through to his flesh.

"I'll bet they never came back," he said.

"They are not unhappy," she replied with an air of sad reminiscence. Then she broke into a smile. "But I will say good-bye. You are so strong. Good-bye, sailor."

With a light splash she turned and curved through the water with the fluid rhythm of a line of poetry. The heat of the day dropped on Tiny like an intolerable burden and salt sweat dripped into his eyes and stung them into momentary blindness. When he blinked them free she was back leaning over the gunwale with the eager delight of a young girl in her face.

"Once before I go. Make your girls dance. Just once more."

Her arrow clove straight to the heart of Tiny's vanity. He gave way unsuspecting to the sin of bashful pride and he was lost. For a few moments the nautch girls on his arm swayed their hips in seductive rhythm. Then they stopped.

"But it ain't nothing without the music."

Suddenly her hand swept over the gunwale and clutched his. "Come then," she laughed. "We will have the music."

The next thing Tiny knew was that he was in a translucent world of filtered green light, a world deliciously cool, and he was going down, down, down.

His hand, reaching over his head, held hers and there she was, diving with swift, clean beauty, her golden hair streaming and gleaming in the soft light, her young body more lovely than all the princesses he had ever seen in the fairy tales of childhood.

Then they were down among great rounded rocks on a floor of sand over which dim shadows wavered to and fro. Great strands of seaweed swayed with a gentle rhythm, shoals of small fishes flashed by in revelations of strange colour and the dark shapes of larger fish drifted in the dim background. From where he sat Tiny could see a great black cavern.

"What's that place?" he asked.

"That's the hole in your ship."

"Blimey, what a hole!" Tiny stared at it.

"Tell me," said the mermaid. "Where shall I find your mouth organ? Where shall I find the captain's beer?"

Tiny drew diagrams in the sand with his finger. There was a graceful swish of her tail and the mermaid was gone. Tiny felt the ineffable peace of the undersea, so cool, so still, so soundless. A man could stay there for ever and never suffer any more. He could stay there for ever and never want anything more than his mouth organ and the captain's beer.

Then she was back. She smiled and handed him his mouth organ and a bottle. The bottle was as cold as ice.

She lay on the sand resting on one elbow while he drank. He set down the empty bottle and wiped the mouth organ on his pants before he began to play.

Once again she gurgled with delight as the music added perfection to the girls' performance. As he finished she touched his arm.

"Tell me about your pictures." One by one her caressing hand traced the tattooed fantasia on his torso and she laughed at the stories each brought forth embellished with the comparative cost of art in the various ports of the world. The fat Chinaman underneath his left arm brought forth a spasm of helpless laughter for her hand, pointing to the Chinaman, tickled Tiny and she discovered that as he giggled the Chinaman quivered with laughter too.

But her mood changed as she traced with her finger the other mermaid on Tiny's chest. Her green eyes looked up into his and the coral lips pouted.

"She is not so beautiful as I am—no?"

Tiny looked down at his other mermaid. "No," he said. "But I'll bet you can't do this."

Thereupon he expanded his barrel chest and the mermaid reclining thereon grew like the frog in the fable who puffed himself up till he burst.

The real mermaid sighed. "No. That is indeed wonderful. But you do not want me to do that—no?"

Now her right hand was on his shoulder and she pressed close to him as her left hand slipped up to the scroll at the base of his neck.

Softly she repeated the words he had told her.

"There'll always be an England."

As she spoke them Tiny drew back from her and pushed her away. "I got to go back," he muttered hoarsely. "Got to stick to Smiffy."

Then her arms were about his neck and her lips were seeking his. "Stay with me, stay with me for ever, English sailor."

Something in Tiny was telling him that if her lips touched his he was lost and he would never sail another ship. Not that he wanted to, but his heart was beating again like Drake's Drum calling to all Englishmen. He thrust the mouth organ between her lips and his and began to play the tune she had named.

SMIFFY stood on the deck of the S.S. *Penarthen* and watched two sailors haul Tiny up from the blistered ship's boat.

"Them big fellers," said Smiffy to the second officer. "Them big fellers can't take it like us small ones. I woke up and there he was. He must have jumped in the sea and was trying to get back again. If he hadn't woke me up tipping the boat I'd never have seen your ship. Off his head, he was, says he was coming back to stick by me 'cos we had to get another ship. Then he says, where's my mouth organ, and he wanted to dive in again and when I wouldn't let him he starts to sing 'There Always Be An England.' Then he sits down and cries, cries like a kid and says something about a mermaid. There's one on his chest that must have gone to his head. Sunstroke, that's what it is."

END

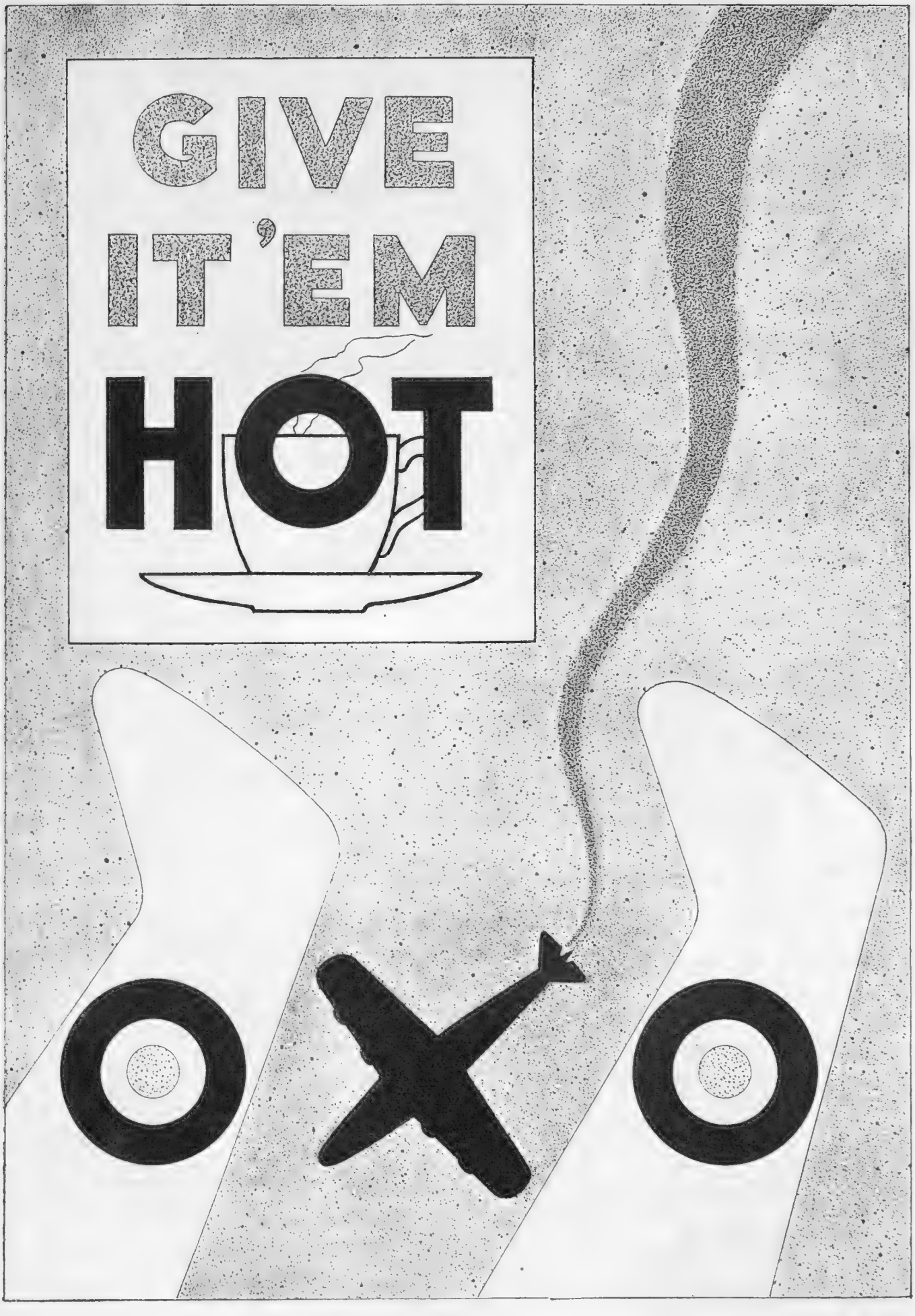
Books

(*Continued from page 30*)

of the war she has told an interesting story. Slowly Tudsy progresses teaching children, and a fascinating and amusing teacher she is. Always independent she makes her way, sometimes happy, sometimes miserable, and finally she gets the nickname of the "Demon," and so down to keeping a boarding house for her brother. But she is never down for long and she has plenty of fun between whiles, until she eventually dies in the country looked after by the children she cared for when she was young. This is certainly a good portrait.

Last, but by no means least, is Guy Fletcher's "Sancha Dering" (Cassell, 8s. 6d.). Here we have a story about an orphan who rents an old cottage and decides to make a flower garden of it. Then she started a shop, had an unfortunate love affair and ends all happily. Gemma, the child, is a nice, warm, character, and Mark and she find their happiness caring for Sancha.

END


GIVE
IT 'EM
HOT

It's divine!
It's distinctive!
It's DIFFERENT
Tattoo!

The gold-dusted South Seas maidens who know all love's answers found the dawn-dewy secret that belongs only to Tattoo! Dawn-dewiness glamorous transparent stain instead of greasy coating! Tattoo . . . put it on . . . let set . . . wipe off . . . only the colour stays! A lure that's sure to endure . . . through kisses and cocktails . . . everything! Tattoo . . . the *different* lipstick.

• METAL MAKES GUNS! Keep your Tattoo holder: buy refills, especially in the 4/6 size.

Tattoo Ltd.

4/6 *Plus Purchase Tax 1/-* (refills 3/-, *plus 8d. Tax*)
2/6 *Plus Purchase Tax 6d.* (refills 1/6, *plus 4d. Tax*)
NOW TEN SHADES

TATTOO your lips!

Its rare excellence implants its name for ever on the memory

Owing to war conditions and the difficulties of distribution, your grocer may be temporarily out of stock. Ask him to reserve you a tin as soon as further supplies are available.

McCall's Paysandu OX-TONGUES

McCALL & CO. LTD., SOUTH PARK, GERRARD'S CROSS

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 24)

as daylight allowed. At dawn of the second day they resumed their ride. The track led towards the mountains.

On the morning of the third day they came to the recently-left camp of their quarry. The ashes of the fires were still warm, and to their horror they found the bodies of two of their own people, murdered and scalped. The gruesome sight inflamed them almost to madness, and they swore to exact full vengeance, at whatever cost.

They rode on all day. There was still some light left when, far down in a ravine, they sighted the Blackfoot encampment. Cautiously they took up their positions behind a ridge. From there they would be able to observe without being seen.

Jim took one of the men with him on reconnaissance. They wriggled down the slope of the canyon like lizards until they were near enough to observe the Shoshone captives tied together with a rope in the middle of the camp. Among them were two girls, one of them Marihana. The temptation to snatch her away was almost more than he could bear. But he knew that only in complete darkness would he have a chance of success. So he gave orders to his followers to cover his retreat. He had decided to go back alone, at midnight, when the enemy were asleep.

At the appointed hour he crept into the Blackfoot camp and without much difficulty managed to reach the tent of the captives. At first they were alarmed, but he soon made himself known and cautioned them to utter no sound.

Most fortunately for him a sudden sharp downpour of rain made so much noise drumming on the tent that he was able to move more quickly than would have been possible in dead silence.

He first cut the ropes of one of the boys whom he instructed to catch one of the stolen horses and wait for him on the track about five hundred paces from the camp.

Then he freed Marihana and the other maiden. As he was guiding them out of the tent, he was attacked by a Blackfoot who had detected something wrong. The two men writhed together on the floor, each determined to kill the other. Jim was the stronger and soon settled the matter. Before any others could appear, he ran with the two girls up to the ridge. He did not notice that he was being followed by another Blackfoot, who hurled a tomahawk at him. The weapon just grazed his ear, and Jim turned and shot him through the head with his revolver. This roused the whole camp, and very soon horsemen were galloping after them.

Before Jim could rally his little band, the enemy were upon them. The darkness served to hide their scanty numbers, and a volley of shots stopped the onrush. This gave them time to get to their horses which were hidden in a gully. On one of them they mounted the two girls, and away they went.

Before they had gone far they heard a mysterious whistle, and then a voice in the familiar Shoshone tongue told them not to shoot. It was the boy whom Jim had freed. He had found out that a party of Blackfoot braves had gone on by a roundabout route to ambush them on the track ahead. At once they changed their direction, and thus avoided the encounter. The roughness of the ground delayed them, but as daylight broke they increased their pace. Only when the horses were nearly exhausted did they pause for rest.

The rescue was successfully accomplished, but there was still some danger of pursuit. For three days they rode steadily onward. Sheer will-power was all that upheld Jim, for during the hours that his companions slept in their blankets at night, he had kept constant watch. He had not realised till now how deeply he loved this slender girl who slept so peacefully at his feet. . . . .

Arriving at last at the Shoshone camp they were greeted by frenzied acclamations of joy. The old chief could hardly believe his eyes when he saw his beloved Marihana being helped down off the saddle by her red-haired rescuer. He did not know which of the two to embrace first.

Still shaken by her experience, Marihana chose this moment to ask if her father still objected to her marrying a white man. The chief shook his head and stretched out his arms to Jim Baker in a gesture of love.

A few days later the wedding ceremony took place. Wild dances were performed by the braves round a huge fire; then there was a feast, during which the chief announced that he had given his full consent to the marriage of his daughter with the bravest man of the white race. Jim, dressed in new fringed buckskins, adorned with a necklace of bears' claws, stood proudly beside his Marihana, while the old chief placed her hand in his. Solemnly he commended them to the protection of Manitou, the Great Spirit, who alone could assure them happiness and numerous progeny.

Manitou played his part well, for no marriage could have proved happier or more prolific than that of Jim and Marihana. With the start of their connubial happiness this story ends—like the final romantic close-up on the screen in which the two leading actors seal their promises in a long and tender kiss.

END

Parliament—When the War's Over

(*Continued from page* 8)

crinolines and plush of the fifties) do not have a soporific effect on the whole body politic. For instance, does any one rise and cry to heaven it is a scandal that a Member, once elected, does not have to attend Parliament? Around about the 336th anniversary, this November, of Guy Fawkes's great attempt, it was revealed, in the House itself, that a Member representing a most important constituency had not been present for five years, owing to his absence in a nursing home with a nervous breakdown.

The pay of a Member, which is £600 a year at the moment of writing, starts directly he takes the Oath of Allegiance. And it goes on, no matter where the M.P. is or what other work he prefers to attending Westminster, until he is ejected at an election. There is no such thing as piece-work at Westminster (even among Labour Members) and there are no fines for non-attendance. There were not in the days of Palmerston and Gladstone and Disraeli, and there are not to-day. In those more spacious decades the House was a natural club, and the Members provided themselves with town dwellings for the session. Men were Members of Parliament, stupid or arrogant, prejudiced and narrow if you like; but Members rarely tempted to devote most of their time to the City, or to world-travel.

I might observe that once, seeking light on this problem of non-attendance, I discovered that under Richard II a Member was fined pretty heavily if he wanted to stay away; and as late as the reign of Charles I the fine for absence was fixed at £20; until the Members fixed Charles I.

The rather weary tentacles of the old House still stretch into the constituencies. This autumn, Lord Winterton complained to the Conservative Central Council (as if they did not know all about it, anyway), that he could name some London constituencies where the first question put to a would-be candidate is: Are you prepared to run the constituency at the cost of a monkey (£500) and prepared to put down another £500 for charities? We all of us know that sort of member, who either says nothing at all from year in to year out, or else punctuates his periods of

(*Continued on page* 58)

W. & A. Gilbey

Wine Growers & Distillers

Our Wines and Spirits retain their high, pre-war standard of QUALITY, though QUANTITY is severely limited by reason of the national emergency.

We regret therefore any disappointment that may be experienced on this account, either by consumers or traders.

For general guidance, the prices in England and Wales of a few of our leading Wines and Spirits are quoted below: –

	Per Bot.
PORTS	
Triple Crown *Alto-Douro Tawny*	7 6
Gilbey's Invalid *Full Vintage*	7 6
Old J *Finest Old Tawny*	9 6
SHERRIES	
Bonita *Rich Golden Oloroso*	8/-
Rustan Brown *Old Brown*	8/6
COCKTAIL	
"Odds On" *Cocktail*	6/6
OLD ENGLAND	
British Ruby	3/9
British White	3/9
British Sherry	3/9
RED BEVERAGE WINE	Per Bot.
Reo. *A full-bodied Burgundy Type Wine*	4/6
SCOTCH WHISKY	
Spey Royal *Old Matured*	17/6
BRANDIES	
Lor-Ex ★★★ *Fine Cognac*	30/-
Tago *Pure Grape Brandy*	20/-
GIN	
Gilbey's Famous Crystal Dry	17/-
RUM	
Governor General	17/6

WHY blame the retailer? It is not his fault that the needs of the Government and Britain's overseas customers come before those of the home market. But.... hush .... perhaps it was that FIVE TO ONE suggestion on Britain's victory which so raised his ire....

SMITH SECTRIC CLOCKS

plug in to Greenwich time

• NO WINDING • NO REGULATING •

Issued by: SMITH'S ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD. Cricklewood Works, London, N.W.2

WOMEN 40-50 NEED NOT SUFFER

from SUDDEN HOT FLUSHES, NERVES, INSOMNIA, TIREDNESS, GIDDINESS, PALPITATION, HEADACHES, EAR NOISES and other distressing symptoms of "THE CHANGE."

Of no condition or ailment in the world has more been "*talked*" than of "The Change," the trying, anxious time through which all women must pass. Until recent years practically the only knowledge available on this subject was that handed down from mother to daughter—so often erroneous—more often than not frightening, so that women approaching forty looked upon these years with dread. There is, however, nothing mysterious or unnatural in "The Change" or its symptoms. Pain and suffering at this time of life are caused by the system not being able rapidly to adjust itself to the altering conditions of the glandular balance. Ordinary medicines and tonics can't help much. You must have a medicine specially compounded to speed up the readjustment of the upset glandular balance. Such a medicine is Menopax—the most up-to-date specialist's treatment for "The Change," and one that will see you safely and serenely over the most difficult and dangerous period of a woman's life.

MENOPAX

Relieves all symptoms of "The Change"

and is daily prescribed by hundreds of doctors all over the world. Menopax brand Tablets are obtainable in three sizes, 2/10, 5/7½ and 11/3 including purchase tax, from all chemists. (If your chemist is out of stock he will obtain Menopax for you within a few hours.) An interesting book, **"The Crisis in a Woman's Life,"** written by a prominent gynæcologist, explains fully why suffering is so intense at this time of life. This book may be taken FREE from most chemists' counters, or will be sent for three penny stamps direct by: **CLINICAL PRODUCTS, LTD., 2 The Green, Richmond, Surrey.**

silence with some fantastically stupid question. At the other end of the party game, many Labour Members have spoken eloquently on the tendency to put into safe Labour seats superannuated Trade Union officials who have neither the qualities nor the ambition which make for statesmanship.

This asking of questions is in itself apt to be based on the conditions prevailing in the past. Just as a judge asks who is Greta Garbo in order that the definition may go on the records, so many an M.P. asks a question just to show he is alert and to put it on record for his constituents that he has done so; but the day is past when newspapers were able to give column after column to parliamentary debate and questions. So, if an M.P. wants to get publicity, he has to become extravagant in phrasing his question, that the sub-editor's eye may be caught. Gone are the days when the *Daily Telegraph* used to average fourteen columns a morning to the utterances of our legislators. A sensible question rarely gets publicity, and usually gets a written answer. But Mr. Lancelot Buggs (Conservative, Stodge-on-Wold) can still get his anme into the paper quite often by asking such nonsense as to whether the Prime Minister is aware of a growing feeling of distrust in Germany's word and will he give the House assurance that the Nazi leaders will be tried in the Tower of London and not in the Old Bailey.

There is a way of following what goes on at Westminster, and lately an attempt has been made to popularise *Hansard*. But the real *Hansard* is a publication kept rather quiet. It is difficult for the ordinary person to get, at sixpence a copy, and it costs the country about £25,000 a year to maintain. The outside circulation is only 1,300!

The only real check on what goes on in the House of Commons is a small paper-backed book called *The Parliamentary Gazette* which, four times a year, publishes the attendances and records-of-work of the Members. This little book costs £1 a year, and is only to be had by subscription. It might be a healthy sign if its circulation soared into the million class.

Another aspect of the re-building of the House: what provision is there being made for women? At present the lot of the ambitious woman M.P. is comparable to that of a Y.W.C.A. worker trying to reach a sultan's ear through the barrage of his harem of houris. There is nothing feminine or womanly about Westminster, if you except its sharing with the Law Courts a

Parliament—When the War's Over

certain Turkish-bath-with-heat-off atmosphere in decoration and atmosphere. Everything in the old Commons' ante-rooms was crudely male. If women really aspire to legislative authority I should imagine that here is a fine chance for them to assert their power. What woman in her right senses would wish to spend her days in the atmosphere of the National Liberal or even Constitutional clubs? The atmosphere was, and promises to be again, exactly the same at the other end of Whitehall. A pipe-smoking and detained-at-the-office and dear-little-woman aura which has for twenty years baffled the disciples of the Pankhursts.

My point is that a room designed at a time when England had no Labour Party and about half its present population; when the Reform Bill had still to become an Act; when the whole fabric of life was different; such a room is not likely to be so perfect that it needs to be re-duplicated for the requirements of 1942, and onwards. One can sympathise with Mr. Churchill, who is in direct line to the great parliamentarians of the Victorian era when Britain was the factory of the world and mistress of all she surveyed (except little South Africa). Our present Prime Minister, through his father Lord Randolph Churchill and his own early appearance in the House, is in a unique position, which his great flights of oratory almost weekly enhance. He has a sentimental affection for the place which not every one, even among M.P.s, shares.

Is it too much to envisage (as part of the picture of a better Britain which Lord Reith is now painting with so determined a brush) that there might be a House of Commons with more than 132 visitors' seats for us thirty-two million voters? It might then be the spearhead of a great thrust towards more enlightened Members of Parliaments, and hasten the death of many strange political traditions. Why should a man born in Glasgow, resident in Liverpool, engaged in business in Hull, be allowed to represent at Westminster (when he has time to get down there) a constituency in South Devon?

I do not suggest a semi-circular apartment. There is a certain virtue in Government and Opposition facing each other; there is also, on the other hand, even greater virtue in a chamber which does not in every detail of architecture and adornment suggest the complacency of a past age, which, with all its greatness, has this one failing: *it is past.*

END

One Hundred Years of Biblical Archaeology

(*Continued from page 17*)

discoveries was the remains of the spring of a gigantic arch that once spanned the Tyropean Valley connecting the Temple Hill of Jerusalem with the residential section of the city. It is such discoveries as these that enable scholars to visualise the city as it stood in Bible times.

At first this research work was chiefly surface topography rather than actual excavation, but important none the less in testifying the identification of ancient sites. Even to-day we are not certain as to the actual place of the crucifixion and burial of Christ. Two sites are pointed out, one within the present walls of the city and the other outside the old ramparts. Both, of course, cannot be correct. We have three Gardens of Gethsemane, and the place of baptism is pointed out as close to Jericho, easily reached by road from Jerusalem. But the sacred narrative tells how Jesus was baptised by John in the Jordan and how He with His mother and disciples attended a wedding in Cana of Galilee on the following day. It would have been impossible for Him to have made the journey from Jericho to Cana in time for a wedding on the following day. The place of baptism must have been much farther north, probably at the ford near Bethabara in Galilee.

Many of these Bible sites were located in the early centuries by over-zealous pilgrims and the errors they made have unfortunately persisted to the present time. The Crusaders were particularly guilty in this respect. These Soldiers of the Cross may have been brave fighters, but they could not have studied their Bible or they would not have made the mistakes they did. For instance, the name of a certain village, Anwas, suggested to them Emmaus, and they promptly declared it to be the Emmaus of the New Testament story and built a church there. Yet it stands thirty miles from Jerusalem, while the gospel narrative tells us how it was but a Sabbath day's journey, and relates how Cleopas and his companion made it on the afternoon of the first Easter day and when they discovered that the Stranger who walked with them was the risen Christ, they immediately returned to Jerusalem. A Sabbath day's journey to the Jew was limited to six miles; yet the site selected for such an important Bible place as Emmaus was thirty miles from the city!

Among the early workers who played an important part in correcting many of these topographical errors were the late Lord Kitchener and General Gordon of Khartoum. They carried out extensive surveys in the country on behalf of the Palestine Exploration Fund, a non-

(*Continued on page 60*)

"It's a D. & N. Product"

DUNBAR NAIRN

D. & N. Products still provide service, style, craft leadership and *quality*. There are over 1,000 high-class stockists of D. & N. unshrinkable knitting yarns, embroideries, mendings and instructions leaflets. Their names may be had, with samples, colour fringes, from the address below.

DUNBAR & NAIRN

Textile Manufacturers and Distributors:

Head Office: 135, Buchanan Street, GLASGOW, C.1

Salute to Quality

Though it's the delicious nutty flavour of golden Weetabix he's saluting, it is the quality of Weetabix that is helping to make him such a bright boy. And it's helping all the family, young and old. There is such a lot of nourishment in such a little Weetabix. Never a scrap of waste. Every crumb counts. No cooking. Eaten dry or with hot or cold milk, or as a sandwich of any sort, or to make other dishes go further.

Weetabix

Standard Size 7½d.
Double Size 1/1d.

More Weetabix is being made, but if at times it is difficult to obtain, this is because more people are buying it.

WEETABIX Ltd., WEETABIX MILLS, BURTON LATIMER, NORTHANTS

Aristoc

TO THE RESCUE

JUST when you're worrying how to make 66 coupons buy stockings and everything else as well, Aristoc come to the rescue. After six months of research and experiment, Aristoc present their two war-time substitutes—ARISTILE, a hard-wearing and good-looking lisle, and RAYSTOC, a dim-textured rayon. They're better than you'd ever dreamed substitutes could be—and they've got the famous Aristoc name (and all that it implies) to give you coupon-confidence! So make friends with your stocking shop and ask them to tell you when they have their first delivery of ARISTILE and RAYSTOC. The limited supplies will be distributed fairly throughout the country.

SAVE COUPONS BY INVESTING COUPONS IN

Aristile AND Raystoc

The Aristocrats of Lisle and Rayon Stockings

VAPEX

The Magic Drop

WILL STOP THAT COLD

USE VAPEX at the first sign of a cold and it will be cleared promptly and safely. Breathing VAPEX removes the stuffiness by penetrating to the source of the infection—the warm recesses of the nose and throat—where it destroys the breeding germs.

If you have let your cold develop, VAPEX will shorten the attack, ease the breathing and clear the bronchial passages.

A drop on your handkerchief

Simply sprinkle a "magic drop" of VAPEX on your handkerchief and breathe deeply from it frequently during the day. At night put a drop on the end of your pillow. All symptoms of your cold will soon be gone.

From your Chemist 2'3 & 3'4

V217 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

Personal daintiness and complete self-confidence as well as the solution of problems which have previously caused general nervous tension amongst women, follow the choice of Rendells Products for Feminine Hygiene. This important subject is objectively discussed in Nurse Drew's booklet "Hygiene for Women"—free from any chemist. If you prefer, write direct to

NURSE DREW, VICTORIA HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1

RENDELLS

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE PRODUCTS

APPROVED BY DOCTORS ★ SOLD BY CHEMISTS

sectarian institution which came into existence some seventy-three years ago.

During the past century there have been diggings on over eighty important sites scattered all the way from Dan in the north to Beersheba in the south. Twenty-four of them have been in and around Jerusalem. Of particular interest are the discoveries made by Mr. John W. Crowfoot, late head of the British School of Archæology, on Mount Ophel, a gentle slope running up from the Pool of Siloam to the present southern walls of the city. This is the site of the City of David, the great stronghold which he captured from the Jebusites.

Here were discovered a group of rock-hewn chambers. The most important of them contain a room over thirty feet in length and about fifteen feet in height. The enormous proportions of these chambers and the fact that they were laboriously hewn out of the living rock have led many scholars to conclude that they were the burial places of the Kings of Judah. A massive gateway was also uncovered which has been identified as the Valley Gate mentioned in Nehemiah. Here was found a street which led from the Temple to the Pool of Siloam. It was lined with houses, many still well preserved, with fine mosaic floors. The remains of a church was found, built in the very early centuries to commemorate the incident of the blind man healed by Christ. There can scarcely be a doubt that Christ and His disciples passed through this gateway and along this very street, and that it was the scene of the healing of the man who was born blind, as recorded in St. John's Gospel.

Where did Sodom and Gomorrah stand, those cities of the plain which were destroyed by fire because of their wickedness? Some think they lie buried beneath the waters of the Dead Sea. The toilers at the potash works recently established at the southern end of this remarkable sheet of water have named their camp Sodom, in the belief that it marks the site of the lost city. But Father Mallon, of the Pontifical Biblical Institute of Jerusalem, believes he has found the site of Sodom so closely associated with Lot. It stood at the north-eastern corner of the Dead Sea and Father Mallon stumbled across it by accident. He was on a Biblical excursion in this region when his attention was attracted by some pieces of pottery and glass.

Excavation revealed the existence of an ancient town. Whole streets were excavated and inside the remains of the dwellings were found circular granaries, or silos, where corn and other dried goods were kept. Some of the dwellings boast of beautiful parquet pattern flooring made of fine stones regularly arranged. One can still detect the hearths or ovens where the bread was baked. There were mills for grinding corn, stone mortars, vases and pottery articles of every description—everything, in fact, of an imperishable nature necessary for the furnishing of a human habitation.

THERE were plates, dishes, lovely vases, awls and bodkins, tacks and pins fashioned of bone and combs for weaving. In a tomb were found several pieces of jewellery consisting of really beautiful and artistic necklaces and bracelets. Ashes were found everywhere and the stones were cracked by great heat, evidence that the city was destroyed by fire.

At Gaza, Sir Flinders Petrie found palaces with tiled bathrooms and running water, as well as quantities of chased jewellery. The oldest of the palaces dates back to about 3000 B.C. The jewellery, dating in some cases to 2000 B.C., include bracelets, necklaces, and armlets wrought in pure gold, and elaborately chased. Few realise how much Biblical archæology owes to Sir Flinders. He solved the problem of the Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings of Egypt, found inscriptions in Sinai written to the order of Moses, and has told us a lot about the Hittites.

Samaria, the ancient capital of the northern kingdom of Israel, has been the scene of very interesting finds. Not only has the palace of Ahab been uncovered but in the treasury were found inscriptions in ancient Hebrew script written upon jars of wine and

One Hundred Years of Biblical Archaeology

oil. The name of the owner is given as well as the place from whence the oil and wine came. "Tell," or "vineyard of the tell" is mentioned many times, as if it were of importance and well known. No vineyard was so well known or coveted as the vineyard of Naboth and some scholars think this is the vineyard referred to. In the palace were found not only many ivory articles, but thousands of pieces of broken ivory evidently used for adorning the walls of the palace.

While the excavator is thus confirming the truth of the Bible historically, he is also incidentally correcting translators' errors which have crept into the narrative. In the private apartments of the palace at Samaria where Jezebel dwelt were found toilet boxes and smashed and corroded jewellery, evidently used as tiaras. We read in Kings how Jezebel "painted her face and tired her head." What she really did was "tiaraed" her head.

At Beisan, in the valley of Jezreel, have been found the remains of some of the earliest Canaanitish temples yet discovered, including the one on which the Philistines hung the armour of Saul. On the site of Megiddo well-built stables for some 3,000 horses, together with space for chariots and grooms, have been found. The Bible tells us how Solomon built chariot cities for his horses, and Megiddo was one of them.

At the northern end of the Sea of Galilee excavators have uncovered the site of Capernaum and the remains of a very early synagogue there which no doubt occupied the site of the one built by the centurion mentioned in the gospels, as well as the remains of two Christian churches built in the early part of the fourth century which had been destroyed and their very sites forgotten. These two Christian edifices marked, respectively, the spot where Christ stood when He performed the miracle of feeding the five thousand, and the other the place where He appeared to the disciples after the resurrection. By the altar in the former church, known as the Church of the Multiplication of the Loaves and Fishes, was found an interesting mosaic depicting a basket of loaves and two fishes.

Particularly interesting are the excavations carried out on the site of Lachish by the late Mr. J. L. Starkey on behalf of the Wellcome-Marston Archæological Expedition. Lachish was an important fortress city of the new Israelite nation, lying halfway between Hebron and the coast. It is mentioned several times in the Bible and also in the Tel-el-Amarna tablets.

The excavations at Lachish will ever be famous for the inscriptions found on ewers and bowls and for a series of seventeen letters or fragments of letters bearing Bible names. These letters are written in ink, with a reed pen, on potsherds in early Hebrew characters. They were found in the burnt debris on the floor of the guard-room immediately inside the outer city gates. They appear to be incoming letters from signal stations or outposts subservient to Lachish, and are thought to cover only a very short period of time—perhaps three or four weeks. They relate to the period immediately preceding the destruction of the city by the forces of Nebuchadnezzar in 588–587 B.C., and they definitely identify the mound as the site of Lachish and contain twenty-three personal names mentioned in the Bible, including that of Jeremiah.

The inscribed articles and the letters are evidence that the art of writing was known and practised at the time of the entry of the Israelites into the land. Indeed, the use of alphabetical writing has been shown by archæological research during recent years to have been much older than was generally supposed. Speaking on this point, Sir Flinders Petrie says: "Common Syrian workmen were familiar with the art of writing in 1500 B.C., and finally disprove the hypothesis that the Israelites could not have used writing."

END

The First Biscuit Shop

When great-grandmamma was sweet seventeen she probably bought her biscuits from Mr. Carr. He invented the machine which made them, the forerunner of the vast modern appliances Carr's use today in their great modern factory.

People who still prefer the very best ask for

CARR'S TABLE WATER BISCUITS

Crisp, Light, Nourishing and Delicious

MADE ONLY BY

Carr's of Carlisle

Carr's of INVENTORS OF BISCUIT MAKING 1831 Carlisle

© C522

Was there ever a "golden age"? Doubtless early civilizations — the "garden state" of the poets — had their own afflictions; but at least they escaped the nervous strain of our own over-complex lives.

Nerve *versus* Nerves –yesterday and today

The carefree, open-air life of olden days bred perfect health and strong nerves. To-day we live in sterner times, yet good health, more than ever before, is the national duty of every citizen. If the strain, the extra work, the many difficulties of a wartime existence are leaving you over-tired and run-down, it is an unmistakable sign that your nerves lack the essential organic phosphorus and protein without which you cannot possibly stand up to life in these strenuous times.

It is, in fact, an unmistakable sign that you need a course of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food. 'Sanatogen' is not merely a temporary stimulant; it gives lasting benefit because it *feeds* the nerves and blood and restores lost energy and vitality.

'SANATOGEN'

NERVE-TONIC FOOD

Obtainable from all chemists in tins, 12/1½, 6/6 and 2/6½ (Including Tax).

The Registered Trade Mark 'SANATOGEN' applied to Nerve-Tonic Food, denotes a brand of casein and sodium glycerophosphate chemically combined by Genatosan Limited, the proprietors of the Trade Mark.

From the Land o' Burns

TEMPLETON'S

"AYR" WOOLS

Ideal for home knitting—most good wool shops stock "Ayr" Wools in shades and qualities to suit all purposes. The outstanding merits of "Ayr" Wools are known at home and abroad—and there is nothing better for personal wear or service comforts.

Ask for "AYR" Wools at your favourite wool store.

JAMES TEMPLETON & SON, LTD.
Worsted Spinners : AYR : SCOTLAND

As cosy as ever,

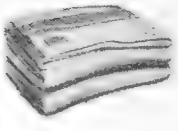
but harder to get now.

Scenes like this have been happening for nearly 300 years . . . Ever since 1670 England's luckiest brides have had Early's blankets bought for their trousseau by England's wisest mothers!

It is not so easy now of course. Earlywarm Blankets are as cosy and comforting as ever—but just now in short supply. We hope you may have the good fortune to secure a pair.

EARLYWARM

for Lasting Warmth



ALL WOOL
WITNEY BLANKETS

CHARLES EARLY & CO LTD., Witney Mills Oxfordshire.

AN ECONOMY TIP

for polishing shoes

When cleaning shoes remember—a little cream goes a long way. That's important now that all dressings are becoming less plentiful. And here's another first-class tip. You should use Meltonian WHITE Cream for your coloured shoes if you find difficulty in getting dressings of the correct shade. Apply just a smear with a clean rag and rub well in. Up comes the shine—lovely and lasting.

Meltonian Cream

MELTONIAN WHITE CREAM
for polished leather of any *colour*

Parachutes and Battle-axes

(*Continued from page* 20)

over the crest of the woods to where the Grange lay tucked in a horseshoe of rising ground, the wailing sound of sirens broke the autumn stillness.

There was a thunderous noise of engines away to his right, and as he shaded his eyes against the sun he saw the Hurricanes coming up in threes off the drome and gaining height in a series of widening spirals.

Then he saw the German bombers coming in from the sea.

Half a dozen of them, trying to sneak in below the protective screen of Hurricanes and flying straight for the drome.

He looked back at the Grange, and could make out a group of girl guides, standing among some white patches on the lawns—tablecloths, he supposed—and pointing to the sky.

HIS daughter was pointing, too, and he was prepared to bet that she was instructing them as to what type of planes the huns were flying.

And there was Teddy, dancing about on the lawns with sheer excitement.

They ought to be in the cellars, the whole lot of them, thought the earl with sudden anxiety, and realised his helplessness in the matter.

He turned back to the south, and saw that in those few brief moments the whole sky scene had changed.

The Hurricanes had broken formation and hurled themselves on the German bombers, which had scattered like a colony of rats attacked by terriers.

Already four of the huns were flying out to sea, and as they went the earl saw some little black dots fall from beneath them, and heard the dull detonations as the bombs hit the water, sending up fountains of surf.

The fifth German plane was falling in flames on to the sand dunes.

And the sixth?

Where was the sixth?

Then the earl saw it.

It came out of a patch of fleecy cloud above the end of the valley, and the urgent note of an overstressed engine came down to him on the gentle wind. The bomber was flying straight up the valley, and from the corner of his eye the earl could see a commotion on the lawns of the Grange as the party turned for the house.

Even in the excitement of the moment he observed with a pang of sympathetic feeling a brown creature, absurdly small at that distance, waddling towards one of the deserted cloths on the grass.

"Bruce, you old fool," he muttered. "You *know* what happens when you eat cake."

Then he saw a lone Hurricane come sweeping out of a mighty circle to zoom down on the fleeing hun like an avenging thunderbolt.

There was a staccato rattle of machine guns, and the thump of cannon from the rear guns of the bomber.

The German plane faltered in its flight, twisted, and bucketed upwards, then slid back on its tail and, turning almost directly above his head, plunged down with a roar like an express train, shedding a struggling figure that blossomed out into a floating parachutist far overhead.

There was a terrific explosion that shook the earl off his feet, and as he scrambled up again he found himself trembling like an old war-horse.

The bomber had fallen on to the railway track in the valley and had blown itself and the track to pieces.

The Hurricane was in difficulties, too, and the earl saw it heading towards the moorland that stretched away behind him to the west.

"Good boy," he muttered. "Good boy." The plane wouldn't cause any damage if it crashed there.

Then it, too, gave up its occupant, who came floating down towards the earl.

But the earl's mind was on the railway track.

He looked at his watch, then back at the lawns of the Grange.

Thank goodness the party were out again.

Laying his gun on the grass, the earl cupped his hands about his mouth and let out a tremendous "Coo-ee"—a call that he had practised with Teddy on many of their excursions.

But Teddy, in common with his mother and the girl guides, and apparently Parker, McTavish, Uncle Tom Cobley and all, were gazing up at the two parachutes.

The earl tried again.

"Coo-ee-ee-ee . . ."

Ah! Teddy had heard him.

The earl waved his handkerchief frantically, and was rewarded by seeing Teddy grab his mother's arm and point up over the woods to where his grandfather was making urgent gestures on the hill.

Hurriedly fumbling in his pockets, the earl produced another handkerchief that he had failed to consign to the soiled linen basket.

Grasping one in each hand and shaking them out loosely, the earl began to dictate a message in semaphore.

He could see Teddy searching his pockets for pencil and paper, and repeated the message twice, just to make sure. Then his grandson signalled "message received," and disappeared into the house with Parker.

The earl hoped the explosion hadn't affected the telephone wires.

He returned his attention to the parachutists.

The hun was nearly down. It looked uncommonly as if he was going to come down . . . by jove! He *was* going to come down on the lawns of the Grange.

The party was scattering again.

Perhaps he was armed.

The earl nearly wept with impotence. What good was he doing up here! He ought to be down there to greet the swine with the business end of a gun.

Ah! Mary was having the sense to get the guides into the house.

The hun was nearly down.

Then the parachute crumpled and fell loosely on to the grass.

The earl saw the man cast off the harness and scramble to his feet just by the terrace.

Was that a revolver in his hand? Please, God, the fool wouldn't show fight in a hostile country.

He was walking towards the terrace now.

The earl craned forward in excitement as he caught sight of something stalking the hun across the grass, then literally danced on the turf.

"Good old Bruce!" he yelled. "Stick him, boy! Stick him!"

Then he saw the dog take a lumbering run and a jump—and he could almost hear the hun yelp with pain.

Bruce was hanging from his buttocks, and he spun round to deal with this attack from an unexpected quarter.

As he turned, the earl observed Parker crossing the terrace in portly haste with what appeared to be a battle-axe, borrowed, the earl presumed, from the collection of ancestral trophies that decorated the hall.

"Good god!" squeaked the earl. "He's going to cleave him. Hi! Parker!" he yelled.

The hun subsided on the terrace steps, and the earl fervently hoped that Parker had used the flat of the axe rather than its business edge. The whole affair would otherwise be too much of an anachronism. Parachutes and battle-axes, forsooth!

The earl had almost forgotten the Hurricane pilot, and a hail from overhead made him flinch like a startled horse.

He looked upwards to see the parachutist drifting down towards the woods.

As he passed, the earl's eyes almost visibly bulged.

Douglas Barlow waved a cheery greeting. "Looks as if I'm going to get wet," he bellowed—and (*Continued on page* 64)

No matter how sadly you despair of the dullness of your teeth, you will soon be proud of their gleam and sparkle—if you use Irium. Irium is Pepsodent's newly-discovered cleanser—and it *is* a cleanser! That's why Pepsodent dissolves surface stains and treacherous little hidden particles, keeps your mouth scrupulously clean and fresh. Change to Pepsodent! See how quickly *your* teeth can look brighter and healthier than ever before!

PEPSODENT
THE *IRIUM* DENTIFRICE

205-E-B

"We shall not flag or fail, we shall go on to the end. We shall fight on the seas and oceans, we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air. We shall defend our Island, whatever the cost may be; we shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills. We shall never surrender."
RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.

Builders of Democracy

How can we praise Churchill—adequately? For he is the centre of our hopes, the symbol of our determination, the spearhead of our ever-growing power, which will bring down the mediæval tyranny of Hitler to the ground. When the smoke of battle has cleared away we shall see even more clearly how much the whole world owes to him. *His example has inspired free men to stand fast for their freedom against Nazidom.* What greater praise could there be?

Issued by the manufacturers of

J. B. LEWIS AND SONS LIMITED NOTTINGHAM ESTABLISHED 1815

MERIDIAN
DOUBLE LOCK

SUPPLIERS TO THE WHOLESALE TRADE

PRICES of Weston *BISCUITS*

Semi-sweet Biscuits: (Marie, Osborne, Arrowroot, etc.)	9D.	per pound
Sweet short-eating Biscuits: (Katrine, Nice, Shortcake, etc.)	10D.	per pound
Jam Sandwich Biscuits:	10D.	per pound
Unsweetened Biscuits: (Fine Water, Thin Lunch, etc.)	8D.	per pound
Cream Crackers - - - -	10D.	per pound
Clix Wafers - - - - -	1/-	per pound

Although you want the best quality biscuits there is no need to pay high prices for them. Weston Biscuits are as good as biscuits can be, but they are very reasonable in cost as you see by the list above. Buy them for goodness, buy them for economy. And if you cannot always get them, remember that demand is greater than supply, even though our four factories are working night and day.

The finest possible biscuits at the lowest possible price

Look for the price on the tin, but do not blame the Grocer if the tin is empty.

WESTON BISCUIT CO. LTD., SLOUGH, EDINBURGH, NEWPORT, BELFAST

Coughs, Colds & Kiddies

Some words of motherly advice by Nurse E. Cavendish, the Authority on Children's Ailments

It is no exaggeration to say that at least half of the coughs and colds caught by kiddies could be avoided. Many mothers make the mistake of coddling their children instead of taking care of them. Too many bedclothes are as bad, if not worse, than too few. Fresh air never hurt any one — but sleeping or playing in a stale atmosphere, especially with other children, is a common source of colds and infection.

The children who suffer least from colds and coughs are those who enjoy these few simple conditions:

1. The minimum of clothing to ensure even warmth.
2. Unlimited fresh air. 3. Freedom from constipation.

The fact remains, however, that despite experienced care an occasional cold is almost inevitable. The only thing we can do is to be prepared for it when it comes.

MAKE YOUR OWN COUGH MIXTURE

Here is a real old-fashioned remedy for Coughs and Colds, easily made up at home and ideal for children because they like its pleasant taste.

Heat half a pint of water to which you add one ounce of Parmint (Double Strength) which is made up from ten of the most healing and soothing ingredients, and is obtainable from any chemist. You may sweeten the mixture to your own taste with any one of the following: a little sugar, or one or two spoonfuls of syrup or juice from jam or tinned fruit. The mixture brings immediate results from the most stubborn coughs and colds. Dosage: Children, 8–12 years, 1 dessertspoonful; 4–8 years, 1 teaspoonful; adults, 1 tablespoonful—each four times a day. Cut out this recipe to remind you of the dosage and the simple method of preparation.

Suits child or adult

Here's a laxative for young or old, for the strong or the delicate. Lixen is thoroughly effective in action and, at the same time, so gentle as to be quite safe even for children. Made from senna pods, Lixen doesn't 'gripe' or irritate. *And* it is pleasant to take!

Lixen Elixir is the palatable liquid in bottles, 1/2, 2/-, 3/6.
Lixen Lozenges, fruit flavoured, 8½d., 1/2.
Plus Purchase Tax.

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

LIXEN

THE GOOD-NATURED *Laxative*

L50A

disappeared over the trees on a downward slant to the valley.

The earl grabbed his gun and plunged into the woods.

He came out at the foot of them in time to see young Barlow scrambling out of the stream on the other side of the railway lines, and ran across to help him.

"By Jove! You're pretty wet," said the earl, who was not unobservant. "You'd better come up to the house right away."

Together they hurried past the mill, which, except for some missing tiles, seemed to have escaped the blast of the explosion, and came past the lodge at a run.

TEDDY was the first to see them, and bolted with a screech of triumph to his grandfather.

Phyllis was a good second, and flinging herself into young Barlow's arms she squeezed him so hard, the earl observed, that he oozed water.

"Oh, *Douglas*," she cried. "You *are* wet. Come and get some dry clothes quickly, or you'll catch your death of cold." And she hurried him into the house.

"Ha!" said the earl. "Very satisfactory. Happy landings, and all that." He turned to his grandson. "Well, Teddy," he said, placing an affectionate arm round his shoulders, "did you read the message all right?"

"Every word of it, grandpa. I went straight in, and Parker rang up the stationmaster, and I told him what you said." The boy gave a little skip of excitement. "Then, a few minutes after, grandpa, he rang back again and said they'd managed to stop the down express just in time. He's coming up to see you this evening, to thank you, personally."

"H'm," said the earl. "Looks like being a brisk evening."

Mary, he observed, was approaching them rapidly.

"Are you all right, father?" she asked.

"Quite all right, thank you, m'dear," said the earl. "Just a little stiff in the arms, perhaps, after my old-fashioned and undignified bout of signalling."

His daughter, he noticed, had the grace to blush. "I'm just off with the guides to see the wreckage of the Junkers," she said.

Mary disappeared in the wake of her guides, and the earl crossed the lawns to where Parker was apparently in the act of handing over the hun pilot to a Home Guard officer.

Parachutes and Battle-axes

"You didn't kill him, then, Parker?" said the earl jovially.

"Er—no, my lord," said the butler. "I deemed it advisable to apply the flat of the axe to his skull. I did not wish to discompose the party of young ladies."

The earl chuckled. "Where *is* Teddy?" he asked, and returned the salute of the officer as he departed with his prisoner.

"I believe he has gone indoors, my lord, to question Pilot Officer Barlow about his experience. And if you can dispense with my services for the moment, my lord, I will go and lay out some dry clothes for the young gentleman."

"Of course, of course," said the earl. "And tell him we are expecting him to stay to dinner, will you. Oh! And, Parker, put out some drinks in the library. I am expecting the stationmaster."

"Certainly, my lord," said the butler, and mounted the steps to the terrace.

The earl perceived that he was alone.

"Parker!" he called.

The butler reappeared at the door.

"Where's Bruce?" asked the earl.

"Oh, yes, my lord. Lady Mary asked me to tell you that in the excitement of the battle, as it were, the dog approached the picnic teas and ate a large quantity of cake."

"I knew it," moaned the earl. "Where's the old fool now?"

"Well, my lord," said Parker, thoughtfully, "judging by recent subdued sounds in the shrubbery I should say he has now made what restitution lies in his power. Will that be all, my lord?"

"I hope so," said the earl, and turned sorrowfully to the shrubbery. "Bruce," he called in wheedling tones.

The leaves of a laurel bush parted to reveal a face in which shame and relief were nicely mixed. Then, noting that the lawns were deserted except for the reproachful figure of his lord and master, Bruce shed his shame and paddled across the grass, his stern rocking a mute apologia.

He observed a fist being shaken beneath his snub nose.

"You wicked old reprobate," said the earl. "How many times have I told you not to eat cake?"

Bruce rolled on to his back with his four paws in the air, his dewlaps hanging open and permitting him to slobber with untrammelled joy as the fifth Earl of Castlecombe tickled his stomach.

END

Wings Over the Ocean

(*Continued from page* 13)

the stern at the attendant destroyer, following a little to one side of the carrier's wake. It is her job to rescue any pilots who may crash into the sea when attempting to land.

The captain has his binoculars focused on some tiny specks in the sky astern. He lowers the glasses and picks up a telephone.

"Show the affirmative," he says.

On the after-end of the bridge superstructure a giant shutter revolves slowly and the red cross of the affirmative flag glints in the sun's rays as it slides into position.

The sound of the engines grows louder until suddenly the planes are over the ship, wheeling and circling, taking up their landing formation.

The leader breaks off and flies once over the deck before straightening out and approaching from astern in a shallow, steady dive. He crosses the stern ten feet from the deck and cuts out his engine.

It is a perfect landing. The aircraft comes to rest level with the bridge and the squadron leader waves a salute to the men waiting to push his machine back towards the lifts. Three minutes later he is in the hangar and the lift is once more ascending to deck-level. The signal is made for the next aircraft to land.

The captain watches anxiously. He has never been a pilot himself, but he can appreciate the strain of landing for the first time on an operational carrier.

There are no accidents. Within half an hour the whole squadron has landed and the aircraft, their wings folded back on the fuselage, are safely stowed in the hangar.

THE captain is looking over the forward screen of the bridge. He can see the great expanse of the flight deck and the wicked-looking muzzles of the multiple pom-poms, cocked towards the sky. He feels immensely proud to be in command of this mighty ship.

The navigator speaks to him from the chart table.

"Time to alter to the eastward, sir."

"All right, pilot, bring her round will you?"

As the bows swing slowly to starboard and the ship heels slightly to port, the captain beckons a waiting signalman.

"Make to the C.-in.-C.: 'Operation Georgia commenced.'"

The message is passed down to the wireless office for coding and the captain speaks into a voice-pipe. "Twenty knots."

The ship vibrates a little at the increase in speed and the water piles up into a green foam on either side (*Continued on page* 66)

If you are not as fortunate as this *Anglepoise* owner we are sorry

—but these fine lamps are now very scarce

IF you have an Anglepoise Lamp, treasure it, as only by hard searching in the shops will you be able to come across another. They are playing their part elsewhere—which explains their scarcity. So we ask for your patience.

A Terry's Anglepoise Lamp is one of the pleasures in store for happier days ahead—with its 1,001 angles, responsive to the lightest finger-touch, throwing its clear, shadowless light on the object, book or work *and not in the user's eyes*... a lamp well worth waiting for.

Sole Makers: Pat. all countries.

HERBERT TERRY & SONS, Ltd., Redditch

London, Manchester, Birmingham

TERRY *Anglepoise* LAMP

McVITIE & PRICE
High Class Biscuits

Quantities, owing to the shortage of important ingredients, are somewhat limited, but are being distributed equitably throughout the country. The public can obtain supplies only through retail shops and stores.

D.A.151.

Why, that's a needle in a haystack!

All we need now is some wool—Lavenda if we can get it. You may have to look for it, but there never was a wool so well worth looking for.

Lavenda

FIRTH VICKERS
"STAYBRITE"
REG. TRADE MARK
SUPER STAINLESS STEEL

Ideal table equipment in these servantless days

Owing to the large demand we are at present greatly restricted as regards the purpose for which these steels can be supplied.

FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD. SHEFFIELD

R A F
BENEVOLENT FUND
NEEDS £3,000,000

and invites 3,000,000 people to send £1 each—more if possible, less if not.

To help those disabled while flying and the dependants of those killed.

To help all Royal Air Force casualties and to assist their dependants.

To help where younger members of the R.A.F. have had to cut short their business training or education, by trying to make good such loss.

To help the sick and suffering and distressed.

WILL YOU HELP TO-DAY?

Please send donations to:—
LORD RIVERDALE or BERTRAM T. RUMBLE, HON. SEC., R.A.F. BENEVOLENT FUND, 1 SLOANE ST., S.W.1.
Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to The Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund.

This space has been donated by the Proprietors of STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES.

of the bows as they are driven forward.

The wail of a bosun's pipe sounds above the loudspeakers, followed by the crisp, clear tones of the commander.

"Hands will go to action stations in two hours' time!"

Ahead of them the sky is blue and cloudless.

The aircraft are being ranged on the flight-deck. They stand in tight formation, their wings overlapping, the airscrews turning slowly. The mechanics pick their way warily from one machine to another. One false step might mean death, surrounded as they are by revolving propellers.

Now the last aircraft is ascending slowly on the lift. It is wheeled out to its place and the wings are pushed forward and locked into position.

The waiting pilot climbs into the cockpit and moves the control column to test his ailerons and elevators. He glances over his instruments, turns on the main petrol control switch and gives the "thumbs up" to his mechanic, who returns the signal and steps back.

The pilot presses the self-starter and the engine roars into life. The machine strains forward against the chocks as the throttle is gradually pushed open.

The mechanic runs round to the tail and leans all his weight on it as the pilot opens up the engine to its full capacity. His overalls are pressed hard against his body by the slipstream.

Satisfied, the pilot closes the throttle and once more signals that everything is ready for the take-off.

The officer in charge passes a message by telephone to the bridge.

"All ready on the flight deck."

The captain looks over the back of the bridge. He can see the assembled machines, each with its torpedoes slung under the fuselage, and the pilots sitting in the cockpits. In three hours, he thinks, it will all be over; the new squadron will have had its baptism of fire.

He hopes they will all come back. He turns to the commander who is standing beside him. "Begin flying off in twenty minutes," he says.

IN the rest-room below the bridge the observers are checking over their courses and listening to last minute advice from their senior officer. He wishes them good luck and they file out on to the flight deck, each with his map stuffed into the knee-pocket of his flying-suit and carrying a plotting-board in his hand. They climb into the rear cockpits of their respective aircraft and watch the gunner as he tests his weapon.

At last all preparations are complete and there is quiet for a time except for the steady low-pitched drone of the engines.

On the bridge the captain holds a stop-watch. He walks aft and raises his hand. A few seconds later he lowers it and the officer in charge waves the first machine into position for the take-off.

Two mechanics lie flat on the deck, holding ropes attached to chocks in front of the wheels. At a signal from the pilot they pull the chocks away and roll clear.

The aircraft leaps forward with the throttle wide open. There is a roar as it flashes past the bridge and then it is over the end of the deck, sinking slightly before it begins to gain height and climb steeply away to the left. Once more there is a deafening roar as another gathers speed before the wheels leave the deck. With the appearance of being locked together they fly over the ship waiting for the next flight to form up.

Soon the whole squadron is in the air.

The captain picks up the telephone and passes an order to the flight deck.

"Prepare for landing on."

They are flying above the clouds. The conditions are perfect. They seem to be entirely alone, cut off from the rest of the world, up here above these gently moving snow-white peaks.

They fly like this for forty minutes. Then, quite suddenly, through a gap in the clouds,

they see their target—three merchant ships with an escort of four destroyers.

The squadron leader gives the signal to climb. It must be an important convoy to have an escort of that size, he thinks. With his altimeter showing fifteen thousand feet, he straightens out. For a few minutes they continue to fly on a straight course and then turn through nearly a hundred and eighty degrees.

Now they are on the same course as the convoy. The leader signals the squadron to form into attacking formation and they drop back into echelon, leaving the leader nearest the convoy.

The observer of the first aircraft leans forward and taps his pilot on the shoulder. With his other hand he points downwards. He estimates they are directly over the convoy. The pilot raises his hand in acknowledgment and presses the control column forward. The nose of the aircraft drops below the horizon and they go into a steep dive.

The rest of the squadron see the tail of the leading machine tilt upwards and know that the attack has begun.

The pilot of the second machine holds his breath as he begins his dive. The last time he had done this the target was an old English yacht and the torpedoes had been dummies. Over the top of his windscreen he can just see the leader dropping away in front of him. He realises he is slightly behind and pushes the throttle open. The airspeed needle flickers round the dial and nudges the stop marking the maximum speed. They are good aeroplanes, he thinks.

THE clouds are stripped away like paper and there, below him, is the convoy, quite clear now in the brilliant sunlight. The needle of the altimeter is moving fast:

Two thousand . . .

One thousand and fifty . . .

The aircraft rocks as a shell bursts ahead of it and the pilot tightens his grip on the control column. He can hear nothing now except for a buzzing in his head. The sea is rushing up to meet him. He can see the small waves quite clearly, as they sparkle in the sunlight. Over his windscreen he sees the leader on a level with his own machine. He eases the throttle back and prepares to pull out of the dive. His feet are braced against the rudder bar, ready for the turn in to attack. He glances at the altimeter: one thousand . . . five hundred . . .

He pulls the stick back towards his stomach and presses his right foot forward. There is a gigantic weight pushing him down into the cockpit and then he is flying straight and level towards the convoy, forty feet above the surface of the sea. The water is so close that he feels that he can lean out of the cockpit and touch it.

The attack has been perfectly timed.

Now, he is almost over the destroyer. He can see the men on the bridge quite clearly.

Now, there is only the merchantman in front of him. It is low in the water and looks well laden. With one foot he pushes the rudder bar and slews his machine until the sights are on. Then he pulls the lever and feels the machine lift as the torpedo drops away from under it. He is laughing and singing as he sends the aircraft into a steep climbing turn, away from the target. He hardly notices when his observer taps him on the shoulder. The tap gives way to a definite punch and the pilot looks round. Following the observer's pointing finger, he sees a great cloud of black smoke coming from the centre of a merchant ship. She seems to be stopped and listing badly.

The pilot turns back to his controls and sings even more loudly.

On the bridge of the carrier the captain is studying the chart.

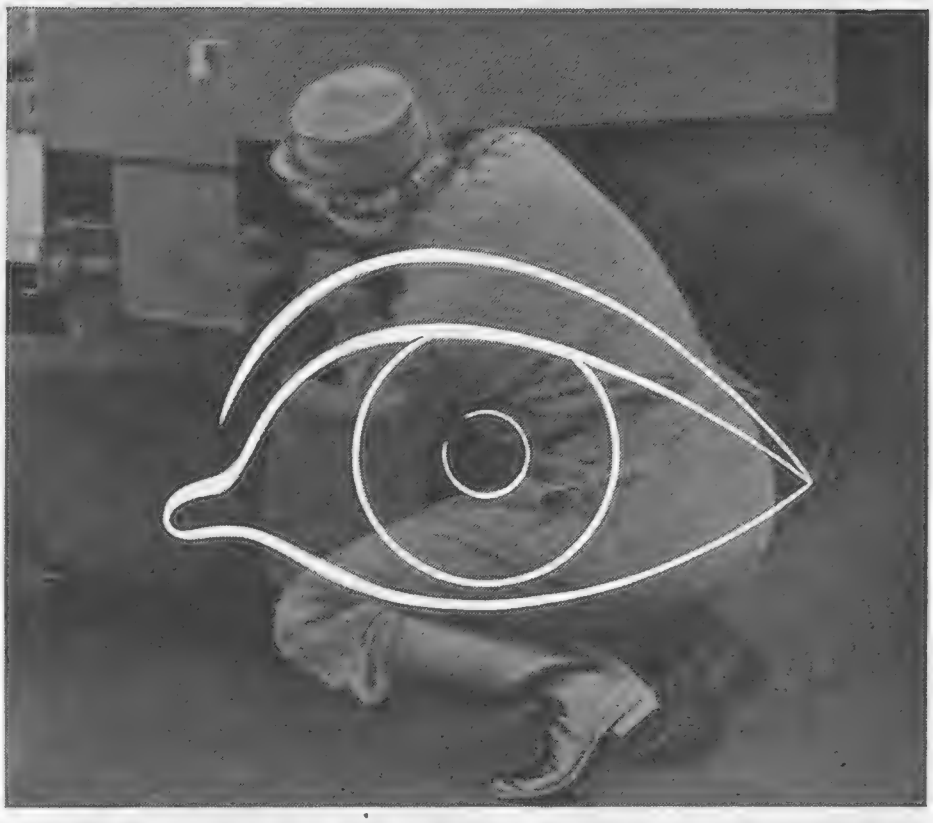
"They ought to be back by now," he says. His voice is anxious.

As he speaks a report from one of the lookouts comes through to the compass platform.

"Aircraft on the starboard beam."

The captain focuses his binoculars. He can just make out the shape of the fuselages.

"I think they are (*Continued on page* 68)



THE CARE OF THE EYES IN CIVIL DEFENCE

Written by a Civil Defence Worker and approved by Medical Authorities

In Civil Defence the eyes are liable to attacks from dirt, dust, germs and gas. Severe additional strains are imposed on the sight by working at night, without lights, under abnormal conditions.

HERE ARE A FEW USEFUL HINTS

(1) Never rub your eyes when they itch or water. You only aggravate the trouble.

(2) When you return from an incident, always bathe your eyes with an approved medicated lotion, in order to relieve strain and to remove all traces of germs and foreign matter. Many Civil Defence workers are finding that the daily use of a good eye lotion keeps their eyes healthy and comfortable.

(3) Your diet must have sufficient Vitamin A. This is supplied by Cod Liver Oil, Halibut Liver Oil, carrots and other foodstuffs.
(See Ministry of Health's Recommendations.)

(4) If you have the slightest doubt regarding the efficiency of your sight consult a Qualified Practitioner immediately.

ISSUED BY THE MAKERS OF OPTREX (Brand) EYE LOTION IN THE INTEREST OF OCULAR HYGIENE.

Optrex is sold by all Chemists at 2/3 (with free eye bath) and 3/11 (without eye bath). Prices include Purchase Tax.

Optrex Ltd., Wadsworth Road, Perivale, Middlesex.

More flavour . . .
. . More nourishment
MORE SOUP FOR YOUR MONEY

POULTON & NOEL'S VEGETABLE SOUP
is so highly concentrated that it should be diluted with at least an equal amount of water

★

Try also their new Kidney and Oxtail Soups

POULTON & NOEL'S VEGETABLE SOUP

only 6½D per tin

· MAKERS OF HIGHLY CONCENTRATED SOUPS ·

PNO 73-25-100 POULTON & NOEL LTD., SOUTHALL, MIDDLESEX

CHILDREN HAVE NO SAY...

. . . as to whether they shall be born. All responsible couples wish for the number of family which they can raise, educate and shield from hardship.

Regd. TRADE MARK **GYNOMIN** Pronounced GUY-NO-MIN

ANTISEPTIC TABLETS Brand

Known for 25 years as SPETON. Absolutely safe : no quinine or irritant. *Endorsed by the Medical Profession.* British made and British owned exclusively by Coates & Cooper Ltd., Northwood, Middx. *Free on request, in plain sealed envelope, Brochure BE.7.—"Planned Parenthood."*

OF ALL CHEMISTS – ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES

Wings Over the Ocean

ours," he says. A few seconds later a lamp flashes from one of the planes.

The yeoman of signals steps up to the captain.

"Correct recognition signal, sir."

The captain smiles. "Good," he says, "turn into wind, pilot."

Innumerable pairs of eyes watch anxiously as the machines come closer. There is an audible sigh of relief as it is seen that none is missing.

IN the wardroom that night there is a party. The toast is "Y" Squadron. After dinner someone turns on the news.

". . . Aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm torpedoed and sank two heavily laden supply ships this afternoon. All our aircraft returned safely. . . ."

The squadron leader picks up his glass and beams down the table at his men.

"No one would believe it," he says, "but that must be us!"

END

If You Can't Talk Turkey

(*Continued from page 45*)

Chestnut Stuffing. 3 cups boiled chestnuts (skinned) ; 1 cup fresh breadcrumbs ; 1 oz. margarine (melted) ; pinch sugar ; salt and pepper ; milk to moisten.

Sieve the chestnuts and mix with the other dry ingredients and the margarine. Moisten with milk.

Veal Forcemeat. 1 breakfastcup fresh breadcrumbs ; 2 oz. chopped suet ; 1 teaspoonful parsley (chopped fine) ; 1 teaspoonful mixed herbs ; dash of lemon flavouring ; a little milk ; pepper, salt, dash of nutmeg.

Mix all together, using enough milk to moisten.

Quick Christmas Pudding. Just in case you have not made a pudding in advance, here is one which can be made on the day itself.

1 breakfastcupful each of breadcrumbs, milk, fruit (sultanas, currants, raisins—whatever you have) ; 2 tablespoonfuls sago ; 1 teaspoonful mixed spice ; 1 teaspoonful sugar ; 1 teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda ; 1 teacupful finely grated carrots.

Soak sago in milk for one to two hours. Mix all ingredients together, making a very liquid consistency. Tie down in a greased bowl and steam three or four hours. Serve with a well-flavoured sauce.

Victory Christmas Cake. 10 oz. of self-raising flour ; 3 oz. margarine ; 3 oz. sugar ; 2 oz. golden syrup or treacle ; 3 oz. cooked mashed carrot ; 4 oz. of dried fruit (any kind of fruit, more if it can be spared) ; 1 teaspoonful of dried orange peel, grated ; ½ teaspoonful mixed spice ; ½ teaspoonful cinnamon ; a few drops of almond or other savoury essence ; 1 teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda ; 4 tablespoonfuls of the liquid in which the carrots were cooked.

Cream the margarine and sugar very thoroughly. Well mash together the golden syrup and the mashed carrot. Beat together the four ingredients in the same way as you would beat eggs. Add the flour, spices, orange peel and fruit gradually, just lightly mixing them. Warm the milk and carrot water, add the flavouring essence and stir in the bicarbonate. Then immediately pour it into the cake mixture.

Blend thoroughly, to a soft, sticky dough, and put in a seven-inch-deep cake tin, lined with butter or margarine paper. You need a nice large tin, so that the cake has a good big surface. Smooth the top and make a hole in the centre with a mixing-spoon or the finger right down to the bottom of the cake tin. Bake in a slow oven for two hours at *Regulo Mark* 3.

You may coat the cake with chocolate. If you cannot get real chocolate for covering, put 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls of cup chocolate or cocoa, 2 tablespoonfuls of milk into a stout saucepan and stir over low heat until the mixture is thick and bubbling like toffee, then run it over cake.

END

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 31)

sugar, tea, and eggs powdered, through a gamut of goodies to a parcel which costs $5.90 for orange concentrate, grapefruit concentrate, eggs powdered, and dehydrated onions.

Parcels may only be sent at intervals, and there have already been questions about people receiving them. I have often wondered why Lord Woolton does not confiscate fifty per cent of each parcel sent, for free distribution in blitzed towns. The people who receive the parcels would be delighted to share them, and the people who send them would be enchanted to know that they were being used for a dual purpose.

A New Draped Yoke

(*Continued from page* 43)

RIGHT PIECE

Cast on 36 sts. Work 1st row p. and 2nd row k. Cast on 4 sts. at beg. of next row, and p. it.

4th row.—K. Continue in this manner, casting on 4 sts. at beg. of the p. rows until there are 92 sts. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of the p. rows until there are 72 sts. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are no sts. left. Work another piece the same, but start casting on at beg. of 2nd row (k.) to bring shaping to opposite edge, and continue to correspond.

THE SLEEVES (two alike)

With No. 11 needles, cast on 55 sts. Work the rib patt. for 3 ins. Change to No. 9 needles, and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 79 sts. Work straight until side seams are 17 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 96 sts. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 30 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side and sleeve seams. Run gathering threads along back shoulders and front top of rib to prevent stretching. Sew the "cast on 36 sts." edges of front yokes to front of bodice. Gather shoulders of front yokes, making the fullness at neck end of shoulder seam. Press ½ in. hem (not sew) down the neck edge of yokes. Gather the "cast on 4 sts." edges and sew bodice to these gathers. Sew one shoulder seam, and sew press studs to other shoulder. Sew in sleeves. Sew shoulder pads into shoulders.

This Jacket Takes No Coupons

(*Continued from page* 43)

17 ins. in patt., inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until 80 sts.

SHAPE THE TOP

Cast off 2 sts. at the beginning of every row until 20 sts. remain. Cast off.

THE COLLAR

With No. 10 needles cast on 84 sts. Rib 2½ ins., k. 1, p. 1. Cast off loosely.

THE POCKETS (two)

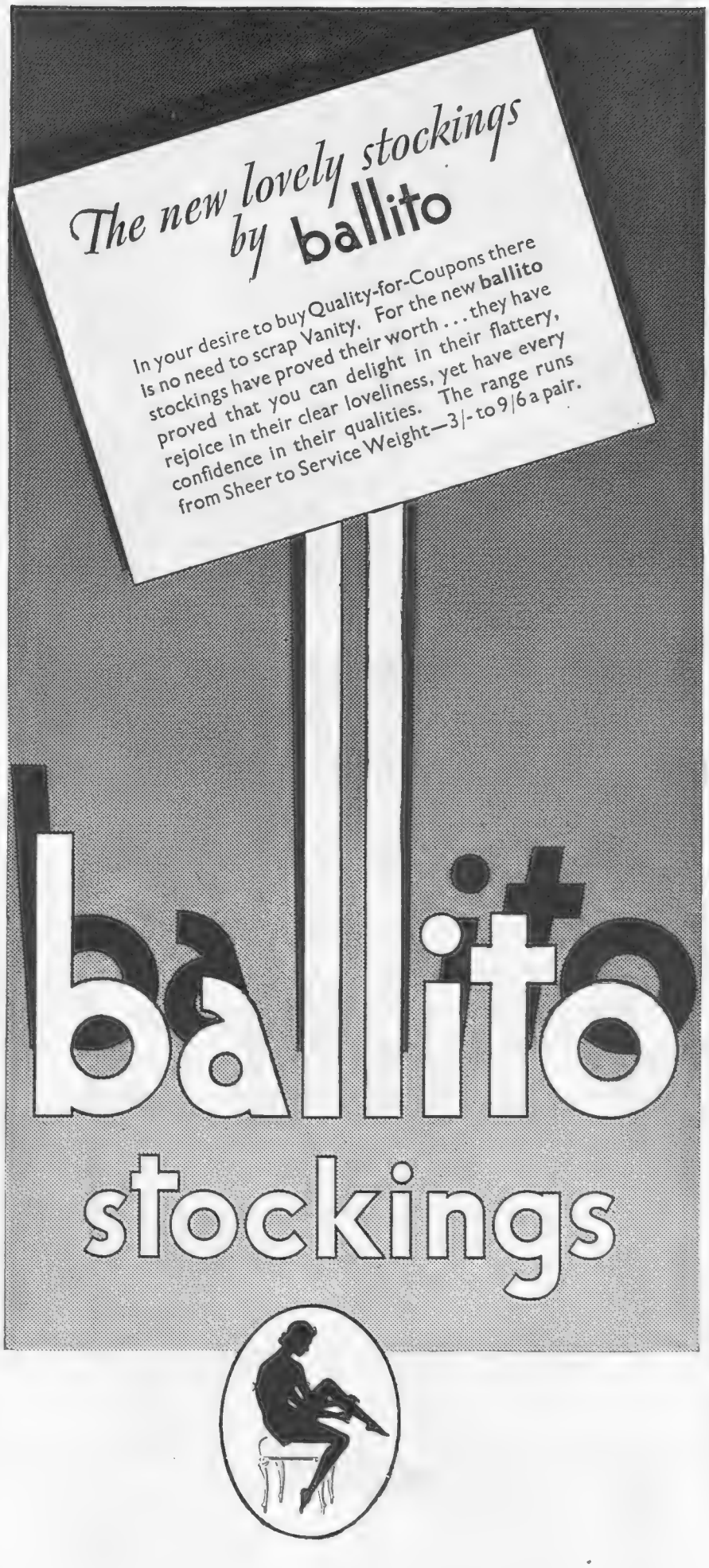
With No. 10 needles cast on 8 sts. Work in patt. for 3 ins., at the same time inc. 1 st. each end of every alternate row until 22 sts. Rib ½ in., k. 1, p. 1. Make a buttonhole. Rib 8 sts., cast off 6, rib 8 sts. **Next row.**—Rib 8 sts., cast on 6, rib 8 sts. Rib ½ in. Cast off.

THE FRONT STRIPS (two)

With No. 10 needles, cast on 10 sts. Rib 4 rows, k. 1, p. 1. Make a buttonhole. Rib 2 sts., cast off 6, rib 2 sts. **Next row.**—Rib 2 sts., cast on 6, rib 2 sts. Continue until work measures 18 ins. from the beg., making 5 more buttonholes, 3½ ins. apart. Work another strip, omitting buttonholes.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew all seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew the pockets into position. Sew the strips to fronts. Stitch the buttons to the left front strip and to the pockets. Sew on collar.


The new lovely stockings by ballito
In your desire to buy Quality-for-Coupons there is no need to scrap Vanity. For the new ballito stockings have proved their worth . . . they have proved that you can delight in their flattery, rejoice in their clear loveliness, yet have every confidence in their qualities. The range runs from Sheer to Service Weight—3/- to 9/6 a pair.
ballito
stockings

BALLITO HOSIERY MILLS LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS.

"Look, Mother! – this floor makes a fine mirror now you've polished it with 'Mansion.'"

MANSION
ANTISEPTIC WAX **POLISH**
FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4

MP/OLF

I can't say that I *enjoy* this shortage of cosmetics, but it has made me take a lot more interest in my skin. I find that a little Pomeroy Skin Food helps to offset the lack of creams, and if I use my other Pomeroy Beauty Products sparingly, I can just about manage.

Advice and treatment still available at Jeannette Pomeroy Salon, 27, Old Bond Street, W.1.

JEANNETTE

Pomeroy

BEAUTY PRODUCTS

The Secret of the Pomeroy Skin

U-Boat's Terror

(*Continued from page 29*)

A wide area of sea is burst apart by torrents of depth-charges; and in the hell-broth thus brewed, few subsurface craft have hope of survival.

It not infrequently happens that air attack and underwater attack come simultaneously: in which case you see the corvettes at their best, their depth-charges falling like wedding confetti, their ack-ack guns blazing as if at a field day. They run fantastic risks in protection of their convoys, for the motto of the corvettes is "The Convoy Must Go Through!" And it nearly always does. After such an exhibition of brisk daring I recently saw over a hundred fat merchantmen make port without so much as a scratch on their paint.

Considering the risks they take, the wastage amongst these plucky craft is small: the first total loss was reported only recently. I am prepared, lacking real evidence, to wager that this gallant ship died fighting hard and taking bitter toll of such enemy ships as brought about its end. Corvettes might die; they never surrender!

END

Action Off Para

(*Continued from page 27*)

"Not three real sailors in the whole damn lot!" he snarled, wagging an angry finger under his tall friend's nose. "Bah! Look what you got us into now!"

Johnny grinned: Johnny always grinned when the going seemed like it meant to get rough. "Ain't she a beauty, Nils?" he said admiringly.

Well, she was. Nils couldn't deny it, being a windbag man himself. She had hold of a fresh topgallant breeze out of north by west and all the gear was humming. That wind sent long Atlantic rollers creaming and tumbling in pursuit of her. She lifted gracefully, singing to the south and east beneath a blue sky hung with billows of pure white cloud, while she flung her bow spray acres wide. Feeling her pulse by the mizzen shrouds, tall canvas taut aloft to make a range of shadow on the leaning deck and deep blue water all around, Johnny Elderly felt the vigorous thrill of sail again. And so did Nils. In spite of himself, his puckered eyes glowed with it. But he caught himself up the next moment.

"Ya!" he spat out. "A beauty: that's just what I don't like! I feel better if she a drunken, rotten hulk. You think me crazy, Johnny? Look! She well found. She got big fo'c'sle. Room for forty hands—an' we got only ten. She got brand new gear, three spare suits of canvas down below, deck capstans for the heavy spars. For Deacon Bludlow? Bah! What owner crazy enough to give a fine smart ship like this to him? Who?" he demanded fiercely. "If . . ."

Johnny jabbed an elbow into Passen's ribs to abruptly silence him. Because Jessiah Bludlow was coming across his poop, the rest of the strange afterguard shuffling behind. One of these was an emaciated pole of a man with glittering little eyes, dressed in a boiler suit; the other was a wizened gnome with a cigarette dangling from loose lips. Jessiah Bludlow allowed himself a broad and very hearty smile. "Well done, gentlemen!" he boomed. "I'm sure we'll all be happy in this fine ship."

But Nils Passen wasn't sure at all. "We got fine twin screw Diesels," he grumbled, "but still we come out in tow! Now what use is——"

"Now, now," the Deacon soothed. "My owners are particular about the gang below. We won't use the Diesels till we pick up a selected crowd in the River Plate. All I got now is a chief engineer. That's Mr. Spalpy here. Good man." Mr. Spalpy nodded a cadaverous head. "And this," the Deacon went on, "is my radioman, Mr. Gratson. We eat in the saloon together."

By way of acknowledgment, Mr. Gratson just rolled his cigarette deftly to the opposite corner of his mouth where it dangled,

smouldering. Mr. Spalpy did better, in a high, thin voice. "I'll look to the donkey in the 'midship house at once. Fine little boiler. More than enough steam for the auxiliary generator. Keep our refrigerator machine, radio and lights going, and still leave enough for working your deck gear. And your bilge pumps, too."

"Of course!" Captain Jessiah Bludlow agreed quite merrily. "Call me if the wind should shift."

He led the way below. Presently they could hear the tinkling of glassware through the cabin skylight. Nils looked up at Johnny, seeing the laughter wrinkles deeper at the corners of his eyes as he stared away to windward. He knew what that meant. His voice was gravely quiet when he spoke again. "We got Diesels, Johnny, but we can't use them. Still, the fuel tanks are full. I tell you something else we got, Johnny. In Norwegian ships where I serve, a second mate got to be wireless man a little, too. So I know. I look into that Gratson feller's place. He got best modern tube set, an' auxiliary batteries besides."

"Yes, Nils; I know."

"He also got short wave transmitter. Now what for a cargo windship like this——"

"Notice those oil drums lashed on deck?" Johnny interrupted gently, still looking off to the brilliant horizon line. "Four nests. One on each quarter, one each side just abaft the fo'c'sle break." He hesitated, blinking. "There's steel plating under those drums, Nils. Nowhere else: just those four spots. I call that a right curious thing." He looked down suddenly, grinning. "I think we'll have some trouble soon."

Nils Passen let the anger drain out of him. A slow smile deepened the wrinkles of his homely face instead. "We always have some trouble, Johnny—whenever you get curious."

THAT way the strange voyage of the barque *Ripana* went. Holding a strong quartering wind, she shouldered the gulf weed aside till they shook royals loose and she went racing down the long Atlantic swells with leaning pyramids of white towering aloft. With warmer weather, Captain Jessiah Bludlow took to green striped pyjamas and rope-soled canvas slippers, wheezing gustily as he took his observations, sextant at his eye. Other than that he left the handling of the ship alone, except that Johnny wondered why he gave her so much southing instead of making a fine, wide offing to the east to weather Cape St. Roque. But Deacon Bludlow wasn't a bit perturbed as the barque sliced down the latitudes. Mr. Spalpy, in charge of twin Diesels that had no engine crew, wandered the ship like a forlorn ghost in soiled white duck. Gratson, the wireless man, slept all day. But at night the three of them held forth under the open cabin skylight to the tinkling sounds of bottle and glass. Then flabby Jessiah Bludlow came weaving aloft in his green-striped pyjamas for a bleary look around before padding below, chuckling in his throat as if he knew a luscious joke that wasn't just yet ripe.

So the tall-sparred *Ripana* raced down to the limit of the north-east trade. She should have been to windward at least as far as thirty east. But she wasn't. Squally doldrum weather found her well west of forty, the land dead south and the St. Roque Cape to weather yet. She was swinging deeply in a sunset calm, freeing ports clanging, dark thunderheads pouring toward her split now and then by jagged tropic lightning, when Nils Passen gave his judgment to his friend. "Johnny," he growled, "we don't go to Magellan Strait, I bet."

"Maybe the Deacon knows how I feel about Lolita, Nils, in the Café Chanteclèr." Johnny grinned. "Para is just a skip and half a jump from here."

"Stand by t'gallant halyards!" Nils had his eye on a white line advancing across the ocean floor. "I sound two foot of water in the wells to-night. We put the pump on, Johnny, hey? Helm up, there!"

The squall struck with a savage hiss and the loud torrential threshing of the deep sea rain. It wasn't till it passed, the ship running free with both (*Continued on page 72*)

There are fifty girls working in these offices on jobs that are not war work. They should be in the A.T.S. Every girl who is not on war work is asked to join the A.T.S. The Government has explained why our soldiers need your help. The A.T.S. have planned for your happiness and well-being, with great understanding and very real consideration. The Army has promised you work you will enjoy doing, work with which you will be proud to be trusted. And now your country asks you to volunteer. Not to-morrow, not next week but to-day.

Will you please tell me where I would live? . . What would my salary be as an N.C.O., Private or Officer? . . . Would my dependants be helped? . . . How often would I get leave? . . . How soon could I become an officer? . . . What happens if I am ill? . . . Exactly what jobs there are for me to choose from? . . .

Cut this out and post it today. We will answer your questions

Address it to The Auxiliary Territorial Service, AG18/123m Hobart House, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1

ATS

Adventure through service

Please send me full story of life in the A.T.S. and details of the opportunities it offers. This does not commit me in any way.

Mrs./Miss.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Age.....(*in confidence*). *Age limits 17½ to 43. (Parents' consent needed under 18.) Ex-Service women may volunteer up to 50.*

(Unsealed envelope, penny stamp)

Please call and have a talk at any Employment Exchange or A.T.S. or Army Recruiting Centre. They are there to help you.

her royals set glistening freshly in starlit night, that they found Jessiah Bludlow on the poop. "Mr. Passen says she's making water, sir," Johnny Elderly told him carelessly.

"Water?" The Deacon seemed quite shocked, scratching his belly under the pyjama cord. "Can't be important. Fine tight ship like this! Worked open a seam or two. Clear up in no time at all." He yawned prodigiously, turning for the scuttle. "G'night."

JOHNNY looked down at Nils, and Nils looked back, squinting that funny way he had when things got puzzlesome. But it didn't seem much to really worry about. Long before the middle watch, the deck pumps were sucking dry, the fo'c'sle gang jubilant that the donkey boiler steam relieved them of that traditional back-breaking labour of the sailing ship. Everything first-class in the fine big barque *Ripana*. Still, in the morning watch, the white-chalked sounding rod lifted wet murk once more: the pumps again started their clanging chorus. This time—alarmingly—she barely held her own for hours, the fore-mast hands buzzing, beginning to cast frightened looks toward the empty ocean now and then. It wasn't till dusk the ship was dry.

"I can't understand it," said Captain Jessiah Bludlow, his fleshy face and his bulbous nose an anxious red. "Bless my soul! I can't."

"Ya!" Nils Passen softly growled. "It's funny how the ship stay dry all night and leak like hell all day!"

"Not funny at all!" The Deacon dismissed it grandly. "You press her too much in daylight. She'll be all right."

Johnny Elderly began to wonder. So did the second mate. Nils gave up a watch below while the two of them prowled the ship with an electric torch, trying to hunt that trouble out while Jessiah Bludlow serenely snored in his cabin under the poop. But they learned exactly nothing. Except that Gratson, the radioman, was working somewhat industriously with his fine, modern wireless tubes—which didn't seem too unnatural. Still, early the following day, the ship ghosting with all sail set across a gently heaving, empty purple sea, she was taking water once again. The Deacon remained serene, except he finally hauled the ship to the east after poring over the chart. It took the pumps all the steam the donkey boiler gave to fight the water down this time. The fo'c'sle was jumpy by now: the ship was a blasted sieve, they were snarling to each other. And it didn't stop with dark. The pumps kept clanging all that night.

Somewhere the sea kept pouring in. The pumps couldn't hold it any more. Captain Jessiah Bludlow took on a long and solemn look. Mr. Spalpy cried loudly on the poop where every hand could hear that the ocean was over his floor plates, and what could he do about a thing like that! Johnny took most of the canvas off her, hoping her lessened way would give the pumps a fighting chance against wide open seams. It was no good. Under a blazing sun the *Ripana* began to roll soggily, pumps clattering and banging, all hands in frightened clusters. All day she settled slowly, opposing a lifeless, sodden lurch to each long swell, all her gear aloft banging and rattling.

In the first dog watch the hands came aft, anxious eyes uplifted to the poop. The foundering ship was down a little by the stern, wallowing like a tide rock, deep below her marks, lipping in a wash of ocean through her main-deck freeing ports. Deacon Bludlow joined his officers at the break of the poop. For once his green pyjama suit was gone, loose white duck hanging from his obese frame instead. In the evening stillness the whisper of wind, the close wash of sea, the frightened mutter of the men seemed extraordinarily loud. Jessiah Bludlow wagged a sorrowful head. "This," he boomed, "is a terrible thing for a master." He raised sad eyes to heaven to bear him witness to his grief. "As chief officer, Mr. Elderly, is there

The finest Soap
for a lovely baby
Always use Cuticura Soap for baby's bath. See how it comforts and refreshes, leaves his skin glowing with health, soft and velvety. Cuticura Soap is the surest way of purifying and cleansing the skin.
204 Of all Chemists and Stores.
Cuticura
SOAP
FOR BABY

"There must be many women who go on suffering at 'these times' just as I did." If only those who suffer from wretched headaches, severe pain and mental depression instead of looking upon these things as a natural sequence of their indisposition would try Cephos, they'd never be without it. Cephos contains no harmful drugs. It is the prescription of an eminent Harley Street Physician, a safe and certain remedy. It does not affect the heart. Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form 1/3 & 3/-.

Single Dose 2d.

Cephos REG
Pronounced See-foss
THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

NO
BLACK
OUT
FOR TEETH WITH
Gibbs
DENTIFRICE
7½D and 1/3 including Tax
Prices U.K. only
The last brushful is as effective as the first
WAR TIME PACKS
The containers in which you obtain your Gibbs Dentifrice may vary from time to time, but the high quality of the Dentifrice is maintained.
D. & W. GIBBS, LTD., LONDON, W.1.
GD.220C

BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN 1 to 6 inches!
Increased my own Height to 6ft. 3½ins.
ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS
Fee £2 2s. Complete. Details 6d. stamp.
MALCOLM ROSS BM/Hyte, London, W.C.1
Height Specialist.

Please mention "Britannia & Eve"—our advertisers would like to know you!

anything else a seaman can do to save her?"

Johnny, peering overside at the ocean's ominous level, straightened and turned. "We could pray," he said dryly. "Or else we could abandon."

The Deacon raised both hands from his sides, palms up, and let them fall again. "We will do both. Meantime, check the quarterboat gear and see it's properly provisioned. I must gather the ship's papers together. Mr. Gratson, you'd better send an S.O.S. I'll bring the position along."

Mr. Gratson just nodded, the cigarette dropping at the corner of his lips as he ducked below, Mr. Spalpy nervously after him. Jessiah Bludlow waddled hurriedly down the companion, while on the main deck the hands, who had clearly heard all that, were already rigging the boatfalls. Nils Passen went slowly, wagging his head and growling to himself. It left Johnny Elderly standing by the open cabin skylight, silent. Looking down, he was in time to see Bludlow duck into his room off the main saloon. The ship lurched drunkenly, loudly slatting her gear. It swung the door of the master's cabin open: and for that moment Johnny saw the Deacon's bulging shoulder and part of a fleshy arm before an open locker door. Johnny frowned, seeing that arm move circularly. Odd! Then the door slapped shut and Nils came charging up the ladder, his face red with anger and outraged excitement.

"Johnny!" he exploded softly out of earshot of the helm. "That Gratson feller, he don't send no S.O.S.! And he don't make no sign! He just sending out position with some other stuff I don't understand. Like code, maybe! I know, Johnny! I read it through the bulkhead off the kick of his key relay. I tell you we got to——"

"We got to shut up, Nils! Lend a hand to get the boat away."

"But I tell you——"

"Don't be a fool, Nils! What can you prove? All legal and proper as pie, as the Deacon himself would remind you. That will do the wheel, there. Swing out!" he cried, starting for the main deck.

THE boat took the water smoothly. The sea was quiet in a twilight calm, just ponderously heaving. They pulled off a way and lay on their oars, Jessiah Bludlow a massive blob of sorrowful flesh in the sternsheets. The fine barque *Ripana* loomed very black, low in the water, sluggishly lifting with the forlorn look of a sinking ship. Johnny kept peering at her, the intense frown deeper on his lean brown face as darkness crawled rapidly across the ocean floor. Nils, looking at him in puzzled wonder, thought he saw the faint suspicion of a smile.

"Captain Bludlow," Johnny was murmuring, "a ship stops her pay when a master orders her abandoned, if I remember right. You'd know about such legal things. In that case articles wouldn't hold no more?"

"Well, yes. But I wouldn't worry, any of you," the Deacon reassured all of them heartily. "My owner's agent, Mr. Papenhof, is a very liberal man. He will see us all safe home and amply reimbursed." He tugged at the tiller ropes. "No use to stay and watch her go. Too sad. We'll . . ."

Johnny Elderly half rose from the thwart. "Nils," he carelessly murmured, "some things I'm curious about. You coming?"

Instantly and with startling suddenness, he dived. The boat rocked with the thrust of his legs. Mr. Spalpy shrieked thinly: "Bludlow! Stop him!" In the darkness Nils could just make out Jessiah's face, livid and blue-veined, a fat paw reaching to the pocket of his white drill coat. Something that glittered blue came out. That much Nils understood clearly. Instinctively he sprang as that arm came up, his fist smashing to the Deacon's armpit. The gun clattered to the bottom boards before he leaped overside. Johnny was always doing crazy things Nils couldn't understand. That's what he thought, striking out instantly toward the looming shape of the *Ripana*. Behind him three quick explosions stabbed the night. Then he heard Johnny's voice, wildly crying across black water. The firing stopped. He swam desperately. (*Continued on page 74*)

ASTHMA SUFFERERS

don't despair!

Don't give up the fight—Asthma can be INSTANTLY RELIEVED by an old and well-tried remedy which has brought joy and happiness to thousands of sufferers, as can be proved by their letters of heartfelt thanks to the makers of POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE. Time and time again it has been proved to succeed where everything else fails. Easy and pleasant to use—you simply inhale the healing vapours. Perfectly harmless and free from opiates. Cannot possibly harm the heart. Gives INSTANT RELIEF. Sleepless nights a thing of the past. No more days' work lost by wage-earners. Never be without a tin of POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE. Use it directly you feel an attack coming on. Obtainable at all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores. 2/2 (*inc. purchase tax*) or 2/5 post free from makers. Let us send you a free copy of our Book, "Are you Asthmatic?" POTTER & CLARKE, LTD., 61 Q, Artillery Lane, London, E.1. A.C.10

WILL the Sick Children Your Help

Help which conditions prevent today might be given by WILL to the Hospital for Sick Children, Gt. Ormond Street, W.C.1. £1,000 names a cot 'In Memoriam.' £300,000 is needed to pay debt on New Hospital and nearly £1,500 weekly for wartime maintenance.

Of course you would like more

CHIVERS JELLIES

but-

don't blame your grocer if they are not so plentiful nowadays. He does his best to ration out supplies when they are available.

THIS RECIPE WILL MAKE YOUR CHIVERS JELLY GO FURTHER:—

Make up *half* a pint of Chivers Jelly in usual way, then make a half-pint of custard sauce *without* sugar. When jelly is lukewarm, set small quantity in bottom of individual glasses or moulds and mix remainder with the custard. When jelly layers are firm fill up glasses with the mixture and leave to set. The above recipe provides sufficient for seven portions.

KC 291-57-80

There was the chief mate, hanging to the main chains of the deserted barque, howling lustily:

"Help! Sharks! Help! I'm . . ." He put his mouth half in the sea to let out an expiring, gurgling call. "Holler, Nils!" he whispered fiercely. "Holler you're dying—or I guarantee you will be!"

So Nils Passen screamed, though he thought his friend quite mad. Then, hanging there in grim silence, they heard the click of rowlocks, the slap of water against the open boat, and saw the thin, blue finger of an electric torch searching the sea. They dived under. When they came up they could hear Jessiah Bludlow's solemn voice: "Serve 'em right. Nothing short of insubordination. I call you all to witness at the inquiry. Now they're both gone. Horrible! Give way, men."

The thumping oars receded into silence before Johnny Elderly and Nils Passen dragged themselves back aboard the fine big barque *Ripana*. She was dark, ghostly. Mr. Spalpy had drawn the donkey fires: the pumps were still. There was a loud wash of water, a clattering of gear aloft, the soughing of the wind. Johnny headed straight for the lamp locker, fumbling for dry matches. The slush lamp threw a weird, pale light that set gigantic shadows dancing. The *Ripana* gave a quick lunge, righting herself with slow labour.

"Johnny, you crazy man!" Nils growled. "This ship don't got long to live! What for you——"

"She'll live, Nils." Johnny was already halfway down the passage to the main saloon. "I'm betting on it!"

"That silly talk, Johnny. This plain as the nose on my face! The Deacon sink this ship for the underwriter's cash! Just like the *Bolivar*. Now what we——"

"I DON'T believe it!" Johnny kicked open the door of the master's room, holding his lamp aloft, searching the bulkheads while he went on talking swiftly. "He had everything under too perfect control. Water came into her when he wanted, and when he didn't the pumps sucked dry. The three of them played it to look natural. They got the hands excited till they had the ship right in the lonely spot they wanted. Then the Deacon was ready. He tipped it off when he came on deck without his pyjama suit. And I had my eye on the water line. At the rate she was taking water before we abandoned, she should have rolled her belly over. But her draught never changed after that! Why? Because he stopped the leak *before* he skipped. She . . ." Johnny stopped abruptly, tearing open the locker door at which he had seen the Deacon's arm moving in that peculiar circular fashion. "Here it is, by God!" He peered down. The locker opened a narrow, enclosed shaft leading deep to the vessel's bottom, a valve wheel in easy reach. "Nils, when they rebuilt her and put Diesels and fuel bottoms in her, they put that new seacock in her, controlled from up here. Bludlow opened it when he wanted. Now it's shut. Tight! She'll pump out dry in a watch or two with the donkey steam!"

"But, Johnny, that don't make sense!" Nils Passen allowed himself a robust oath. "What for he——"

"Gratson sent no S.O.S. But he sent a position. Well, he sent it to someone who knew! He——"

"Johnny!" Nils spun round excitedly. "He abandon this fine, big ship for a wreck where someone else come along an' pick her up for a salvage! Then they split! By God, that——"

"You're adding it up, Nils." There was an odd hard glint behind the smile in Johnny's eyes. "Moonrise in another hour—and we'll have visitors, I bet. Get the ensign and run it to the mizzen peak."

Well, Johnny Elderly wasn't wrong. When the ragged part of a waning moon glowed copper red above the dark horizon, the *Ripana's* open boat wasn't anywhere in sight. But presently from east of south a shape loomed darkly to block the rim of black sea and velvet, starry sky. That grim shadow, running without lights, shaped rapidly into a large cargo vessel wisping smoke from her funnel lip. Suddenly her searchlight shot a blinding bar of purple ending in a pool of light that wandered across the dark water.

"Keep down, Nils!"

The brilliant band found the *Ripana* out, fingered her half foundered hull, illuminated the ensign at the gaff. There it held for a moment, as if in surprise. Then it went out abruptly, leaving the ocean in pallid moonlight. The *Ripana's* gear rattled aloft: her headsails slapped. Johnny came erect, Nils at his side in the waist, watching. Over there engine telegraphs clanged. The threshing of twin screws ceased. Muffled orders drifted across. Three boats dropped together, took the water smartly, started with dripping oars moving in perfect, seamanlike precision.

"Navy style!" Johnny idled at the bulwark, but he wasn't smiling now. "Get over by that donkey boiler, Nils. Have that big maul handy. Ahoy the boats!" he bellowed suddenly. "We are all right! We need no help."

THE effect of his hail was startling. A low, terse order cracked from the sternsheets of the leading boat. They swung close aboard, the boats crowded with men, oars skilfully aback. Johnny could plainly see the gaunt face, the burning eyes of the tall officer in charge. "What meaning has this, Captain Bludlow?" that man shouted up in thick English. "Your instructions were——"

"Captain Bludlow followed instructions. But Nils and me, we got curious. So we came back."

There was an instant of dumbfounded silence; a quick mutter. Then: "If you were left to strike a better bargain——"

"No go! This is our own idea."

"Name your price then!"

"There is no price. Stand clear of this ship. She's ours!"

"Fool!" The officer's eyes were ablaze: his voice curled icily. "You are two. Here I have eighty armed men who could——"

"I thought of that," Johnny put in deliberately. "No argument. You can kill the two of us. Neatly. But I call your attention to the American ensign aft. Also to the fact this ship wants lots of pumping before she'll move very fast—even if you take her in tow! And you'll have to do it by hand. Because the first move you make to board her—my partner smashes the donkey boiler to hell and runs aft to open the sea valve again!" Johnny grinned a taut, quick grin that just flicked his lips and instantly disappeared. "She'll founder if we live long enough. And even if we're dead, before you can move her far enough this place is gonna be pretty unhealthy. There's a neutrality patrol destroyer humming this way and I think she makes better than forty knots all out. There's even liable to be a few British battlecraft picked up our radio call explaining what happened here. So you see——"

"You see nothing!" the officer down there blazed. "You think we don't listen? You——"

"You listen. But not on the proper frequency. The naval confidential wave length is altered quite often, you know. Or don't you? You better call it all a bad mistake, go pick up the Deacon's boat, and put him somewhere safe so you can try again sometime. Your superiors wouldn't like an international incident like this to get around right now. Would they? Maybe a declaration of war and all?" Johnny Elderly's voice went harsh. "Shove off! This ship's still ours!"

The officer stared up in bitter silence, considering. The boat rocked under him. His eyes burned at Johnny. His mouth opened, clamped shut, spat an oath and a guttural order. The three boats swung, oars dripping in moonlight. Nils and Johnny watched them move away. Elderly held his breath while they bobbed at the big ship's side, muffled voices snapping and growling back and forth. Till they hooked on the falls and lifted the boats aboard that unlighted ship across the narrow space of darkly heaving water. Telegraphs jangled. Twin screws started pounding the sea as she swung heavy bows. Only then did Johnny Elderly let the wind come slowly out of his lungs.

Nils was frowning in bewilderment. "I don't send nothing, Johnny."

"You could, though: couldn't you?"

"Sure! With the batteries. But I don't know no secret wave length."

"Neither do I." Johnny grinned. "But it seemed a good idea."

NILS was silent for a moment. The moon rode higher above the wallowing barque, that big cargo ship dwindling swiftly eastward. "That feller," he breathed at last, "was German officer. What game the Deacon play with him? It don't make sense, Johnny; not to me."

"Oh, it makes sense, all right! This barque's well found and rebuilt special, Diesels included. Why? She's got steel plating under four nests of drums on deck. And four naval four-inchers that would just fit as cargo with plenty of shells. A secret agent in a legitimate business acts as Chilean consignee: and that's where the *Ripana's* bound. But Deacon Bludlow, all legal and proper as pie, deserts her for a wreck in a prearranged spot. Meantime that German cargo ship sneaks out of a neutral port as if she's gonna try her luck for home. But instead she picks the *Ripana* up. Deserted. She's a salvage. Sinking. But she don't sink. Except that Captain Bludlow reports she did. So the *Ripana* disappears. These fellahs put an expert crew aboard, pump her dry, and run their naval flag up in her. How long would it take 'em to assemble and mount that battery? So right here in the middle of the Atlantic they got a powerful merchant raider! Don't have to get her out from Germany at all through the naval blockade. She's here! Sealed, signed, and delivered. And no one even knows it! Or who she is—after they alter her rig and her paintwork. Slick, Nils! It's slick as silk." He sighed. "Better get to the radio, Nils. We'll pump her dry, borrow some help from the nearest ship, and work her in."

Nils Passen considered that and many other things in grave silence, his blue eyes all puckery. "Where we take her, Johnny?"

"Well," Mr. Elderly mused, "Para's a likely place. Especially with Lolita in the Café Chanteclèr."

"I remember that Papenhof. I don't like him." Nils kept frowning at the moonlit sky aloft. "And I remember I once got fine Norwegian girl in Namsos, Johnny." He blinked. "They got Norwegian consul in Para, I think I go join navy."

Johnny looked sharply at his friend. His lips parted, and closed. He nodded. "Aye, Nils. Man can't think so good with just his head, sometimes." A strange smile touched his eyes. "It's gonna get dull without you, Nils. It's gonna get awful dull. I'll ask Lolita what she thinks. Maybe," he murmured, "maybe I'll see the consul there myself."

END

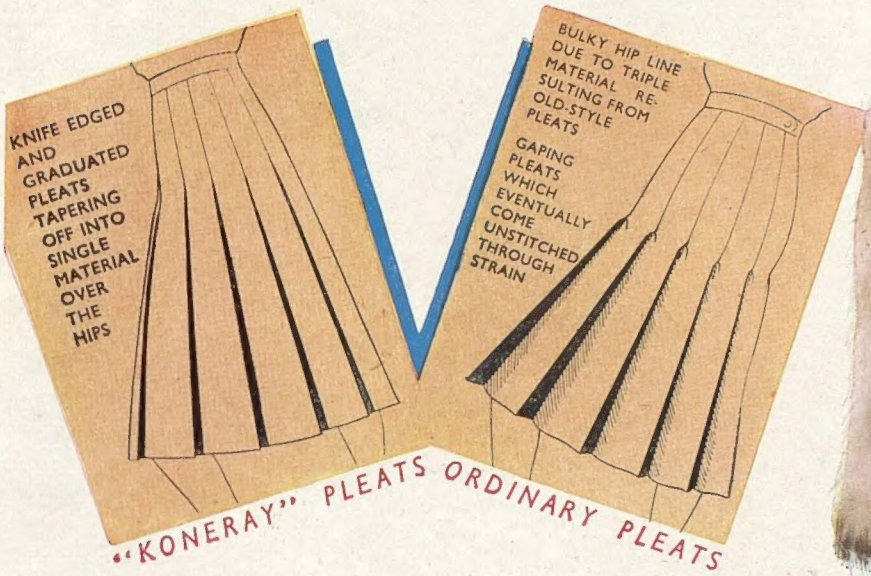
The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

1.12.41

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by ODHAMS (WATFORD) LTD., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts., and published monthly by the Proprietors, BRITISH NATIONAL NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Advertisement Offices, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad, 18s. 6d. per annum; 9s. 3d. for six months, single copies, 1s. 6½d., and for Canada 16s. 6d. per annum, 8s. 3d. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

"PLEASE EXPLAIN STREAMLINED PLEATS"

— vide many women


KNIFE EDGED AND GRADUATED PLEATS TAPERING OFF INTO SINGLE MATERIAL OVER THE HIPS
BULKY HIP LINE DUE TO TRIPLE MATERIAL RESULTING FROM OLD-STYLE PLEATS
GAPING PLEATS WHICH EVENTUALLY COME UNSTITCHED THROUGH STRAIN
"KONERAY" PLEATS
ORDINARY PLEATS

IT is surprising what a difference graduating knife-edged pleats into a snug-fitting hip line does make to an all-round pleated skirt.

That streamlined effect is so amazingly graceful, so slenderising; and the "KONERAY" allows greater freedom of movement than does any old-style pleated skirt.

Good drapers and stores everywhere are pleased to show you the "KONERAY" in a variety of quality materials: prices from 2 gns.

"Koneray" PLEATED SKIRTS

EXPORT ENQUIRIES AND ORDERS

The "KONERAY" is available for export in a variety of fine quality British materials including Scotch, Cumberland, and Donegal Tweeds, Checks, Worsteds, West of England Flannels, Ancient and Modern Tartans in All Wool Vicuna, Irish Linens, and Cream and other All Wool Serges. Please cable your enquiries to "Hack, London," or instruct your agents in England. Orders should be accompanied by information to expedite payment in the United Kingdom.

THE "KONERAY" IS MADE FOR EXPORT IN BOTH BRITISH AND AMERICAN SIZES.

"KONERAY"

Manufactured by C. STILLITZ, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire, England.

Scientific

CHRISTMAS·1941

BIRD'S
CUSTARD